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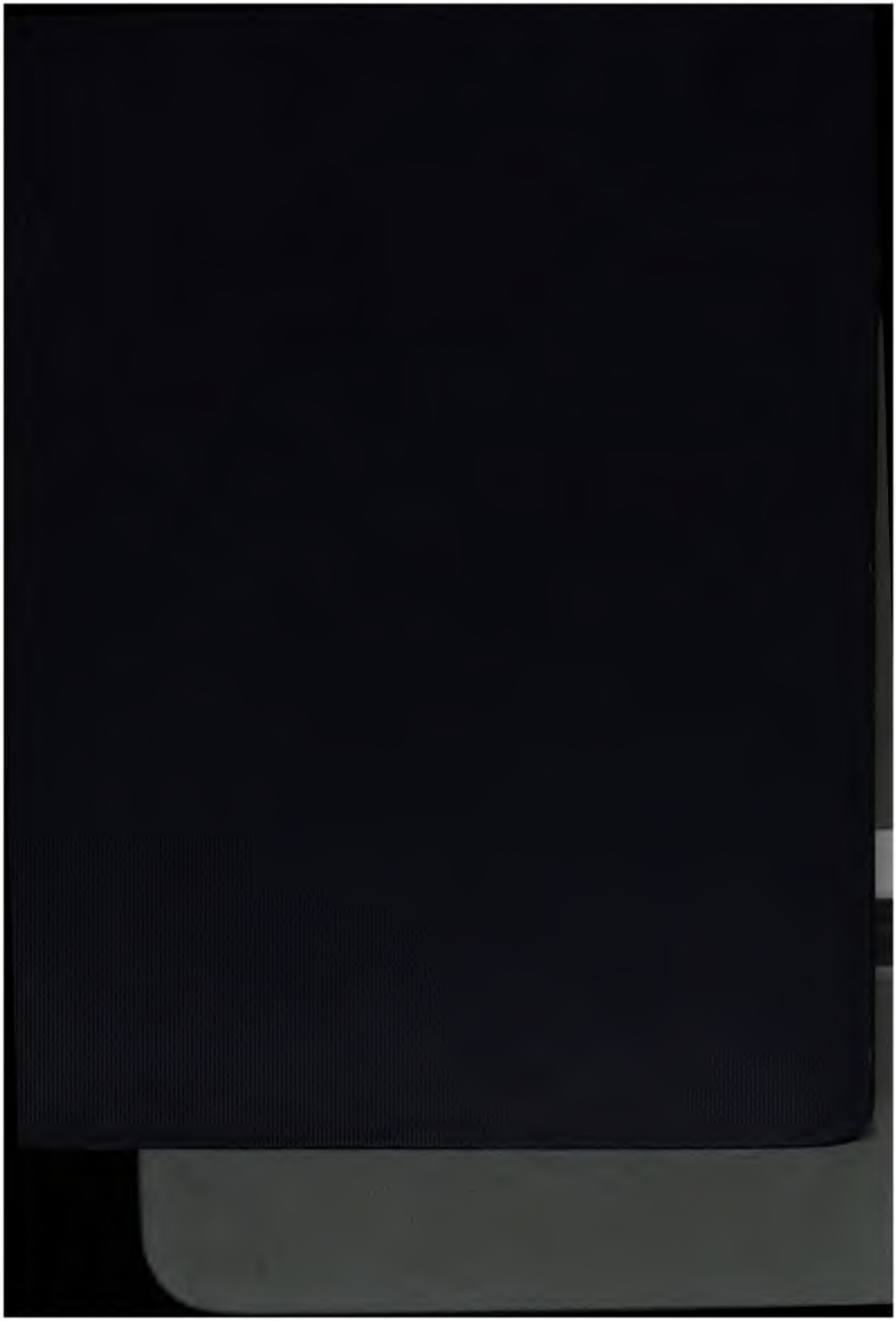

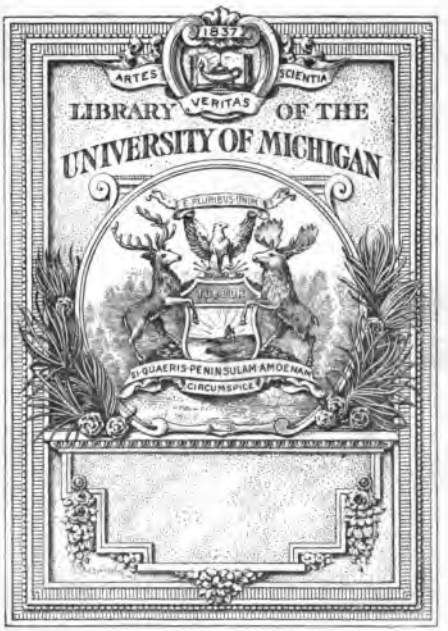
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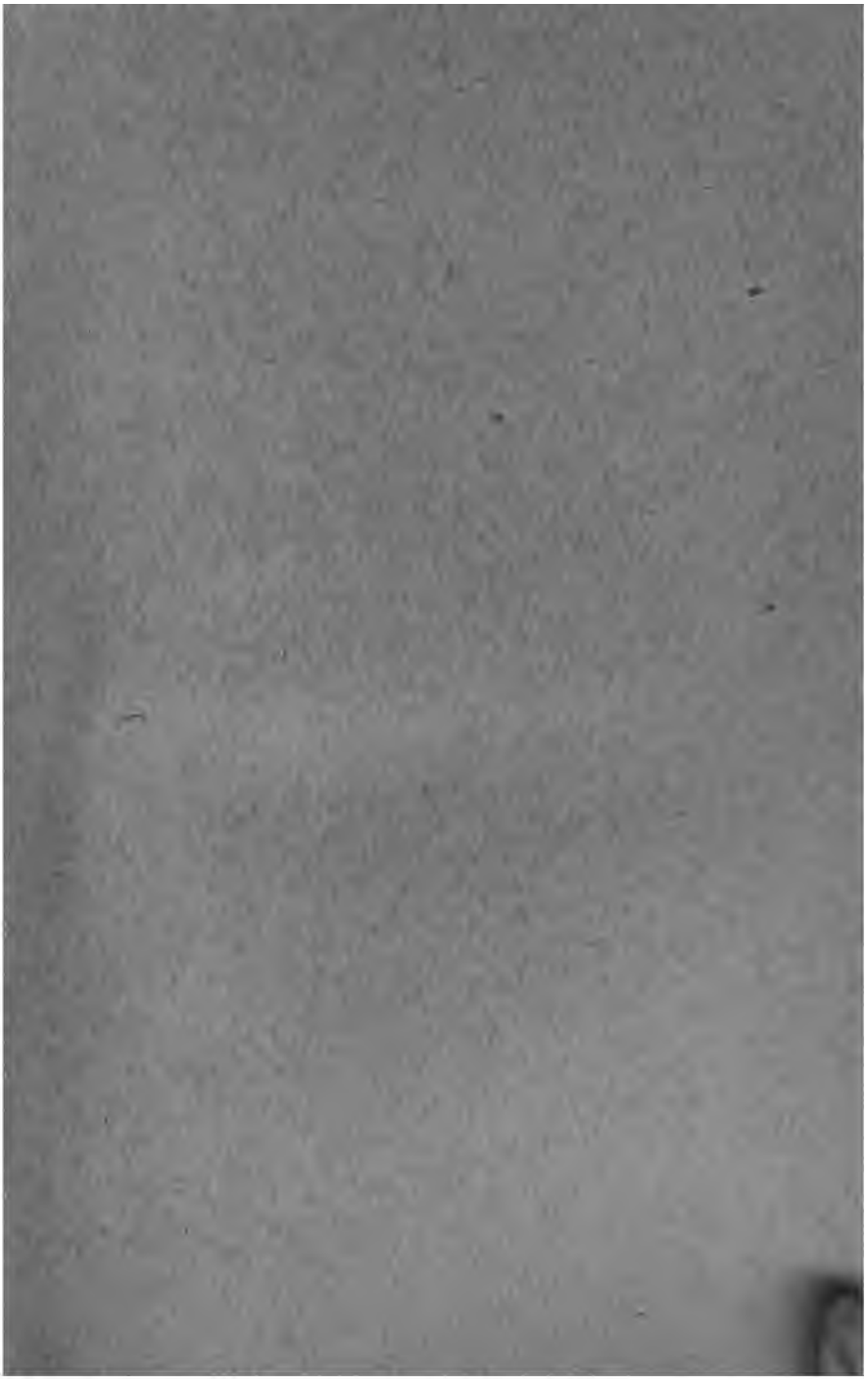

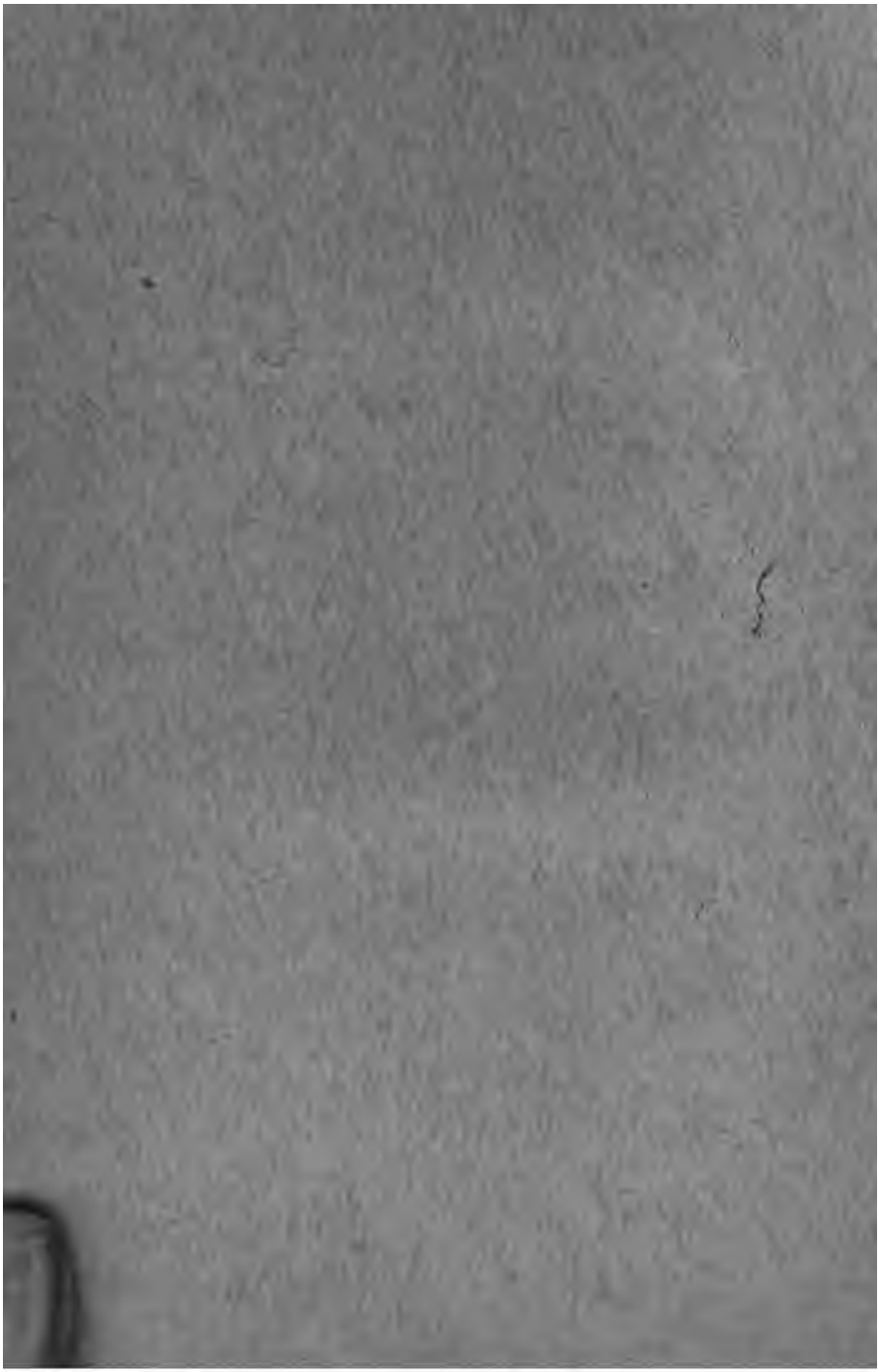

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 27

HELEN POTTER'S IMPERSONATIONS

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Illustrations vi
Studies of Persons and of Pieces vii
Author's Preface ix
How to Prepare Impersonations xi
Care of the Voice, Health, etc xv
The Artist's Make-up and Toilet xviii
Explanation of Signs, Abbreviations, etc xxiii

After the Ball. Samuel Minturn Peck 148
After the Wedding. William L. Keese 200
All. Francis A. Durivage 174
American Art. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe 17
American Feast, The 33
Apostrophe to the Watermelon 199
Ballad of the Lost Bride 150
Ballet Girl, The 68
Battle-Hymn of the Republic. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe 18
Beatrice. As rendered by Adelaide Neilson 179
Blunders. John B. Gough 1
Brutus's Address. As rendered by E. L. Davenport 129
Camp-Meeting Hymn, A 11
Cardinal Richelieu. As rendered by Edwin Booth 62
Cassius to Brutus. As rendered by Lawrence Barrett 125
Chemist to His Love, The 58
Chinese Sketch 47
Cleopatra. As rendered by Helen Potter 112
Declaration of Rights of the Women of the United States. Elizabeth Cady Stanton 91
Dogberry and Verges. As rendered by Helen Potter 175
Dona Sol. As rendered by Sarah Bernhardt 108
Evening, At. J. T. Newcomb 194
For Your Own Sakes. Anna Dickinson 190
Fourth of July 77

PAGE.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous..... 107
Girls. Olive Logan..... 149
Hamlet. As rendered by Edwin Booth..... 158
Ike Partington After the Opera..... 198
I Told You So..... 117
Jakey and Old Jacob..... 140
Jubilee Song..... 119
Juliet. As rendered by Adelaide Neilson..... 78
Katharine of Aragon. As rendered by Charlotte Cushman..... 23
Lady-Killer, The. Frederic Maccabe..... 69
La Musica Trionfante. T. W. Parsons..... 178
Large and Small Bosses..... 143
Lecture on Art. Oscar Wilde..... 195
Literary Curiosity, A..... 188
Lord's Prayer in Welsh, The..... 40
Mary Stuart. As rendered by Helen Potter..... 136
Meg Merrilies. As rendered by Charlotte Cushman..... 152
Michael Angelo. William Parsons..... 41
My Own Native Land..... 19
Negro Boatman's Song, The..... 118
Newspapers. Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage..... 95
Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii. Lord Lytton..... 34
Oh! Rest Thee, Babe..... 153
On Trial For Voting. Susan B. Anthony..... 12
Ophelia As rendered by Mme. Helena Modjeska..... 165
Othello. As rendered by Tommaso Salvini..... 216
Passions, The. William Collins..... 203
Peter Gray and Lizianny Querl..... 182
Pious Punster, A..... 189
Portia and Nerissa. As rendered by Mrs. Mary F. Scott-Siddons..... 98
Portia at the Bar. As rendered by Miss Ellen Terry..... 103
Prince Arthur. As rendered by Helen Potter..... 183
Queen Elizabeth. As rendered by Mme. Adelaide Ristori..... 132
Reading-Class, The..... 86
Rosalind. As rendered by Mme. Helena Modjeska..... 72
Russian Soldier, Rest. Robert J. Burdette..... 131
Scenes from "The Tempest." As rendered by Fanny Kemble.. 50
Sea Bird's Fate, The. John Boyle O'Reilly..... 181
Sermon on Lincoln. Henry Ward Beecher..... 120

PAGE.

Silent Letters. A Study of Visible Expression; A Study of Audible Expression; Tripartite Expression 212
Sisters, The. John G. Whittier 192
Sleep-Walking Scene. As rendered by Helen Potter. 83
Song. Aubrey De Vere 22
Speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg 115
Tableaux, A Series of. Arranged by Helen Potter. 207
Tale of Two Cities, A. O. E. Melichar 144
Temperance. John B. Gough 7
Ten Commandments in Welsh, The 39
Ten Sevens, The 71
Toast, A 151
Tramp's Soliloquy, The 16
Trial of Queen Katharine, The. As rendered by Charlotte Cushman 20
Two Good Points 111
Vision of War, A. Robert Ingersoll. (With tableaux.) 122
Wolsey's Soliloquy. As rendered by George Vandenhoff. 28
Women All At Sea. 59

STUDIES.

OF PERSONS.

PAGE.

Anthony, Susan B.: Speech, "On Trial for Voting." 12
Barrett, Lawrence: As *Cassius*. 125
Beecher, Henry Ward: Sermon on Lincoln 120
Bernhardt, Sarah: As *Dona Sol*. (French and English text).... 108
Booth, Edwin: As *Hamlet*. (With music). 158
" " As *Richelieu*. (In two parts)..... 62
Cushman, Charlotte: As *Queen Katharine*. 20
" " As *Katharine of Aragon*. 23
" " As *Meg Merrilies*. (With music)..... 152
Davenport, E. L.: As *Brutus*. 129
Dickinson, Anna: Lecture, "For Your Own Sakes." 190
Gough, John B.: Lecture, "Blunders." 1
" " " "Temperance." 7
Howe, Julia Ward: Lecture, "American Art." 17
Ingersoll, Robert: Speech, "A Vision of War." 122
Kemble, Frances Anne: Readings from "The Tempest." 50
Lincoln, Abraham: "Gettysburg Speech." 115
Logan, Olive: Lecture, "Girls." 69
Maccabe, Frederic: Lecture, "The Lady-Killer." 69
Modjeska, Helena: As *Rosalind* 72
" " As *Ophelia*. (With music). 165
Neilson, Adelaide: As *Juliet*. 78
" " As *Beatrice*. 179
Parsons, William: Lecture, "Michael Angelo." 41
Ristori, Adelaide: As *Queen Elizabeth*. (Italian and English text). 132
Salvini, Tommaso: As *Othello*. (With music). 216
Scott-Siddons, Mary F.: Reading, "Portia and Nerissa." 98
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady: Address, "Declaration of Rights." 91
Talmage, T. Dewitt. Lecture, "Newspapers." 95
Terry, Ellen. As *Portia*. 103
Vandenhoff, George. In "Wolsey's Soliloquy." 128
Wilde, Oscar. Lecture, "Art." 195

OF PIECES.

ANALYZED BY HELEN POTTER.

PAGE.

Chinese Sketch. Music by Edgar S. Kelley..... 47
Cleopatra..... 112
Dogberry and Verges..... 175
Mary Stuart, in the "Garden Scene."..... 136
Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii..... 34
Passions, The. William Collins. (With tableaux.)..... 203
Prince Arthur..... 183
Silent Letters. A Study of Visible, Audible and Tripartite Expression..... 212
Sleep-Walking Scene..... 83

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In all ages we have had artists and orators; people who held the "sacred fire" as their inheritance among men—an inheritance more powerful than gold, or wonderful jewels, or landed estates. These men and women were leaders of their time, and even unto this day are held in great veneration and esteem. And the works of artists in clay, marble, and iron, and on canvas are enduring, and eagerly sought for. But the most wonderful of all, the power of the human voice, goes to the winds and is lost forever. Seek as we may, the winds tell us not of these masters of oratory and song. Their master tones reach not our ears, and we know of their power only by tradition.

Now, with what skill we have, we will endeavor to perpetuate some of the work of our own time. The work of a few of the best orators and artists of this age and people, we will record, as accurately as our methods of annotation will allow. Yet, work as we may, our works perish to the outer senses. But there is an *inner* sense that supersedes all other senses, as far as mountains excel molehills. This sense is sometimes called "intuition;" sometimes "the sixth sense." That we have this sixth sense can be proven; but the power is dumb from neglect and abuse. If we seek for it aright, we may reasonably expect it to become manifest, and serve us as a guide in after years. Truth is eternal. That we do not know the truth is our misfortune and affects *it* not at all. The blind may doubt the existence of light, but the fact remains. So with our latent powers—that we are wholly unconscious of them proves nothing. That we have dormant faculties which may yet become factors for

untold pleasure and pain, is more than possible. Who can say after the advent of the phonograph, that we may not yet be able to extract music from the walls that surrounded the great masters of ages past. Then what a privilege would be ours; then could we go, as did the students of old, and receive their lessons again and again.

As yet, we are a young nation, and, heretofore, our opportunities for special training in artistic work have not been all that we could desire. Hence our native talent has been largely thrown upon its own resources for development, and crude work has often been the result. But if our artistic work has been crude, it has been full of life and vigor. The natural current, untrammeled by ancient custom and conventional processes, has been left free to flow out, and develop its own individuality. Then, too, the public has been good-natured and indulgent, for which we are truly thankful.

The writer, although unusually well received and sustained by both the public and the press of this country, has never reached her ideal in her platform work; and it is with a sincere desire to be of service to students of dramatic art and oratory that she has been led to prepare this oft-solicited volume of "Impersonations." Other matter, relating to oratory and dramatic art, and still more practical hints to beginners, will probably follow. The students of to-day have many advantages over those of a quarter of a century ago. Then we knew nothing of the great master, François Delsarte, and his wonderful science and art of expression. We had no "Werner's Voice Magazine," devoted exclusively to vocal culture, and filled with finely illustrated articles from our ablest teachers and critics. For all these things we should be grateful, and apply ourselves diligently to attain "the heights."

THE AUTHOR.

TO STUDENTS.

HOW TO PREPARE IMPERSONATIONS.

TO STUDY A LECTURER.

Provided with a small note-book and several short, sharp pencils, repair to the lecture-room, and take a seat in the middle of the hall, and directly in front of the speaker.

1. *Note his entrance upon the platform.*—Does he come on hurriedly, and nervously arrange his desk and papers; or does he enter deliberately, and be seated? Does he recognize his audience before or after he arrives at the desk? Is the recognition formal and dignified, or off-hand and familiar?

2. *Observe the general characteristics of the speaker.*—Note his dominant controlling spirit, before you begin taking notes. Is he modest or pretentious; self-conscious or lost in his theme; does he reason or assert; is he master of his subject or is he bandying words; is he earnest and sincere in what he says, or is he practicing upon the credulity of his hearers; is he transparent or concealing his true motive? Having obtained some definite notion of the speaker as a whole, jot it down briefly. A few explicit adjectives will prove sufficient, and save time for a more strictly analytical study of him and his peculiarities.

3. *Note his dress, and make some sketches.*

4. *Note his attitudes and gestures.*—Does he stand with a wide or narrow base (*i. e.*, with his feet close together, or far apart)? Does he stand firm, with his weight on both feet, or limp and æsthetic, or is his position easy and firm, without being either? As to his gestures, are they varied or stereotyped? If stereotyped, what are they? Are they

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up and down, oblique or horizontal, with closed fist or index finger? Does he pound the desk, or shake his hand, with spread fingers, high above his head? And, finally, is he all action, or no action?

5. *Notice his peculiarities of voice, etc.*—Is his voice nasal or pure, sharp or flat, heavy or light, metallic or liquid, rough or smooth, high-pitched or low-pitched, agreeable or disagreeable? Then, does he hold the vowels or the consonants? Are they the nasal-continuants (*m*, *n*, *ng*) only, or do they include *r*, *l*, and other consonants (*e. g.*, opening nasal-continuants, *mmo̤ve*, *nnō*, *rrĭse*, *llīfe*, *wwāste*; closing nasal-continuants, *blāmme*, *begănn*, *sĭngng*, *thrĭlll*, *răshsh*, *mĭlle*, etc.)? Holding vowel-sounds is far more common and more easily detected; as w*ōe*-ful, wr-*ä*-th, M*ō*-ses, arr*ī*-val, p*ēace*-ful, etc.

6. *Does he speak two or three syllables rapidly, then dwell upon one?*—Does this occur somewhat rhythmically; *i. e.*, at regular intervals?

7. *Do his sentences generally end with the rising inflection, or the falling, or with compound inflections?*—You may have but one opportunity to study a speaker, and all your observations must be taken at one sitting. A preacher affords greater opportunity for study, yet it is much better to take all possible notes at one discourse; then if the sermon or lecture be published, or reviewed at length, you can easily obtain the required text, and apply your notes and marks thereunto, and your impersonation is finished and ready for use. In case the text remains unpublished, it can be procured by a stenographer, or perhaps by personal influence.

TO STUDY AN ACTOR.

This is far more difficult, because the one you desire to study is connected with and dependent upon other people, and you are obliged to make a monologue out of all of these combined situations, movements, and tableaux. You have

to portray the unseen characters by your action and delivery while identifying yourself with only one. It may be necessary to see the play three times. The first time, for the plot or story, and to discover the strongest situations, climaxes, etc.; the second time for the costumes, special walk, attitudes and gestures; the third time for the peculiarities of the artist's elocution, his voice, pitch, force, time, etc.

Sometimes it is necessary to take all your notes at a single performance. In that case, you should procure a copy of the play beforehand, if possible, and select one or more monologue scenes to study. Sketch the costumes, and write the colors and materials upon the sketches before the artist arrives at the monologue text, dividing your attention between the play-book and the stage. At this point, cease all writing and sketching, and concentrate your mind upon the stage, and follow the artist you are studying every moment until the scene is over. Let his every expression, attitude, gesture, voice, and all, enter your brain to stay there; let it be "burnt in." As soon as he has finished the text selected for the monologue, write out all you can recall of the manner, action and elocution of the artist, and number the notes to correspond with numbers you will place upon the text where the notes apply. After the performance, retire to some quiet place, and go over the notes and text, adding such notes of action, voice, and manner, as may have been omitted in the hurry of the performance. Do not fail to do this while it is fresh in your mind; to-morrow the pictures will not be so vivid, and the day after they may be faded nearly away. Afterward, copy and elaborate your work for use, and file away the original text or play-book for future reference.

Next comes the costuming of the impersonation. In buying material, it is economy to buy goods made of a single material; *i. e.*, all silk, or all wool, etc. Mixed goods, as a rule, soon look shabby and mean. Of one thing

be assured at the outset, and that is, that the prettiest costumes are not necessarily the most expensive. Taste and judgment in selecting colors, styles and combinations, complementary to your own individual self, is the key to charming attire. Soft, delicately-tinted cashmeres, draped in antique style, are exceedingly becoming for evening wear, and with simple ornamentation are quite inexpensive. Young persons should avoid velvets and heavy silks, as they detract from the youthful appearance, and make one look heavy, dull, and uncomfortable. And, again, if you select characters suited to your youth—which it is sincerely hoped you will—you will not require them. Do not, while young, try to impersonate old or disagreeable characters. There will be time enough for that when your youth is past; and, beside, the world delights to look on youth, and prefers to carry away from an entertainment only thoughts of gladness, joy, and sunshine. Therefore, however much you may desire to do heavy tragedy, or raving maniacs, "Don't!" and be persuaded to do only bright and agreeable things, and comedy.*

The dress should be the setting and not the gem. A golden angel could not sing, or thrill us with eloquent discourse, though set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires; it is the living angel, with the living voice, that wafts us from earth on wings of eloquence or song. Therefore, let your voice be attuned, your text well committed, your costumes suitable and artistic; then, forgetting all these things, *let your soul shine forth.* This is the conclusion of the whole matter

* The writer, with scores of others, made this mistake, and also the mistake of putting too much money into costumes. The most expensive things were not found available, and lie a dead investment even to this day.

CARE OF THE VOICE, HEALTH, ETC.

1. **Avoid exposure**, sudden changes of temperature, draughts, lake winds, damp linen, cold or damp extremities, etc. Keep the body at as even a temperature as possible.

2. **Do not abuse the voice.** Use but not abuse it, and protect it at all times. It is said that Adalina Patti carries a tablet, and communicates only by writing, on the day she is to sing in opera. And this extraordinary singer is the wonder of the world, because of the continuity of her powers; after years of use, her voice is as fresh and clear as ever. Singers appear and disappear; to-day, "Wonderful;" to-morrow, "Her voice is gone." Yet here comes the well-preserved and matchless diva, year after year, with her beauty, her smiles, and her songs.

3. **Do not sit in cold rooms.** In going from heated rooms to cold places, keep the mouth closed, and put on extra wrappings; also in fog, rain, wind, etc.

4. **Avoid singing or reciting in damp or cold night-air**, driving, boating, serenading, etc. (See 11.)

5. **Breathe through the nose.** This is most important. A great artist gave that alone as the key to his fine voice and its marvelous preservation. When dying, he bequeathed the secret to a dear friend, saying: "You can support yourself by selling this information to artists." And so, indeed, he did for many years. There is also a volume written, advocating this as a prevention to throat and lung-troubles, and setting forth various means of acquiring the habit of breathing through the nose while asleep (*e. g.*, a bit of plaster across the lips to keep them closed, etc.).

6. Avoid indigestible food, strong tea and coffee, cake, pastry, confectionery, candies, etc.

7. Avoid stimulants, drugs, tonics, and medicines generally.

8. Avoid lozenges of all kinds.

9. Avoid drinking while singing or speaking. Especially avoid cold drinks, iced-water, ices, ice-creams, etc., at or after vocalizing. (See 11.)

10. Do not partake of heavy food before a concert. When about to use the voice (in the evening), dine before five P. M., and refrain from heavy and late suppers. If you dine early, and require it, take a light supper of food that is easily digested before, and a similar lunch after the concert, such as unbolted wheat gems, bread and milk, cream toast, a raw egg in a glass of good, pure milk, or in unfermented wine, poached eggs on toast, fresh raw oysters. Uncooked oysters are very easily and quickly assimilated, and will not interfere with the immediate use of the voice, nor keep one from sleep. On the contrary, fried oysters are hard to digest, and a properly prepared roast or stew is seldom found; usually the oysters are shriveled and tough, the broth greasy and poor.

11. Keep the mouth closed, en route to and from the lecture or concert-room. Especially when going from the auditorium close the mouth, and cover the lower part of the face and throat with a silk scarf, or firm texture of wool. This warms the air before it reaches the vocal organs, which, being in a heated condition from recent use, should not be cooled too suddenly. There is always an unusual flow of blood to the throat when considerable vocalization is going on, and congestion is imminent unless it is cooled slowly. This is why iced-water, ices, etc., are to be avoided at and after concert or lecture; also, why one should avoid using the voice, to any great extent, when driving, boating, or in serenading, etc. (See 4.)

12. Drugs and stimulants never build up, but, on the contrary, destroy natural power. *Avoid them all.* They do not make blood, nor purify the blood which you have; they only set it in violent motion, to try to throw off the poison. And, again, when you work under the lash of spirits or

drugs, you are not conscious of your true condition, and, hence, are liable to overdo. Your chosen work is a sufficient strain upon the nerves, without whipping them into unnatural action. If the artist finds stimulants (even strong tea or coffee) necessary to his or her work, then he needs rest and recreation.*

Professional singers and speakers are often tempted to do themselves violence in order to "make a voice," or to present a "lively appearance." If you value life and health, set your mind strongly against extreme measures; and do not hastily submit to surgical operations. Some physicians have a mania for using the knife. "Your palate is too long, and should be trimmed;" or you are told you need a solution of carbolic acid injected into the head or throat; and you are lumbered up with instruments of all sorts, for spraying, gargling, steaming, etc. Before consenting to any of these things, consult a conscientious surgeon or physician, one who has no hobby. Nine times out of ten, the trouble can be met by simpler and less heroic treatment. Hot water compresses, homœopathic and hygienic care will not reduce you or confine to a sick bed, as powerful nostrums and drugs are likely to do; and then you will be able, under favorable circumstances, to continue filling your engagements without interruption. Some simple suggestions are herein given, in the hope that youth and inexperience may escape unfortunate mistakes. In case you are not within reach of a competent physician, you can often tide over a difficulty by proper knowledge of the means.†

The Throat.—For a constant desire to "hem," or scrape the throat, persist in swallowing instead of hacking or scraping. This is an opera trainer's rule, and well worth observing.

If the throat is congested after a concert (dark red and

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* The writer has traveled every day, and spoken six evenings a week, for nine consecutive months, and is happy in being able to say, in verity, that not once, in all that time, nor in the period covering the eighteen hundred evenings she has given to platform work, has she ever taken a dose, however small, of the drugs and stimulants called opium, morphine, laudanum, hashish, valerian, cocaine, quinine, etc. In case of extreme prostration, a sponge bath of warm water, with a little alcohol or ammonia, has been taken with good effect. This, with massage, will prove quite refreshing, and has not the deleterious effect upon the vital organs that internal stimulants have.

† The writer, in fifteen years' travel, never called a physician but once.

swollen). apply a warm water compress before retiring. Cover it well with dry woolen cloth to keep it moist and warm. In the morning, remove the bandages and bathe the throat in cool water; rub with dry hands until it feels dry and comfortable; then dress as usual for the day.

For a rough or hoarse voice, instead of taking a trochee, before a concert or lecture, take a little glycerine, or honey, or raw egg, or loaf sugar saturated with lemon-juice.

The Eye.—If you have a cinder in your eye, refrain from rubbing it, but, in absence of an eye-glass, pull the upper or lower lid (as the case may be) over the other lid, by means of the eyelashes, and let it slide back; this will often remove the particle from the inner surface. Failing in this, wink the eye in water; this will cause the tears to start, and thus help to wash out the obstruction. If these do not answer, press the end of a pencil into the lid (over or under the eyeball) and twist it around, rolling up the lid, so that the inner surface is outside; remove the speck with a soft handkerchief.

To save the eyes, avoid exposing them to uneven light; *i. e.*, with the bright glare full upon one eye while the other is in shadow. Shade the eyes, if possible, from strong or flickering light. If no other means can be found, cut out a semi-circle of paper and fasten about the brow.

The Artist's Make-up and Toilet.

The better the workman, the fewer the tools. So with an artist, the better the artist, the less number of things is required to make up the face, etc. White, red and brown powder, grease-paint to blend the wigs to the forehead, and to line the face, Indien farde for shading about the eyes and brows, and oil (cold cream or cocoa butter) to remove cosmetics, are the staple articles for a make-up.

The soft tip of a finger will answer in place of a hare's foot to apply rouge, and a bit of soft chamois is better than a puffer to apply white powder, since one can touch up in lines and spots, when required, much better with the former than the latter. The puffer sifts the powder all over the face, and costume as well. The grease-paint comes in

sticks, and can be used in that form. Indien farde requires a pointed stump or roll of kid (which can be bought wherever artists' materials are kept) to make a narrow line next the lashes and darken the brows. India ink is better than Indien farde where quick changes are to be made, since it is easily removed with a moist cloth, while the farde can scarcely be removed with soap or oil. India ink, if used, requires a sable brush, such as is used in painting in water-colors.

Before beginning to make up, oil the skin and wipe with a soft cloth; after the performance, clean thoroughly with oil (or very fine soap and oil after). In this way only can you hope to keep a fine complexion. Ladies prefer flesh cream to grease-paint, as it is of finer material and blends readily Use as little as possible to cover a given surface; a bit the size of a pea, taken in the palm of the hand, will cover the entire face.

Violets.—For a warm bath, equal parts of wheat bran, orris powder and castile soap, sewed in a bag and used in place of a sponge, will soften the skin and leave an odor of violets.

Protection from Wind and Sun.—For boating, driving and other exposure to wind or sun, anoint the face and apply rice powder freely, making a coating over the face and neck. Remove with soft, hot water, and Coudray's glycerine soap, followed by cold cream. Vaseline should not be used upon the face, as its tendency is to stimulate the growth of hair, and will cover the face with a soft down.

To Remove Wrinkles.—Before retiring, wash the face with soft water, as hot as you can bear, in which a small bit of bi-carbonate of soda has been dissolved; wipe with soft linen and apply cream, or cold cream. The soda cleanses the pores, the hot water puffs the skin, and the oil keeps it so. Another method of removing wrinkles is: The white of an egg beaten up, and applied to the face over night, and washed off with tepid water in the morning.

A Hand-wash, and fragrant disinfectant: ½ pint of rose-water; 2 teaspoonfuls best glycerine; 5 drops each

of camphor and carbolic acid. If this recipe is followed exactly, the odor will be of rose-water only, and no oil appreciable. Cleanse the hands with warm water and fine soap; then apply the wash.

Cold Cream for the Complexion.—2 oz. oil of sweet almonds; ½ oz. spermaceti; 1 dr. white wax. Melt together, and stir while cooling, *not boil.* Add two oz. rose-water, stirring it in a little at a time. The value of the cold cream as a beautifier depends largely upon the oil of sweet almonds. This oil, being expensive, is rarely found, even at wholesale druggists, in its genuine pure quality.

To Stop a Cold Sore.—At the first indication of a cold sore, press the spot with a thimble or other hard substance, and apply tincture of camphor; repeat every five minutes until the swelling is controlled, that is, until it ceases to increase; in a few hours it will go away.

Gloves.

Draw and stroke them on, for if they are pushed on in wrinkles they will never after fit smoothly over the joints. When the fingers of left glove are well on, pull back the hand of the glove, and insert the thumb. Before fastening it, slide the thumb of the right hand far into the palm of the left, and, turning it toward the little finger, slide it outward and downward to the wrist, thus stretching it with the thumb and forefinger, and bringing it to place. Fasten, and reverse the process for the right hand. To remove the gloves, unfasten, and turn them off (wrong side out) until you come to the middle of the fingers: then take them off by the tips, and, while warm, smooth and straighten them. If the gloves are cold before putting them on, or when smoothing and stretching them to place in the glove-box, blow breath into them until they are warm and soft.

Hose.

If the feet and ankles are likely to be cold in silk stockings and slippers, wear a pair of fine lisle or cotton hose under the silk ones. It will make no difference in the general effect, and will save a deal of discomfort and colds. Many opera singers who have to match the stockings to

each costume, put on two or three pairs at the outset, and remove the outer ones as they proceed. It saves time, and is not uncomfortable. Of course, the bare-foot or toed stockings cannot be put on over other hose, but other hose can be put on over them, provided the bare-foot scene comes last in the order of costumes. It has been found that some people cannot wear colored stockings, as the ordinary dyes seem to irritate and cause the feet to swell.*

Bare-foot Sandals.—The nearest effect to bare feet can be produced by sole-leather cut the shape of the bottom of your feet, and fastened on with flesh-colored elastic bands, garter width. To obtain the pattern, stand with the weight on the right foot, and, with a pencil held upright, draw a mark around it. Reverse the pattern for the left foot. When you have the soles cut, have also a pair of thick white kid duplicates cut for linings, and have eight small holes punched in the margin of the leather soles, and a groove pressed in, connecting them in pairs. The holes are for the wire to pass through to make fast the elastic bands, and the grooves to sink the wire into the leather. Put the kid linings in after the elastic bands have been made fast, and finish by connecting the bands on the instep with the sole beneath the toes. This is done by passing the silk tape between the big toe and the next one, and fastening it above and below. This keeps the sandal from sliding back; if it slides forward, a small band of the same color as the hose should be put around the heel. These home-made, inexpensive sandals, when worn over flesh-colored toed stockings, give the effect of bare feet, and at the same time serve to keep the feet from the floor.

It is conforming to true art to dress the feet to correspond with the race, person, and time which are being represented. French heels and satin slippers on an Indian or Arab is distressing to an audience. Dress, also, according to the necessities of the occasion; if fishing, dress for fishing, not for a ball. It must be exceedingly trying for the actors in a play like the "Danites" (a very strong, historic play, which will be better and better appreciated as the years roll by), to have to pretend ignorance of the fact that the boy stranger is really a woman, when every child in the audience recognizes the fact from first to last. To wear

* Bathe tired or swollen feet in alcohol and water, equal parts.

corsets and exaggerate the distinctive form of woman when disguised, is as absurd as it is inartistic.

Lights.—The experienced artist is aware, that the poorer the light on a platform or stage, the fresher and better must be gloves, slippers, and, indeed, everything she wears; and the brighter the lights, the less conspicuous will be any imperfections in the outfit. Please bear this in mind, and if there is scanty or feeble light, no foot-lights, wear your freshest, newest gown, gloves, etc. It is like a daylight matinee; the usual evening make-up, or an excess of powder, becomes grotesque and ridiculous. An artist should not approach the footlights within a distance equal to his or her height.

ABBREVIATIONS, ETC.*

Sounds of Letters.

Units.

1 ē as in eve.
2 ā as in ale.
3 ä as in arm.
4 a̤ as in all.
5 ō as in old.
6 o̤ as in do.
7 ĭ as in it.
8 ĕ as in met.
9 ă as in at.
10 ŏ as in not.
11 ŭ as in up.
12 ṳ as in full.
13 th as in thin.
14 th as in this.
15 n, as in no.
16 n, ng as in { ink. / song.
17 g (*hard*) as in go.
18 ġ (*soft*) as in gem.

Diphthongs.

1 ī (*ŭĕ*) as in rice.
2 ū (*ĕo̤*) as in flute.
3 { j / g } (*dzh*) as in { joy. / gem.
4 ôĭ, ôў as in oil, boy.
5 ôû as in our.
6 ch (*tsh*) as in church.
7 wh (*hw*) as in when.

Signs for Pitch, Force and Time.†

1 (°) high pitch.
3 ($_{o}$) low pitch.
3 (°°) high and loud.
4 ($_{oo}$) low and loud.
5 (q.) quick.
6 (sl.) slow.
7 (p.) soft.
8 (f.) loud.
9 (acc.) quickening speed.
10 (rit.) slackening speed.

Signs Placed Before, and Applying to, Words and Phrases.

| bar, means a halt, or short rhetorical pause.
‖ double bar, means a longer rhetorical pause.
(- -) monotone, to the next bar or change.
(/) rising pitch, to the next bar or change
(\ ) downward pitch, to the next bar or change.
(*s* <) ‡ (<) increase in force, to the next bar or change.
(>) decrease in force, to the next bar or change.
(∿) tremulous voice, to the next bar or change.
(⌣) go down and up on the phrase or sentence.
(⌢) go up and down on the phrase or sentence.
⌒⌣ go up, down and up on the phrase or sentence.
⌣⌒ go down, up and down on the phrase or sentence.

* Used as a guide to rendition. For letter sounds see Webster.
† Any one of these signs *over* a word or syllable applies to that word or syllable only.
‡ (*s*) means increase in force through the entire series, or sentence.

Qualities of Voice.

1 oro. (*deep*) orotund.	4 ora. (*head-voice*) oral.
2 gut. (*rough*) guttural.	5 ♯ (*sharp*) falsetto.
3 asp. (*whispered*) aspirate.	6 ♭ (*flat*) nasal.

Abbreviations Indicating Gesture.

(r. h. s.) right hand supine (*palm up*)	To receive, give, support, rescue; things floating, good, successful, etc.
(r. h. p.) right hand prone (*palm down*)	to put down, bury, suppress, forget, quiet, hush; sinking, hopeless, etc.
(r. h. v.) right hand vertical (*palm vertical*)	to repel, banish, resist; lost, past, forgotten; fear, fright, dismay, horror.
(b. h. s.) both hands supine	larger area, more extended than with one hand only.
(b. h. p.) both hands prone	
(b. h. v.) both hands vertical	
(d. f.) descending front	toward the floor, in front of speaker.
(h. f.) horizontal front	toward the wall, in front of speaker.
(a. f.) ascending front	toward the ceiling, in front of speaker.
(d. e.) descending extended	toward the floor, right or left of speaker.
(h. e.) horizontal extended.	toward the side-walls, right or left of speaker.
(a. e.) ascending extended.	toward the ceiling, right or left of speaker.
(d. o.) descending oblique.	downward, between front and extended.
(h. o.) horizontal oblique.	horizontal, between front and extended.
(a. o.) ascending oblique.	upward, between front and extended.

HELEN POTTER'S

IMPERSONATIONS.

BLUNDERS.

A STUDY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

VOLUMES could be written | upon blunders | and not exhaust the subject. Blunders which make us laugh, and blunders | which make us shudder. Human experience | is full of them. We laugh at phases of drunkenness. I do not blame people for laughing. Man is the only animal that *can* laugh, | and he ought to enjoy his privilege. One poor fellow, | somewhat the worse for drink, fell down a flight of thirty or forty steps, | —in Erie, Pa., and when a man rushed to help him up, he said, [*drunken voice*] "˳Go away, I don't want your help. That's the way | I °always | ˳come down stairs." We laugh at the man who came home at four o'clock in the morning and said it was *one*. "But," said his wife, "the clock has just struck four." "I know better," he replied, "for I heard it strike *one* | ˳re°peatedly."

Absent-mindedness is often the source of ludicrous blunders, | as in the case of the cooper, who put his son | into the barrel to hold up the head, | and found when he had finished that the boy was in the barrel, | with no way of escape.

Blunders often occur | in efforts to °correct ˳them. A speaker once said, (*b*) "You ask us to work for posterity; |

what, I would ask you, | has pos°ter$_{o}$i°ty | ever done for °us?" Which caused his audience to laugh,—and he corrected himself thus: "I don't mean those who come directly before us, | but those $_{o}$*par°ticu$_{o}$lar°ly* | °*in$_{o}$stant°ly* | (\) °*subsequent.*" Another one said, "Mr. Chairman, I deny the allegation, | and *defy* | *the alligator.*"

We are apt to call all blunders in words | "Bulls;" but I believe the pure bull | to be a contradiction in terms; as, "I met you this morning and you didn't come; | now I'll meet you to-morrow morning, | whether you come | or not." | An invalid once said, "If I'd stayed in that place till now, | I'd have been dead two years ago."

I once saw a notice on a ferry-boat: | "Persons are requested not to leave this boat | until made fast to the dock." A minister once announced to his congregation, that, (– –) "A woman died | very suddenly | last Sunday, | while I was preaching the gospel, | in a beastly state | of intoxication." Blunders in advertisements | are unlimited: "All persons in this town owning dogs, | shall be muzzled." "Two young women | want washing." "A young man wanted | to take care of a horse | of a religious turn of mind." "To be sold | a pianoforte, | the property of a musician | with carved legs."

But it is of great importance, | while we are moved to °laughter | by the blunders that are made, | that at the same time | we remember not to count it an irksome task | to avoid | making mistakes. Look at our vast continent, | with its various climates and soil, | its mountains and valleys, | its wonderful wealth, | underground, | and above ground. | Look at the space we occupy upon the surface of the earth, | and the space we must occupy | in history. |

Have we blundered in the past? Yes, we °*have* $_{o}$blundered in the past, | and we are blundering °*now.* We blunder | when we lay waste our grand old forests, | our coal-fields, | our vast mineral wealth. We blunder | when

we waste the public money, and increase our taxes. | We blunder | when we elect bad men to office. We blunder | when we fail to care for the poor | and the (\) °suffering, | ₀of our land.

°Imagine, if you can, | all the children of this great nation, | properly cared for, | for a single generation. ₀What would be the result? °Six hundred and forty-eight little ones, | under five years of age, | died in one week, | in the city of New York, | among the poorer classes.

Come with me, | and I'll show you a °scene | I once witnessed. Turn from this street of palaces | and look upon a °new ₀world. Every step you advance | brings you in contact with scenes darker, filthier, | and more degraded. Sickening odors | heavy | with disease | come from open cellars; oaths ring out | from subterranean dens. Here on the filthy sidewalk | are children, | that are walking heaps of rags. °Children | who never hear a mother pray, | ₀but often | hear her swear. Children | who must inevitably | fill our prisons, penitentiaries, poor-houses and worse. Can they be rescued? Hear how keen their cutting sarcasms; how sharp their rough criticisms! What if all this acuteness, | all these sharp intellects, | were trained for humanity | and Heaven, | instead of being trained to prey upon society! Do we not blunder, | in doing nothing for their rescue?

°Come with me, | and see where they live! Come from your pleasant homes, | where children | play and prattle around you, | and climb your knees! (\) Come from your family altars! | Come from the comforts and luxuries, | that God has given °*you*, | and see where these children | °live! °Je₀sus (\) °loved little children; | and whoso giveth a cup of cold water | to these little ones | shall not lose his reward.

°See that broken door, | hanging by a single hinge! (– –) ₀No fear of burglars °here! °En₀ter! (/) Is this a cage

of wild animals? °°NO! °men, women and children, | not beasts, | dwell here! Every square foot | of the filthy floor | has °its occupants! °Here | are the wretched beggars; the drunken | in their debaucheries; gray hairs | and auburn locks; | old and young; | black and white; | sick and suffering; | innocent and guilty, all | herding together!

°Here | the °*robber* ₒbrings his °plunₒder! Here the (\) °*murderer* | ₒhides! | °Here the poor *girl* | (ₒGod help her) | °brings her horrible | earnings! Here, | amidst fumes of poisonous liquors, | they spend their lives | in darkness! ₒAnd such scenes are to be witnessed in every large city, and that, too, | within the sound | of church bells! ₒOh, they are a hard set! Yes, they lie | and steal.ₒ

ₒTheir sins of commission are °*awful*, | ₒbut what are °our ₒsins | of °*oₒmission!* As we gaze in horror | into the abyss where they live, | and shudder | at their degradation, | do not some of us think "I am guilty of neglect | toward my brother?" | Reports | of "News-boys' Lodging-houses," | "Homes for the Friendless," | and "Charity Schools," | show much has been done for them, | but they need something °more ₒthan instruction. Let rich men, | out of their abundance, | invest in clean and cheap lodging-houses; | provide cheap and wholesome recreation. *Let them have °music,* | *ₒwith°out* | *lager beer; amusement,* | (\) *without vice* | *and crime.*

Society must °pay | ₒfor the blunders it makes. | It is the in°evitable. We may put seed into the ground | and command it not to grow, but it *will,* | and will bring forth fruit | *according to its kind.* No power of ours | can prevent it. And so | the seeds of vice and crime, | that we allow to enter into the soil of society, | will sprout and grow *there!* and will bring forth fruit | according to *its* kind.

The middle of August, 1875, ended a strike in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. The miners | received their wages;

₀and what was the result? Why, | the press of the (\) °whole country RANG | with accounts of the pandemonium which followed. People shut themselves within doors, | and hid themselves; | because °MURDER was loose, and life was not safe. | The whiskey shops | had a night of it. Oh, if the miners had only struck against the °*liquor₀business* then!

°I am not an advocate of strikes, | ₀but with °all ₀my (\) °heart, and soul, | and might, | and mind, | and *strength*, || I °*do* (/) ₀advocate | a unanimous and *persistent* strike | against this business. Strike against it | ₀at home! Strike against it | at public receptions! Strike against the cut glass and decanter of the tiplér, the whiskey-flask | and rum-jug | of the inebriate! °*Strike* | in the name of *justice*, | PURITY | and HUMANITY! °*Strike* | for the love of your country, and in behalf of drunkards' wives and children! °*Strike* against it, | at the (\) *ballot-box!* | °*Strike* against it, | in your *churches! Strike* against it, | at the family altar | in the *hour of prayer!* | °STRIKE! °°STRIKE | °TILL YOU °°DIE! ₀and by God's help | we may do something | to repair the most °*awful* blunder | of the nineteenth century!

JOHN B. GOUGH, a celebrated lecturer on temperance, was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817, and died at Frankford, Pa., February 18, 1886. He was lecturing in the First Presbyterian Church when he was attacked with cerebral apoplexy, and died two days later. He came to America in 1829, and while learning the bookbinding business in New York fell into habits of intemperance, and finally sank to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. Having been induced about 1840 to sign the total abstinence pledge, he became deeply interested in the temperance reform, and soon distinguished himself as one of the most eloquent and successful advocates of the cause. From 1843 to his death, he devoted himself almost without interruption to lecturing on temperance, in the United States, Canada, and the British Islands. He has spoken nearly one hundred times on the subject of temperance in Exeter Hall, London. Mr. Gough combined in an eminent degree the qualities of an actor with those of a great orator. His autobiography was published in 1846 and a volume of his orations in 1854.

In appearance Mr Gough was of medium size and height, with a

kind and sympathetic magnetism, which could not be resisted. He won his hearers at the very outset and held them to the last. In his later years he wore his gray hair long, reaching to the edge of his collar, and his beard, also nearly white, was worn uncut and flowing down over his bosom. His head was largely developed in the region of perception, giving greater depth to his eyes. His international popularity renders any attempt to portray his wonderful oratorical power futile. He told a story and acted it inimitably; you not only saw the scene but felt it all. Any attempt to impersonate his rare gift of mimicry, his pathos and humor, must, perforce, fall short of the original. He was an eccentric comedian of the rarest sort, and he lectured more years and to more people than any other speaker of whom we have any account. He was called the Prince of the Lyceum, and merited the title. He often closed a lecture by saying, "May I die in the harness;" and so he did die. He was taken from the platform before he had completed his lecture, and never recovered.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—A gray wig and full, long whiskers; an evening suit of black broadcloth, (dress coat); a narrow, black silk neck-tie, a turn-down collar, and a watch and chain. Enter with an overcoat on your arm, place it over a chair, sit down and look about. Then rise, take a sip of water, wipe your mouth with a white handkerchief, replace it in the coat pocket (rear), straighten up, and begin your lecture. If you are not in full sympathy with your subject, do not attempt this impersonation, as neither the subject nor the lecturer should be caricatured; and, furthermore, the public will not accept it. Mr. Gough is cherished in the hearts of the people, and his memory revered. You should be as earnest and honest in your work as was that "prince of lecturers." The writer never undertook the impersonation without a silent invocation, or prayer, for the right spirit to go out with the words, that they might bear the power of conviction with them, and reach the souls of all within reach of her voice.

In attempting male impersonations, a lady should wear the dress coat and vest, with linen attached, over a plain, black broadcloth skirt; and a low curtain or screen should run from the entrance to the desk, so as to conceal the skirt nearly to the waist-line.

There is a strong climax, commencing "See that broken, etc." Point and look at an imaginary door, and shrink from it as you go on. Exclaim in consternation, "Is this a cage of wild animals?" Answer your question with an intense "*No!*" running down half an octave from a high start, and quickly add, "Men, women and children, not *beasts*, dwell here!" giving the downward inflection on "children" and up on "beasts."

Another climax commences with "Here are the wretched beggars!" and ends with "Spend their lives in darkness." Speak the lines rapidly, and increase in force as you proceed, bringing out the words "robber," "murderer," "girl," "earnings," etc., very prominently.

The third and last climax commences with a series of "strikes." Commence in ordinary declamatory pitch of voice; at each strike increase the volume and pitch until you finish with "STRIKE TILL YOU DIE!"

TEMPERANCE.

A STUDY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

E want public sentiment | against the liquor traffic; public sentiment | backed by law | to protect society. We want public sentiment | to banish liquor from private tables; | °there's where half the drunkards learn to drink!

Can I teach a young man to drink by showing him the *results* of drink? | No, | I can't do it! It's impossible!

I have a fine boy just merging into manhood | and I take him out | to teach him to drink. | We go into a gin-shop and call for glasses of beer, | and my boy says to me, | "Father, | what makes these men look so!" | and I answer, | "It's °liquor, my boy, | come | have a glass, won't you?" and he says, | "°No! °I won't touch it!"

I take him to an °*insane °asylum*, | and he looks in upon the inmates *there;* | and he says to me, "Father, what sent this young man here?" (\) "°*Liquor* brought him here, have a glass, | won't you?" | and he says, "No! no! | why | this is °dread°ful!"

I take him to a °*club°house;* he hears the jest and song; he hears words he never heard before, words | of which he knows not the meaning. | His natural purity asserts itself. "Let us go away from here; | I don't like to stay here; what makes these men °talk so?" | "Oh, they've been drinking, my boy, (\) take a drink, | won't you?" "*No, no!* a thousand times °no! °by the memory of my

ₒmother; by the purity of my °sister,—°*No!* | ₒI won't touch it!"

I take him to a °*prison* | and he looks in upon the °convicts ₒthere; and my boy says to me, "Father, | what sent this fine-looking old man here; | he don't look like a bad man | at all!" and I say, "He's not a bad man at heart, | my boy, | but he committed an awful crime | when he was under the influence of liquor | and so there he is | *for life.* (/) Have a glass of °liqₒuor, | my boy!" "°°NO, NO! ₒfather, | (\) take me home; | I'm sick!" Can I teach him to drink, by showing the *results* of drink? ₒNo, | ₒI can't do it. | It can't be done; | but let me *conceal the results* | and he'll drink. The minister and the judge | are to °dine | ₒwith me | and I order pure wine for the occasion. I pour out a glass of wine for the minister | and another for the judge | and another | saying: "ₒHave a glass of °wine, my boy?" And he says, "Yes, father, | thank you;" | (<) and he takes it and drinks it. | He likes it. He drinks more and likes that, | he becomes a drunkard and °°*dies* | in the despair of DELIRIUM; [*hands up and pushing the hair into disorder*] ₒand who taught him to drink?

We want public sentiment to banish liquor from private tables, for I tell you | there's where half the drunkards (/) ₒlearn to drink.

Men who talk very sensibly | on all other subjects | talk like fools | on the subject of °temperance. | A man said to me | only the other day, | [*thumbs in armholes*]: "°Well," ₒsaid he, "°I consider the liquor traffic a legitimate business; I guess I've a right to sell liquor if I want to—men needn't come and °*buy* ₒmy °liquor unless they please; | °I'm not responsible for them." (\)°*You are not responsible for them!* ₒLet's see.

°There was a boy down in Connecticut | sick unto death | from alcohol, | and when he was able to understand what was said to him | the doctor said, | "Johnny, my boy, I

think I can pull you °thro' ₒthis time, | but I may as well tell you now, Johnny, ₒ*no* | *power on earth* | *can save you* | *if you drink again—even a single glass, Johnny.*" |

[*Weak and pausing.*] "Oh, doctor, | you don't know what I've suffered; | I'm °MAD | for drink; | I don't feel as though I could ever let it alone, doctor; | I've | suffered so, | that if I knew | there was no physical torment for me in hell, | I'd commit suicide; I've suffered °twenty deaths. Why, doctor, | I've felt great black spiders | drag their damp bodies | and hairy legs | all over my face and (/)°into my mouth! [*tearing the hair, and breathing short and hard*] °Oh, ₒdoctor! I'll never drink any more, °*never*, °°NEVER, ₒ*never!*"

After a while this poor boy was able to get out of doors; | he was convalescent; weak and tottering on two sticks, | he took his first walk; | ₒand where do you think he went? | °He went straight across the street to a dram-shop | and *drank a glass of liquor*; | ₒand that | ended him.

That liquor-dealer (\)°knew this ₒyoung °man | ₒ*personally*—knew he had just escaped death | from drink; knew another drink would *kill* him, and yet he sold him the liquor; | he was pursuing *legitimate business; lawful trade!* (/)Was that liquor-dealer a murderer? Yes, | he was a *murderer!* and that young man's blood will cry from out the ground in the day of judgment | and ₒ*ac°cuse* ₒ*him of* °*murder.*

No man has a right to pursue a business which ruins his neighbor; | which is a °plague ₒin the land.

You all laugh at the antics of a drunken man; you laugh at thought of the poor inebriate who blundered into church on Sunday morning, thinking it a theatre, just in time to hear the minister say (– –) "Who in this audience | is willing to be a *goat?* Who, I repeat, in this vast (/) audience | is willing to be a *goat?*"

No one responding, and thinking there must be something wrong behind the scenes, the poor drunkard rose to his feet, saying, [*reeling*] "Look'u here, mister, | now rather'n to have the play stop, | I'll be the goat *myself!*"

And of the other poor fellow, | when the minister said, "Where's the *drunkard;* where's the *drunkard?*" rose to his feet saying, "Here I am, Sir, here I [*hic*] am!" The minister went on to say, "°Where's the *hypocrite;* °where's the *hypocrite?*" No one responding, the poor fellow rose again and pointing to a man in the audience, said: "Deacon *Smith,* || why don't you git up? *I* did [*hic*] when they called *me!*"

But it's no laughing matter | after all; and if this cause is right | it will succeed; | if it's good | it will win.

It will come | °bye ₀and °bye, | when the hosts we have labored for, | come up over a thousand battle-fields, | waving in golden grain, °*never* || ₀to be crushed | in the distillery.

It will come | ₀bye °and ₀bye, | ₀when the trellised vines hang thick with their purple glory, | °*never* || ₀to be pressed into that which can degrade a man.

It will come | °bye and ₀bye, | when men give their labor elsewhere, | and their orchards hang thick | with pulpy, luscious fruit, | °*never* || ₀to be pressed | into that which can destroy society.

(/)₀It will come | °bye and ₀bye.

(– –)° BYE AND BYE | ₀we shall come to the last fire | in the last distillery | and shall put it out. |

°BYE AND BYE | ₀we shall come to the last stream | of liquid death, | and shall seal it up | forever. |

°BYE AND BYE | we shall come to the last little child | (/) and shall lift it up and stand it | ₀where God intended it | to stand. |

(– –) ₀BYE AND BYE | we shall come to the last heart-broken wife | and shall wipe her *tears* away!

°BYE AND BYE | *we shall come to the last* | *poor drunkard* |

and shall nerve him to strike *off* his burning fetters, | and shall help him make a glorious accompaniment | (/) to the song of freedom | by the clanking | of his broken chains!

(– –) ₀BYE AND BYE | ₀the pale horse | ₀with °DEATH for a rider | will receive a check, which will throw him (\)°°back upon his haunches, | and the loud shout of deliverance shall be heard °*yonder* [*pointing to Heaven*], and there shall be joy in heaven, | when the triumphs of *this*, | and every *other* | great moral enterprise, | shall usher in the triumphs | of the cross of Christ! ₀I believe it, | and for this | I work; and when I die, | may I die (/) in the °harness, | with the prayer ever °fervently upon my lips, | "GOD BLESS THE RIGHT!"

[For description of costume, etc., see page 6].

A CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

The following quaint hymn was sung at a negro camp-meeting in Illinois:

REMEMBER ME.

Why don't you do as Peter did,
A-walking on the sea?
He throwed both arms about his head,
Crying, "Good Lord, remember me!"
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering round,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

If I could stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd throw these legs as fast as I could—
And I'd go for the milk-white shore.
Then remember the rich and remember the poor,
And remember the bound and the free,
And when you are done remembering round,
Then, good Lord, remember me.

ON TRIAL FOR VOTING.

A STUDY OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

ARGUMENT.—The following speech is taken from the stenographic Official Report of the proceedings at the trial of Susan B. Anthony, in Rochester, N. Y., for voting for President Grant. She cast a vote for the General, to test the 15th Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, in regard to universal franchise, and was arrested, tried, and convicted of misdemeanor. Miss Anthony prepared an elaborate defense to read when called upon by the judge for reason why sentence should not be pronounced. She rose to make some preliminary remarks, before reading her paper; but the remarks covered the entire ground of controversy; therefore she resumed her seat. The "remarks" constitute the text of this impersonation.

ISS ANTHONY [*seated upon the platform*]. *Voice b.* (– –) Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced?

Miss A. [*rising.*] Yes, your honor, | I have (\) many things to say; | for in your ordered verdict of guilty, you have trampled under foot | every | vital | principle | of our (\) government. (*s*<) My (\)°natural rights | my (\)°civil rights, my °political rights, | my (\)°judicial rights | are all alike | ignored. Robbed of the fundamental privilege of citizenship, | I am degraded | from the status of a citizen to that of a subject; | and not only myself individually, but all of my sex, | are, by your honor's verdict, doomed to political sub°jection | under this, so-called, Re°publican form of (\) government. (*s*<) Your denial of my citizen's right to vote, | is the denial of my right of consent | as one of the governed; | the denial

of my right of representation | as one of the taxed; | the denial of my right | to a trial by a jury of my °peers | ₒas an offender against law, | therefore, | the denial of my sacred rights | to life, | liberty,—property. |

Voice b. (– –) The Court orders the prisoner to sit down.

Miss A. [*still standing.*] But your honor will not deny me this one and only poor privilege of protest against this high-handed outrage | upon my citizen's rights. May it please the court to remember | that since the day of my arrest last November, | this is the first time | that either myself or °any ₒperson | of my disfranchised class | has been allowed a word of defense before judge or jury—

Voice b. Sit down! Sit down!

Miss A. [*still standing.*] All of my prosecutors, | from the 8th ward corner grocery politician, who entered the complaint, | to the United States Marshal, | (*s*<) Commissioner, District Attorney, | District Judge, | your honor on the bench, | not °one ₒis my °peer, | but each and all are my political °sovereigns; and had your honor submitted my case to the °jury, | as was clearly your duty, | even ᶜ*then* | I should have had just cause of °protest, | for not one of those men | was my °peer; but, native or foreign born, | white or black, | rich or poor, | educated or ignorant, | awake or asleep, | sober or drunk, | each and every °man of them | was my political ₒsu°perior; | hence, in °no sense ₒmy °peer. A commoner of England, | tried before a jury of °*Lords*, would have far less cause to complain | than should I, | a °woman, | tried before a jury of °men. Even my °counsel, | the Hon. Henry R. Selden, | who has argued my cause so ably, so earnestly, so ₒun°answerably before your honor, | is my (/) political °sovereign. Precisely as no disfranchised person is entitled to sit upon a jury, | and no woman is entitled to the franchise, | so, | none but a regularly admitted ₒlawyer | is allowed to practice in the courts, | and no °*woman* ₒcan gain admission (/) ₒto the °bar

—hence, jury, judge, counsel, must °all °be | of the su°perior class.

Voice b. (– –) The Court must insist—the prisoner has been tried | (⁄) according | to the (⁄) established | forms | of law.

Miss A. °Yes, ₒyour honor, | but by forms of law | all made by °*men* | °*interpreted* ₒby men, | (\) °*administered* ₒby men, | in °*favor* ₒof °men, | and against °women; | and hence, | your honor's ordered verdict of "*guilty*," | against a United States °citizen | ₒfor the °exercise of "°*that citizen's right to vote*," | simply because °that ₒcitizen | was a woman, and not a man. But, yesterday, | the same man-made forms of law, | declared it a crime | punishable with $1,000 fine | and six months' im°prisonment, | for you, or me, | or °any of us | to give a cup of cold water, | a crust of bread, or a night's shelter | to a panting fugitive as he was tracking his way to (\) °Canada.

And every man or woman, in whose veins coursed a drop of human sympathy, violated that wicked law, reckless of consequences; and was justified in so doing.

As then, the slaves who got their freedom had to take it | over, | or under, | or *through* | the unjust forms of law, | precisely so, now, | must *women*, | to get °*their* right | to a voice in this government | °*take it;* | I *have* taken mine, | and °*mean* to ₒtake it | at every °possible ₒoppor°tunity.

Voice b. (– –) The Court orders the prisoner to sit down.

Miss A. | When I was brought before your honor for trial, | I hoped for a broad | and *liberal* interpretation | of the Constitution | and its recent amendₒments, | that should declare all United States citizens, | under its protecting °ægis, | that should declare (⁄) equality of rights | the national guarantee | to °all ₒpersons | °born ₒor °naturalized | in the United States. But (\) failing to get this justice | failing, even, to get a trial by a jury °*not* of my

peers | I ask no °*leniency* | at your hands | but I ₒde°mand | the °full | rigors | of the °*law.* [*Sit.*]

Voice h. (– –) The Court orders the prisoner to stand up. [*Rise.*]

The sentence of the Court is | that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars | and the costs | of the prosecution.

Miss A. (*s* <) ₒMay it please your honor, | all I possess | is a $10,000 *debt,* | incurred by publishing my paper | "*The Revolution*" | four years ago, the sole object of which | was to educate °all ₒwomen | to do precisely as °*I* ₒhave done, | ₒre°bel | against your man-made,| unjust, | unconstitutional | forms of law, | that *tax,* | *fine,* | *imprison* | and °*hang* ₒwomen, | while they deny them the right | of representation in the °government; | and I shall work on | with °might and ₒmain | to pay every °dollar | of that °honest °debt, | but, ₒso help me Heaven, | I'll never pay a °dime | of this unjust °penalty. And I shall earnestly and persistently ₒcon°tinue | to urge °all ₒwomen | ₒto the °practical (\) recognition of the old revolutionary °maxim, | that "*Resistance to tyranny* | *is* (\) *obedience* | *to God.*" [*Exit.*]

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the well-known advocate of woman's suffrage, was born in 1820. She is a trifle above medium height and weight, is well-proportioned and comely. Upright and straight-forward in mind and spirit, if she thought a thing wrong no power on earth could make her accept it or compromise with it; and her bearing obtains somewhat of the same directness; hence, she is often called angular. Nevertheless, her nature is gracefully unselfish, sympathetic and merciful; and no one could be more sensitive to unjust personal criticism than this devoted champion of womanhood. Her friends realize how her timidity is overruled by duty, and have often seen her stand blushing and shrinking in the ante-room when about to appear before an audience. In fact, she represents the most admirable qualities of both man and woman, viz.: Strength, courage, tenderness, fidelity. There is a prevailing idea among people who have no acquaintance with Miss Anthony, that she is hard and unwomanly, with little claim to personal attraction. This is an erroneous notion obtained through efforts at raillery and derision of the cause she advocates. Pen and pencil caricatures of this noble champion of woman's rights were formerly industriously circulated to dis-

may the weak and amuse the crowd; but the exponent of "equal rights" has lived to see an unpopular subject command the respectful thought of the world's great and gifted ones.

Miss Anthony lately celebrated her seventieth birthday, and was never clearer, never keener, never more eloquent than to-day; the same hopeful, generous, great nature that she was twenty years ago. And she has shown such absolute and continued devotion to the cause she espoused while yet in her youth, as to cause every true and thoughtful woman's heart to throb with gratitude and love.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—A good dark silk or wool walking dress with a rich plain bonnet to match; point lace at the throat and wrists; a shawl or wrap over the left arm and a roll of paper in the hand; dark brown hair combed smoothly down over the sides of the face, covering the tops of the ears; gold spectacles or eye-glasses.

Two voices are required for this speech; one for Miss Anthony, another for Judge Hunt. The former rather sharp (♯), the latter flat (♭). Keep the position and appearance of Miss Anthony throughout the entire speech, and disguise your voice when speaking for the Judge, so as to make it appear to proceed from some other quarter. This is important. Take short steps upon entering and retiring from the platform. Throw the wrap or shawl over the chair-back and sit down, but never lean back. Intense natures like hers sit forward. Make few gestures, and those of the emphatic sort only, and leave the platform the moment you are done speaking. If recalled enter quickly, bow abruptly and retire.

THE TRAMP'S SOLILOQUY.

Beside a straw-stack sat a tramp,
A jolly tramp and wise,
Who, while he patched his tattered coat,
Did thus soliloquize:

"It seems sew sad that my lone life
Doth ever downward tend,
And rags me into wretchedness;
But still I'm on the mend.

"And when I needle little cash
I make no loud laments,
But by a straw-stack sit me down
And gather in my rents."

AMERICAN ART.

A STUDY OF MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

NOTE.—Text taken from the N. Y. *Herald's* report of the first "Woman's Congress," at the Union League Club Hall, New York, in 1863.

°THINK, | (– –) °when American art | is held up | to satire | and °con˳dem°nation, ‖ ˳it is °well, | ˳al°so, | to give it °due ˳credit | °for what it has ˳done. (– –) Sir Benjamin West, | ˳and Bradford, ‖ ˳are °now | °in ˳England. ˳In °Rome, | ˳there are °no German ˳or It°al˳-ian (/) ˳studi°es | ˳as °prominent | ˳as °those | °of ˳A°meri˳can ‖ (– –) ˳men | ˳and women. ˳Do°mestic (/) ˳architecture | ˳has °made | great °progress | ˳here. ˳The °mass | ˳of ˳A°meri˳can °people | ˳have °bet˳ter ˳dwell°ings | ˳than °any °ot˳her °people | ˳in the world. ˳As I °passed | °through | ˳Ven°ice, | ˳the °cit˳y ˳of ˳pala°ces, ‖ ˳I °longed for the (\) °scrubbing-brush, ‖ ˳so °great | °was the ˳filth. (– –) °Russel Gurney | said to me | ˳recent°ly, ‖ that there were °no | °dwell˳ings ‖ ˳at °Eng˳lish (/) ˳watering-°places, ‖ (– –) °equal | °to the ˳mag°nifi˳cent | ˳villas ‖ °at | ˳Newport. (– –) °Let us, | then, | stand by ˳A°meri˳can °art | °and | ˳artists.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
While God is marching on.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, of Boston, is a representative New England woman; a cultured and accomplished society leader; a reformer and a poet. She was born in New York, May 27, 1819. She is tall and erect, stately and dignified; with a repose born of conscious superiority. When addressing an audience she seldom changes her position or expression. Her hair is light and complexion pale.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—A plane walking-dress of dark, rich material; old thread-lace wherever available—at throat, wrists, and comprising the head-dress, or ornamental portion of the hat.

Raise the eyebrows; cross the hands at or near the girdle; elevate the shoulders, and bring the elbows close to the sides; speak in a high key, with close teeth, and you have the salient points of this most distinguished American.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

I've roved over mountain, I've crossed over flood;
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.
No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.

The right hand of friendship how oft I have grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland,
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
The birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
The birth-place of freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

PART FIRST.

From "KING HENRY VIII."—SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

ARGUMENT.—History informs us that Henry VIII., of England, had six wives, five of whom he successively caused to be put away or executed. His first wife, Katharine of Aragon, held her place some twenty years; but was put away to make room for Anne Boleyn, who succeeded her as Queen. The King petitioned the Pope to set aside the marriage as illegal; hence the famous plea set forth by the Queen, showing their marriage to have been well advised and legal.

ACT II. SCENE IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right | and justice;
(\) And to bestow your (\) °pity on me, | for
I am a most poor woman, and a °stranger,
Born (\) °out of your dominions; having here |
No judge indifferent, | nor no more °assurance |
Of equal friendship | and proceeding. Alas, sir, [*rise*]
In what | have I offended you? | what cause |
Hath my behavior | °given to your displeasure, |
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? (\) °Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true | and humble wife, |
At all times | to your will | conformable.
Sir, | call to mind |
That I have been your wife, | in °this °obedience, |
Upward of twenty years, | and have been blest (1)
With many children by you. If, in the course

(1) Press your hand to your breast, and bow the head somewhat, lowering the voice at the last phrase, "with many children by you."

And process of this time, | you can report, |
And °prove it too, | against mine honor aught, |
My bond to wedlock, | or my love and duty, |
Against your sacred person, | in God's name, |
Turn me away; | and let the foul'st contempt |
Shut °door upon me, | and so | give me up |
To the sharpest | kind | of justice. | Please you, sir,
The king, your father, | was reputed | for
A prince most prudent, | of an °excellent |
And °un₀match'd °wit and °judgment: | Ferdinand,
(\)°My ₀father, | King of Spain (²), was reckon'd one
The °wisest prince, | that there had reign'd | by many
A year before. | It is not to be question'd |
That they had gather'd a °wise council to them |
Of every °realm, | that did de°bate this business, |
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I
Beseech you, sir, | to spare me, | till I may
Be by my friends in °Spain advis'd; whose counsel |
I will °im₀plore; ₀if °not | i' the name of God, |
Your pleasure | be fulfill'd!

Cam. [1*st Voice*,†] She's going away.

King. [2*d Voice*,‡] Call her again.

Clerk. [3*d Voice*,¶] Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Guil. [4*th Voice*,‖] Madam, you are called back.

Queen. What need you ₀note °it? 'Pray you, | keep your way:
When °you are called, | return. (³)

(²) Attain to full height, make an outward gesture at "Spain," bring the hand to the zenith on "wisest," then across you to the left shoulder, as if to say, "respect my father and me;" then assume the argumentative to, "It is not to be questioned," etc.; the supplicating to "implore," and proudly carry yourself to the end of the scene.

(³) As if this man was in your way, halt and motion him to go on; he does not move; pause as if thwarted, then turn toward the audience, brows contracted, and eyes upward (not the face), and in a vexed manner add: "Now, the Lord help," etc.

(†) Ordinary voice.
(‡) Heavy, commanding voice.
(¶) Monotonous, sonorous, far-off voice of a crier.
(‖) Servile, yet peremptory voice.

[*Loud*] °Now the Lord help, |
They vex me | past my °patience! [*louder*] °°Pray you, |
pass on.
I will °not ₒtarry; [*slowly*] no, | nor ever | more, |
Upon °this ₒbusiness, | my appearance make | [*haughtily*]
In (\) °°any of their *courts.* [*Exit with the right arm uplifted, in indignation and defiance.*]

IMAGINARY SCENE AND CHARACTERS.—In the foregoing impersonation, imagine the court convened, the King on his throne right, the judges seated in the rear. You will enter left, and with measured steps approach the dignitaries, facing the rear of the stage. Bow in courtly fashion three or four times, as if bowing to real persons, advancing a step between the bows. You are now well to the rear of the scene, and have an opportunity to turn and face the audience; now, with outstretched hand, approach the King.

Having reached the centre of the stage (or a little in front and right of centre), kneel and make the appeal. After the speech, turn to make your exit left, and, as you go, carry on the following conversation, being careful to conceal, as much as possible, the fact that you are talking for them all.

SONG.

AUBREY DE VERE.

When I was young, I said to Sorrow,
"Come, and I will play with thee."
He is near me now all day;
And at night returns to say,
"I will come again to-morrow,
I will come and stay with thee."

Through the woods we walk together;
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;
To shield an unregarded head,
He hath built a winter shed;
And all night in rainy weather,
I hear his gentle breathings by me.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

PART SECOND.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—A Gothic apartment in Kimbolton Castle. Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick.

Kath. °Oh, ₀Cromwell, | I am | sick | (\) unto death:
My legs, | like loaded branches, | bow (/) to the earth, |
Willing | to leave | their burden. [*Sits in a large chair.*]
Didst thou not tell me, ₀Crom°well, (/)₀as thou led'st me, |
(– –) That the great child of honor,—Cardinal °Wolsey, ‖
Was dead? ‖ [*Nod at his supposed answer and say "ugh!"*]
Prythee, good ₀Crom°well, | tell me | (\) how he died?
If well, | (– –) he stepped before me, | °happily, |
(\) °For my example. [*Nod and change expression as if hearing a story.*]
(– –) After my death, | I wish no other herald, |
No °other °speaker | of my °living ₀actions,
To keep mine °honor from (/) ₀corruption, |
But such an °honest ₀chronicler | ₀as Cromwell;
Whom I °most hated | °living, | thou hast (\) °made me,
With thy (/) ₀religious °truth | ₀and modesty,
Now | in his ashes | °honor: | °Peace be ₀with him!
[*to the maid*]
°Patience, | be near me still. °Good ₀Crom°well,
(– –) Cause the musicians | play me that °sad ₀note |
(/) I named | (\) my knell, | whilst I sit meditating |
On that ₀ce°lestial (/) ₀harmony | (\) I go to.
[*Compose yourself as for sleep, and, if convenient, have soft music from unseen musicians. Awake in tremor, and, looking up front and extending one or both hands, cry out in the words of the text.*]

Kath. °Spirits of peace, where °are ye? are ye all gone |
And leave me here | in wretchedness | behind ye?
[*Imaginary attendants come and kneel near you; look down and shrink from them, saying:*]
It is not (\) °*you* I call for:
Saw ye none enter | since I slept?
No! Saw you not, (\) even now, | a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, | whose bright faces
Cast °thou₀sand °beams (/) upon me, | like the sun?
They promised me | °eternal | ₀happiness; ‖
(/) And brought me °garlands, | Cromwell, | which I feel |
I am °not ₀worthy yet | to wear; | I shall, ‖
(\) Assuredly.
[*Imagine Guilford speaks to you, and say his words for him under cover of a handkerchief.*]
Guil. (– –) An't like your grace—[*Start and look left.*]
Kath. (\) You are a °°saucy °fellow; |
(\) °Deserve we | no more | reverence?
[*Under cover, speak for Guilford again.*]
Guil. (– –) I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
There is a gentleman sent from the King | to see you.
[*Turn your eyes, but not the head, in the direction of Guilford, and stare with open mouth some seconds, then slowly turn them in the opposite direction, put out your hand in a little motion of concession toward Cromwell and speak slowly.*]
Kath. (– –) Admit him entrance, Cromwell; ₀but °this fellow | ₀let me (\) °ne'er see again. [*Nervously close your robes about you as though much annoyed, and settle back into your chair. Exit Guilford and Cromwell. Re-enter Cromwell with Capucius.*]
Kath. If my sight fail not, ‖ [*lean forward shading the eyes with the right hand*]
You should be lord ambassador | from the emperor, ‖
My royal nephew, ‖ (/) and your name | ₀Ca°pucius.
Voice. (– –) The same, madam! [*Settle back wearily.*]

Kath. (~~) °Oh, my lord,
The times | and titles now | are altered °strangely
₀With me, | since first | you knew me. But, (/) I pray you,
(/)What is your °pleasure | ₀with me? |
Voice. (– –) °The King sends you his princely commendations, |
And heartily entreats you | take good comfort.
Kath. [*feebly*]. °Oh, my good lord | (\) °that comfort
°comes °too | ₀late! |
'Tis like a pardon | °af₀ter | (\) °execution;
That gentle physic | given in time, | (\) °had cured me;
₀But °now | ₀I'm past all °comforts ₀here, | °but ₀prayers.
₀How °does | ₀his highness?
Voice. °Well!
Kath. ₀So may he °ever | ₀do! and °ever ₀flourish
₀₀When I | shall dwell | with worms.
[*p.*] Patience, is that letter
I causèd you to write | yet sent away?
[*Take a large envelope, addressed and sealed with red sealing-wax, from a secret pocket, and, as if just handed to you, hold it forth.*]
Kath. Sir, | I most humbly pray you | to deliver
This | to my lord, | the King.
In which | I have ₀com°mended | to his ₀good°ness
The model | of our chaste loves, | his young daughter;
[*Press a large, soft handkerchief to your eyes and sob; after a moment, go on with the text, still sobbing with covered face.*]
°Beseeching him | to give her | °virtuous °breeding: |
₀And a °little (/)₀to love her | for her (\) °mother's sake ‖ that loved him, |
(\)°Heaven knows | °how ₀dearly. ‖ (– –)°My next poor petition |
Is, | that his noble grace | would have °some ₀pity |
Upon my wretched women, | that so long
Have followed | °both (/) ₀my fortunes | °faithfully;

The last | is for my °men; °they | are the °poorest,
₀But °poverty ‖ could never | draw them | °from ₀me;
(*f*) °And good, ₀my °lord, | [*lean forward as with effort*]
°By that you °°love | ₀the °dearest, | (\) °in this world, |
(/) As you wish Christian °peace | ₀to (\) °souls departed, |
°Stand | these poor (\) °people's friend, | and °urge ₀the °King |
To do me | this °last | ₀right. |
Voice. I will. [*Sink back exhausted.*]
Kath. I (\) °thank you, | ₀honest lord. ‖ (– –) Remember me
In all ₀humility | unto his highness;
(– –) °Say, | his long trouble | now, | is passing |
°Out | (\) °of this ₀world; | tell him | in °death | (\) °I blessed him,
(– –) For so—I will. ‖ (~) (– –) °Mine eyes grow dim! Farewell, |
My lord. °Fare₀well! [*pause*]
₀Farewell. ‖ °Patience, °do ₀not °weep. ‖
[*Put out the hand, as if upon the head of some one kneeling before you, then settle back as before.*]
(– –) °When I am dead, ‖
°Let me be used ‖ ₀with °°honor: ‖ (~) strew me over
(– –) With maiden flowers, ‖ that all the °°world | ₀may °know |
₀I was a °chaste ₀wife | ₀unto my grave! ‖ [*pause*]
Altho' (\) °unqueened, ‖ inter me ‖ —°*like* ₀a queen, |
(– –) And daughter ‖ [*try to rise*] to a (*asp.*) °°King!
[*With great effort, as if feeble, grasp the arms of the chair, and try to rise; drop back limp; quiver or jerk twice; let the head fall to one side and breathe far apart, until the curtain closes upon you.*]

CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS CUSHMAN was born in Boston, Mass., July 23, 1816; and died there in February, 1876. She was buried in Mount Auburn cemetery, near Boston. Miss Cushman came from staunch

old Puritan stock. She inherited strength of character from no less a fountainhead than that of one of those citizens, who, fleeing from persecution two centuries ago, came to our shores for freedom to worship God. No luxury veiled in childhood the hardships of maturity. It was constant self-denial, struggle, and disappointment; but as the eagle, with eye aloft, mounts heavenward, so did this great and zealous servant of Time fix her gaze upon the heights, and search diligently for the noblest and best in art; and now her attainments stand forth a monument to her patience and perseverance. No woman of less courage and fortitude of soul, could have overcome such mighty obstacles as did this one. Yet some of her greatest achievements are unrecorded, and can never be known to us. She had a voice for song, and it was ruined by her teachers; she was homely, and had to compete with beauty; she was poor, and without influence of the great; and, therefore, could not choose as to time, place, or work. Notwithstanding all this, she towered above all her competitors, and stood alone in the field of histrionic art in two continents. Her name and fame will ever stand recorded with those of the greatest artists of the age in which she lived. For years she continued her work while suffering much physical pain of which the world knew nothing. Brave, cheerful, hopeful, even when the hand of death was upon her, this heroic and undaunted soul passed out from her earth-life.

In personal appearance, Miss Cushman was considerably above the medium size and weight; tall and majestic, she moved with stately grace. Her countenance was noble, and beamed with intelligence; while her prominent chin denoted a strength and firmness of character, not to be swayed nor trifled with. She was well fitted by nature, as well as by study, to assume the roles which made her famous. Katharine of Aragon, Lady Macbeth, Meg Merrilies, Hamlet and Cardinal Wolsey were among her greatest achievements. She played for the last time in Boston, May 15, 1875, although she afterward gave public readings in some of our large cities.

COSTUME. *For Part First.*—(Copied from Miss Cushman's impersonation of *Queen Katherine.*) A crimson velvet robe (demi-train), and cloak with ermine border (full train); a crown and jeweled girdle with pendant to the feet; a necklace of pearls; a long white lace scarf over the back-head, and fastened each side with gold pins, the ends falling back over the crimson cloak. Hair *a la* pompadour.

For Part Second.—A loose white gown of soft material and large flowing sleeves; a rich shawl trailing from the shoulders in full expanse; the face bandaged in white, as if to hold up the chin; a large, soft white cloth, like the robe, across the forehead (as a Sister of Charity) and falling about the shoulders; a large soft handkerchief and a large, sealed envelope or letter in a pocket handy for use. A large arm-chair should be placed near the centre of the stage, close by a curtain or screen, so that you can take the chair with as few visible steps as possible; for, being ill and feeble, you could not take many steps alone; and, again, being well back upon the stage, the make-up and ensemble will be more effective.

WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY.

From "King Henry VIII."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

Argument.—Cardinal Wolsey, Prime Minister of England in the reign of King Henry VIII., rose to the highest point of fame and power, only to suffer the King's displeasure, and end in humiliation and disgrace. Shakespeare, in his historical play, admirably portrays the Cardinal's character, his towering ambition, cunning, diplomacy, and fall.

Act III. Scene II.

[*Full asp.*] °Fare₀well, °a long farewell, | (\) to all my greatness!
This | is the state | °of ₀man; ₀to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, °to-morrow | °*blossoms*, |
And (¹) bears his blushing honors °thick | ₀upon him;
The third day | comes a °frost, | a ₀:*killing* | frost; | (²)
(--) And | (<) when he thinks, | ₀good, easy man! °full surely |
His greatness is ₀a °ripening | (³) °nips | his root
₀And °then | he falls (⁴) ‖ ₀as *I* do. (⁵) ₀I have ventured,
(--) Like little wanton boys | that swim on bladders, |
°These many summers | in a sea of glory;
But (⁶) °far beyond | my depth: (<) (⁷) My high-blown pride

(¹) Horizontal front, R. H. P.
(²) Hands to chest as if cold.
(³) R. H. vertical.
(⁴) Both hands up.
(⁵) Hands down and back to audience.
(⁶) Point with index finger.
(⁷) Go up the scale to "pride."

At length °*broke* | °un₀der °me: and now has left me, |
Weary, and °old °with ₀ser°vice, | to the mercy
Of a ₀rude °stream | (⁸) °that must forever | °hide me.
(– –) °Vain pomp and glory of this world, | (\) °I hate ye! |
I (⁹) feel my heart | °new ₀opened: | °Oh, how wretched
₀Is that °poor °man | that hangs on °princes' | favors; |
(/) There is, | betwixt that smile we would (/) ₀aspire to, |
(\) °That sweet aspect of princes, | (/) ₀and our ruin, ‖
(/) ₀More pangs and °fears ‖ (/) ₀than wars or
(¹⁰) °°women | have;
°And | when he ₀falls ‖ ₀he ₀falls like | °Lucifer,
(\) °°Never | °to hope | ₀₀again. (¹¹) (‡)

[*Enter Cromwell.*]

(¹²) \ °Why, how now ‖ (¹³) °Crom₀well! [*hold the* "l."]
Crom. [*Disguised voice.*] I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. ₀What, | amazed |
₀At my °mis₀fort°unes? °Can thy spirit wonder,
(– –) A great man should ₀de°cline? °Nay, an' °you
°°weep, |
₀I'm fallen | ₀in°deed.
Crom. [*Disg. voice.*] (– –) How does your grace?
Wol. ₀Why, | °°well; |
(\) °Never so truly | °happy, | (– –) ₀my good Cromwell.
(\) I know myself now; (– –) and I feel within me |
(– –) A peace | above all °earthly | ₀dignities. |
A still | and quiet | ₀conscience.
°The king has ₀cured me—
(– –) ₀I humbly thank his grace; | and | from these
shoulders |

(⁸) Step back, showing fear.
(⁹) Hand on the heart.
(¹⁰) B. H. up—the climax of force is on the word "women."
(¹¹) Both hands spread; covers head and face with robe; slaps his head; falls upon the chair and table, limp and overcome.
(¹²) Raises his head.
(¹³) Turns his eyes to Cromwell and exclaims in surprise.

(‡) For a monologue, continue from the words: "I did not think to shed a tear," etc., Page 31. For a reading, include the dialogue.

These °ruined °pillars, | (– –) out of his pity, | [/ *to the;*] taken
A load | would sink a °°navy; ₒtoo much ₒₒ*honor*.
°Oh, 'tis a burden, [*rises*] ₒCromwell, | °'tis a burden |
°Tooₒheavy | (– –)ₒfor a man that hopes | for *heaven!*

Crom. [*Disg. voice*] (– –) I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. ₒI °hope ₒI °have; (– –) °I'm able now, | ₒmethinks,
(– –) Out of a fortitude of soul I feel, |
(– –) To endure more miseries, | and greater °far, ‖
(/)ₒThan my weak-hearted (14) enemies, | °dare offer.
(\) (15) °What news abroad?

Crom. [*Disg. voice*] (– –) The heaviest, and the worst, | Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. °God bless him!

Crom. [*Disg. voice.*] (– –) The next is, | that Sir Thomas Moore | is chosen Lord Chancellor, | in your place.

Wol. [*q. asp.*] (\) °That's somewhat | °sudden; [*Eyes wide open;*]
ₒBut he's a *learned* man. °May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; | ₒthat his bones
(When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings)
May have a tomb of orphan's tears | °wept ₒon °them!
(16) °What ₒmore.

Crom. [*Disg. voice.*] (– –) That, Cranmer is returned with welcome, |
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. |

Wol. (\) °°That's ₒnews | ₒin°deed! [*Surprise and pain.*]

Crom. [*Disg. voice.*] (– –) Last, | that the Lady Anne, |
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married, |
This day was viewed in open | as the *queen*,

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(14) Waves R. H.
(15) Lightly spoken.
(16) Light and simple.

Going to chapel; and the voice is now |
Only about | her coronation.
Wol. ([17]) (\) °There was the weight | that pulled me down, | O Cromwell!
All my glories
In that °one ₒwoman | (--) ₒI have lost | forever: ||
(--) ₒNo sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, ||
Or gild again | the noble troops | that waited |
Upon my smiles. || Go, get thee *from* me, | Cromwell; |
ₒI am a poor, °fallen ₒman, | ₒun°worthy now |
(--) To be thy lord and master. (*q.*) ₒSeek the ***King;***
(--) I have told him
What, | and how (\) °true thou art; he will ad°vance ₒthee;
°Some little memory of me | will stir him, |
ₒ(I know his noble nature,) °not to let
°Thy ₒhopeful service | ₒperish °too: (\) °go, Cromwell.
Crom. [*Disg. voice.*] Oh, my lord, |
(\) Must I, then, leave you? °Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
[*Crying.*] Bear witness, | all that have not hearts of iron, |
With what a °sorrow | ₒCromwell | leaves his lord.
The King | shall have my °service, | but my *prayers* |
Forever and forever | shall be yours. [*Kneels.*]
[*Continue here the monologue.*]
Wol. ([18]) (--) I did not think to shed a tear |
In all | my miseries; but thou hast (\) °forced me,
Out of my honest °truth [*trem.*], ([19]) ₒto play | the woman. || ([20])
(--) Let's dry our eyes: ([21]) and thus far [*sits*] °hear me, ₒCromwell,
[*Cromwell rises.*] And — (--) when I am forgotten || (/) °as I shall be, |

([17]) R. H. ascending; open fingers and shaking the hand.
([18]) Hands clasped on the bosom.
([19]) Pats Cromwell on the back.
([20]) Weeps and drops his head on Cromwell's head.

(– –) ₒAnd sleep in dull, | cold | marble ‖ °where no mention
Of me more | must ₒbe °heard ‖ ₒsay | (\) °I taught thee. |
ₒSay ([22]) °Wolsey — | that once trod the ways of glory, ([23])
(– –) And sounded all the depths | ₒand °shoals ₒof °honor—
Found (\)°*thee* a way, | ₒout of °his ₒ*wreck*, (\) °to rise in;
A sure (/)ₒand safe one, | ₒthough thy master ‖ *missed* it.
Mark but °*my* ₒfall, | and that | that (\) °*ruined* me. [*rises*]
°Cromwell, I charge thee | fling away | *ambition*; ([24])
(/) By *that* sin | fell the °angels; how can °*man*, ₒthen, |
The °image ₒof his Maker, | ₒhope to *win* by't?
(/) ₒLove thyself | °last; | (– –) cherish those hearts | that
°hate thee;
(– –) Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, |
(– –) ₒTo silence | envious | °tongues. (/) Be just ([25]) ₒand
(\) °fear not.
(/) Let all the ends thou aim'st at, | be thy °country's,
ₒThy God's ([26]) ₒand °truth's; °then, (/) ₒif thou fall'st, |
(/)ₒO Cromwell, |
ₒThou fallest | a °blessed °*martyr*. | ([27]) ₒLead me in;
(– –) ₒThere | take an inventory ‖ *of all* | *I have*, | [*short and
half asp.*]
To the last | penny; ([28]) °'*tis* | *the King's*; | ₒmy °robe, |
And my | ₒin°tegrity | to Heaven, | ([29]) is all |
I dare | °now | (\) call my own. | ([30]) °Oh, °Cromwell,
ₒCromwell,
(/) ₒHad I but served °my ₒGod, | ₒwith (\) °half the zeal |
(/) ₒI served | ₒmy °King, ‖ °he | (– –) ₒwould not in mine
°age ‖
ₒHave left me | °naked ‖ (– –) ₒto mine enemies! ‖ ([31])

([21]) Handkerchief to the eyes; to end weeping.
([22]) R. H. ascending.
([23]) R. H. V.
([24]) R. H. aloft.
([25]) R. H. V.
([26]) R. H. V.
([27]) Shakes Cromwell's hand and looks anxious, staggers, and speaks as if short of breath.
([28]) High asp. voice, as in pain.
([29]) Hands applied to the chin.
([30]) Turns to go, but turns back again.
([31]) Totters off with both arms up in intense agony of mind.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF, actor, son of the renowned English tragedian, was born in England, February 18, 1820; made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, London, October 14, 1839; came to this country in 1842, and retired from the stage November, 1856. He died at Bennington, Vermont, August 10, 1884. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, and practised law in New York, occasionally appearing as a professional reader. He was a man of culture and education, having won five prize medals for scholarship, and was an authority on matters of English pronunciation. In the technique of elocution he was most superior; clear, crisp, intellectual; but he manifested little feeling in his artistic performances, and hence was not a sympathetic actor or reader.

He was slightly above the medium height and weight, finely proportioned and bore himself with ease and dignity,

This study was made during Miss Cushman's last engagement in New York, when Mr. Vandenhoff played Wolsey to her Queen Katharine, in the production of "King Henry VIII."

COSTUME.—See Cardinal Richelieu's second dress, in "A Study of Edwin Booth," page 67.

Enter slowly, with measured tread, and begin the soliloquy without delay, taking no notice of the audience unless compelled to do so.

THE AMERICAN FEAST.

BEFORE THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Happy, happy man!
Tripping gayly 'long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
Loaded down with turkey fat,
Delicacies and all that—
Happy, happy man!

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Aching, aching man!
Skulking sadly 'long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
With stuffed turkey, rich and fat,
Delicacies and all that—
Aching, aching man!

NYDIA, THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII.

As adapted from "The Last Days of Pompeii," and rendered by Miss Potter more than six hundred times.

ARGUMENT.—Nydia was born in Thessaly, of good family. She afterward became a slave. Her master, Glaucus, a young and wealthy Athenian, bought her to save her from cruel treatment, and was the object of her grateful adoration ever after. At this time, she was a prisoner in the palace of Arbaces, and Glaucus, falsely accused of murder, was condemned to meet the lions in the arena, in deadly combat. It was said, if a man was innocent, the beasts would not touch him, but if guilty, they would tear him in pieces. When the city was inundated with burning lava, Nydia, accustomed to walk in darkness, was able to lead her friends forth in safety, and to reach the sea.

SCENE, POMPEII. The Palace of Arbaces, a Wealthy Egyptian. Sozia on Guard and Nydia a Prisoner.

HIDE me not | (/) kind Sozia, I cannot endure | to remain so long | ˳a°lone. The solitude | appalls me. Come sit with me, I pray, a little while. Fear not that I should attempt to (/) ˳escape; | (\) °place thy seat before the door; (– –) I will not stir from this spot. [*Sighing.*] °Alas, (\) °why am I imprisoned here? I know not. [*Finding a high stool and sitting.*] (\) What is the hour? °Noon, ˳you say? What hast thou heard of the Athenian͡, | Glaucus͡? || [*Listens, then, with surprise, repeats what she has heard.*] (*asp.*) °He's charged with shedding priestly blo͡od! [*rises quickly and drops all her flowers.*] (\) °The gods forbid! ˳'Tis °false, ˳'tis °°false, ˳I say! (½ *asp.*) (/) *Arbaces* | °saw the de͡ed? (<) Arbace͡s, the

Egyptiăn? [*Clasps her hands in agony.*] ˏArbaces ˚hates ˏthe priest; ˏhates ˚Glaucus | ˚too. (*f.*) ˚Come Truth | ˏand triumph o'er thy foes! [*Exit Sozia.*]

(\)˚What shrieks are those I hear; ˏso ˚near, | ˏand yet so far! (½ *asp.*) It seems this way, [*feels her way to the wall and listens*] here! ‖ ah—yes! [*Calls.*] ˚˚Who is it in distress? ˚˚Who cries aloud? [*Listens again.*] (½ *asp.*) ˚Calemus, | the priest? ‖ ˚What, you saw ˏAr˚baces | ˚strike the blow! ˏThen ˚*you* | ˏcan prove dear Glaucus ˚innocent. ˚But why are *you* here? [*Aside.*] ˏAh, me! If free to speak, *he* could save my master! [*Calls again.*] ˚Listen! If you were free, | would you give testimony against Arbaces, | the rich and powerful Arbaces? Would you the ˚truth proclaim? Would you save the Athenian? (\) Your priestly word | ˚*can* ˏsave ˚him. If I procure you liberty, | you will not play me false? ˚No, ˏno! ˏI will not doubt you; | you could not be so cruel! ˚Remember, | Calemus, | ˏyou have (\) ˚*promised*! [*Turns and feels her way along quickly.*]

ˏHow can I release the priest; how best | the truth make known; how gain the prætor's ear; [*wrings her hands*] ˚how escape | (\) this dreary place? [*Stops to reflect, then brightens up as she takes her bracelets off.*] ˚Ah, ˏthese ˚*gems* (/) ˏI've worn so long, | ˏmay (\) ˚clear the way! [*Kisses them.*] ˚Sweet ˏgems, (~) I loved you (\) ˚more than freedom | ˏtill I loved, ‖ ˏand ˚since (/) ˏI love, ˏI love ye ˚more, ‖ [*presses them to her bosom*] ˏfor (\) ˚ye shall melt my bonds, | (/) and give me | ˚freedom! | (– –) ˏI was not | ˚born a ˏslave! no, | no! | My birth | is equal ˚*his.* ‖ ˏWhy then | ˚freedom (*q.*) ˏwould give me power to *save*, | and the right to ˚*love* | ˏdear Glaucus. [*Returns to the outer door calling aloud.*] ˚Sozia! ˚˚Sozia! (\) ˚Come hither, guard, ‖ ˏthou, (\) ˚too, art slave. (/) Wouldst thou this day be free? (\) ˚Behold these jewels on my neck and arms; | (/)they'd buy thy freedom ˚thrice. ‖ ˏGive me | ˚*one hour*—

I swear to straight return—[*pauses*] (– –) °you will not trust me? (\) °Nay, then, | (\) °*thou* shalt go | °with ₒme, | ₒkeep me in °sight | (/) ₒand bring me | °back ₒagain. °How could I flee from | °thee, | [*in agony*] (\) °against thy will? (~) ₒI'm °*blind*! [*reaches both hands pleadingly, then staggers back saying*] (\) °Thou sayst me nay? (/) ₒIs there °*no* | ₒ*hope*? [*trembles*] (½ *asp.*) °Oh, he is going °from ₒme! ₒI shall go °mad! °°mad! || °°Come back! °°Come back! °one (\) moment, | °°*one*— | ₒthou wilt not refuse to take a °letter ₒfor °me; thy master (\) cannot | ₒkill thee for °that! Take this tablet to one I name, | (\) all these | °are ₒthine! (*q.*) Rings, bracelets | long kept to buy my freedom; | °all, | °°*all*, ₒare thine; (/) thou'rt free and °rich! || ₒ*You* °°*will*? (\) °The gods be praised! [*Kneels on one knee and writes upon a tablet which she takes from her bosom and places upon the other knee; now rises and holds the tablet out for him to take, then suddenly and in terror exclaims*]:

°Oh, | °thou may'st | ₒde°ceive ₒme! ₒThou may'st ₒpre-°tend | (– –) ₒto take this letter to °Sallust, | ₒand (\) not fulfill thy charge! °°Place thy right hand of faith in mine! [*holds out her hand*] (\) °°*Swear* | (<) ₒby the ground on which we stand; by the °elements | which can give life, | or (\) °curse life; by °°Orcus, | ₒthe °°all-avenging; by the °Olympian °°Jupiter, | the °all-°°seeing; °°swear, | (*q.*) that thou wilt discharge my trust | and (– –) deliver this | into the hands of Sallust! [*Pauses.*] ₒThou °wilt! (\) °The gods be thanked! (\) °Dear Glaucus is saved! Ah, yes, | °he's ₒsaved! [*Pauses and listens until Sozia's footsteps can no longer be heard; then anxiety is lost in sorrow. She drops into an attitude of hopeless grief and despair.*] ₒAnd °I —(~) ₒa°las, °I ₒam a °slave °forevermore! (\) No more can hope for °freedom; no longer (~) look for life, | for love. [*weeps*] || °Tears, ₒtears! || ₒWhy, °why ₒshould eyes that cannot °see, | (– –) ₒhave power to °weep? [*Covers her face with her hands and sobs aloud.*]

(*Asp.*) Hark! the lion roars | as if in fear. It is the Amphitheatre, and the games are on! [*Clasps her hands.*] °Haste, haste, good Sozia, or we may prove ₒtoo °late!

(*Asp.*) I hear a cry—list, quick ear! || I hear a °voice—[*listening attitude, yet throwing the voice off.*] (– –) "°*The lion touches not the victim! The lion touches not the victim!*" (\) Aye, (/) even the wild beasts | ₒlove ₒGlau°cus. Again that cry—[*voice afar*] (– –) "°*Arbaces,* | *the Egyptian,* | *is the murderer!* (– –) °*Glaucus is innocent! Set him °°free!* °*Set him °°free!*"

°He's saved, he's saved! [*Falls; then, rising on one knee, listens.*] What sounds of woe! What heavy breath in the air! Ah, the floor trembles under my feet! [*Stoops and puts her hand on the floor.*] °No, ₒ'tis °I that trembles! My heart is in a tumult wild! My soul is filled with terror!

[*A voice from afar.*] "*The °mountain! the °mountain! flee for your lives! °to ₒthe °sea, ₒto the °°sea!*" [*In affright she goes to the wall and fumbles for the door.*]

(*Asp.*) What does it mean? °Sozia, °°Sozia! Open the gate and let me out! Unlock the door! ah me, [*listens*] ₒI hear a step—°the bolt withdraws—°and I—°°Sozia—[*listens*] °alas, (⁓) he's gone! °gone! Oh, light of love, | be °thou ₒmine eyes | (– –) to lead me forth! (– –) What thunder shakes the ground; what (\) °moaning—ₒwhat strange °noises. (/) The air is thick | ₒand °hot! I cannot breathe! [*Pulls at her throat, as if suffocating.*]

Alone | and blind, | in this strange place, | how can I hope to escape! [*Sudden joy.*] Oh, Sallust! I hear (\) °Sallust's voice. The gods be thanked! [*Goes forward to meet him.*] Oh, dear Sallust, what hath befel! Speak! [*Repeats what Sallust tells her.*] Vesuvius all ablaze, and growing dark? The sun gone down at noon? Hot cinders fall in showers? Alas, the gods are angry! ₒand °Glaucus, (\) °where is he? (/) ₒCanst thou tell me of Glaucus, ₒthe ₒA°thenian? Where? (/) °Near the arch

of the Forum? Ah, | ₒthen I can °find ₒhim! (*Asp.*) Hark! a °new ₒcry | comes wailing | from afar—on, on, it comes, and oh, how sad! (– –) It is the cry of the Christians, on their way to the temple to worship! [*Intone in a disguised voice, at first softly, then more and more distinctly as the party approaches.*]

[*Disg. voice, chanting.*] "*The hour is come;*
The world must end;
Woe | to the proud ones | who defy Him;
Woe | to the wicked | who deny Him;
Woe | to the wicked, | woe!"

ₒHow can I hope to reach his ears | amidst this tumult. °Glaucus, °°Glaucus! Art thou in the temple? (*q.*) I hear his voice! He answers back my call. [*Joyously.*] Ah, here he is at last! [*Bends her head and kisses her hand, as if it were his, at the same time dropping upon one knee. Rises.*] °This way, °°this way (/) to the °°sea, to the °°sea; ah, here, | °take my hand! I will lead thee safely forth! I know the way, trust me, | trust me! Ah, not so fast! °This way, °to the °°sea! °to the °°sea. [*Exit while saying the last words, one hand before feeling the way out; or, if preferred, the intoning may be reversed as if the parties were going away instead of approaching.*]

[*Disg. voice, intoning or chanting, dim. to the close.*]
°*Woe* ₒ*to the proud ones who defy Him;*
°*Woe* (– –) *to the wicked who deny Him;*
(– –) ₒ*Woe, | to the wicked, | woe!*

Costume.—A Greek dress of white cashmere, with a Greek border, silk hose with toes, sole-sandals (see directions on Foot-Gear), armlets, bracelets, strings of pearls, and long flaxen hair. Enter with an armful of flowers; a tablet and bodkin in the bosom, ready for use.

In a full set stage, great additional effect may be given by use of colored lights and distant thunder. First, Dull red light growing brighter, and shifting; second, with blue alternating; and, third, full red lights to the end.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN WELSH.*

Anrhydedda dy dad a'th fam; fel yr estyner dy
An-rĭ-dĕth'-ä dŭ dăd ăth văm; vĕl ŭr ĕs'-tĭn-ŭr dŭ

ddyddian ar y ddaear, yr hon y mae yr Arglwydd
thŭth'-ĭ-ĭ är ĭ thīre, ŭr hŏn ē mäē ŭr Ar-gloo'-ĭth

dy Dduw yn ei rhoddi i ti. Na ladd. Na
dŭ thew ŭn ŭē rŭth'-ē ē tē. Nă läth. Nă

wena odineb. Na ladratta. Na ddwg gam
wĕnā ŏ'-dē-nĕb. Nă lŭ-drĕt'-tă. Nă thwg găm

dystiolaeth yn erbyn dy gymmydog.
dĭs-tĭ-ō'-līth ŭn er'pĭn dŭ gĭm-mē-dōg'.†

Na chwennych dy dy gymmydog.
Nă shwĕn'-ĭch‡ dē dŭ gĭm-mē-dōg'.

Na chwennych wraig dy gymmydog.
Nă shwĕn'-ĭch rīg dŭ gĭm-mē-dōg'.

Na'i wasanaethwr, na'i wasanaeth-ferch,
Nă'ē wäs-nā'-thŭr, nă'ē wäs-nīth'-fŭr,

na'i ych, na'i asyn, na dim a'r sydd
nă'ē ē-ŭch', nă'ē ăs'-ĭn, nă dĭm ă'r seeth

eiddo dy gymmydog.
ĭ'-thō dŭ gĭm-mē-dōg'.†

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* The alternate lines, in fine print, are the pronunciation of the text.
† g, as in go.
‡ Hold the tip of the tongue below the lower teeth and try to say *each*, and you have the *ch* of this word.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN WELSH.

Ein Tad, yr hyn wyt, yn y nefoedd, Sancteiddier
Īne Tăd, ŭr hoon ooĭt, ŭn ē ne'ferth, Sank-tā'-thŭ

dy enw. Deled dy deyrnas gwneler dy ewyllys, miges
dŭ ā'noo. Dĕl'ed dŭ dīre'nĕs nĕl'ŭr dŭ ā-wŭth'-les, mĕ'gĭs

yn y nef felly ar y ddaear hefyd. Dyro i ni heddyw
un ĭ nĕf vĕlch'-ĭ ăr ĭ thīre hĕv'-ĭd. Dĭ-rŭ' ē nē hĕth'you

ein bara bennyddiol. A maddeu i ni ein dyledion, fel
īne bă'rä bĕn-uth'yĕl. ă măth'-ŭ ē nē īne dĭ-lĕ-dē'-ŏn, vĕl

y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr. Ac nac arwain ni i
ē măth'-ē-ūne nĭn'-i een dĭ-lĕd'-wēr. ăk năk ăr'wăn nē ē

brofedigaeth: either gwared ni rhag drwg. Canys
prŭv-ĕd-ĭg'-ĕth: ĭ'thŭr gwăr'ĕd nē răg droog. Kĕn'ĭs

eiddot ti yw y deyrnas, a'r nerth, a'r gogoniant, yn
ĭth'ŏt tē eū ŭ dīre'nŭs, ă'r nĕrth, ă'r gō gō nē' ănt, ŭn

oes oesoedd.
oīs oīs'sĕth.

NOTE.—The pronunciation of these words was obtained by the editor while on a visit to Wales.

th = th as in thin.
th = th as in this.
dd = ĕth as in seth (as a rule).
f = v as in vine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A STUDY OF THE HON. WM. PARSONS, M. P.

[Extract from a lecture before the ladies of "Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill., 1884.]

WE are about to discuss the life and character of the greatest artist known to fame, Michael Angelo. Now, | in order to be as ₀practical °as ₀possible, | we will first define art. Beauty | is infinite. (/) Art is the infinite (\) °in ₀the fixed and finite. Art is transformation of mind into (/) matter; | (/) philosophy | is the transformation of (/) matter | (\) into mind.

Now let me take you across the Atlantic | to see a little child; the period, | four hundred years ago; the place, | the north of Italy. This child | is playing in a stone quarry, | and watching the stone-cutters. It is Michael Angelo. He was afterward sent to school in France, but he would not study. He delighted only | in drawing. ₀He (\) °fed his infant mind on Dante; | a man who pictured, | in all the power of words, human woe and anguish, | misery and death, | fiends and devils. Men shrank from Dante | in affright. They said: "There goes the man | who has been to the (\) regions below | and has returned."

Michael Angelo spent his time | in the studios of different artists. His father remonstrated | and punished him, | but without avail; and so, | at the age of fourteen, | he was

bound to Grillandaji | to learn to paint. Here he made such rapid progress, | that even his master | became jealous of him, | and took the first opportunity | to let him go.

When the Medici were driven from Florence, | Michael Angelo went to Bologna. There he got into some difficulty | about a passport. You may talk of your kings and your emperors, but the biggest man in a small town is the mayor or chief magistrate; and the smaller the town, | the bigger the man. But our artist found employment, | remained here a year, and returned to Florence. About this period | there was a great prejudice | in favor of the antique; and connoisseurs | were often mistaken in their judgment, | purchasing modern for ancient works of art. There are men who are astonished at nothing | on principle; especially if the thing is modern. Michael Angelo determined to teach these critics | a lesson. So he executed a sleeping Cupid and had it buried, with marks of age upon it produced by chemicals. It was discovered, resurrected, received great praise, and was actually sold to Cardinal St. Giorgio, for two hundred ducats.

Da Vinci and Michael Angelo | were rivals; and as Michael Angelo saw the growing popularity of his rival, | in 1492, | he turned his eyes and steps to the East, | and went to Rome. The other | turned in the opposite direction, "*io sōlō!*" (I alone!) Leonardo da Vinci, | by his various attainments, | was placed among the most remarkable persons | of his time. Hitherto, Michael Angelo had chiefly devoted himself to sculpture; and, at the period he was at Florence, | da Vinci, | who was considerably older, | had already obtained the first rank | as painter. Some jealousy had existed between the two rivals, | and an opportunity was now afforded to them | of making an effort which should decide to whom | the palm of superiority | was to be awarded. Sodarini, | whose admiration for the genus of Michael Angelo increased daily, | determined to employ

him | to paint one side of the council hall of the governor's palace; | and Leonardo da Vinci was, | at the same time, | ordered to execute a picture | for the opposite part. Da Vinci chose for his subject | the victory gained by Angliari | over the celebrated Piccinino, | the General | of the Duke of Milan. The principal objects in the foreground | were a melee of cavalry, | and the taking of a standard. This work, | though it displayed great excellence, | and has been designated by an eminent critic | as exhibiting such talent as rarely occurs in the world, | was, | by common consent, | admitted to be surpassed | by the production of his rival. Michael Angelo's subject | was the "Battle of Pisa." In the historical account of the battle | it was stated | that the day on which it was fought | was particularly hot, | and that a part of the infantry | was bathing quietly in the Arno, | when the call "to arms" was heard. The enemy was discovered in full march | to attack the troops of the republic. The first impulse produced by this surprise, | was the moment of time | selected by Michael Angelo. Neither artist, | however, | executed the paintings. Only the cartoons, | or original drawings on paper, | representing the composition, | were prepared by them.

Michael Angelo afterward executed the picture | in the Sistine chapel. Vasari particularly notices the expression of an old soldier, who, | to shade himself from the sun's rays, | had placed a chaplet of ivy on his head. He is sitting on the ground | dressing himself; and the peculiar excitement and haste | occasioned by the difficulty of passing his garments over his wet limbs, | shown by the strong marking of the muscles, | and an expression of impatience about the mouth, | is described as unequalled. All the celebrated painters of the day | attended to make studies from it. Michael Angelo | repaired to the Council Hall of the governor's palace | very early in the morning, | to compare these two pictures alone, | before the people were

out, | and discovered that his work | was cut in pieces and thrown upon the floor. "Ah," said he "now I perceive which was the better one." It is said the picture was destroyed | by a pupil of da Vinci, who could not endure | to see his master outdone.

Michael Angelo honored | his profession; he was proud of it. A man who is ashamed of his profession | will not succeed. His profession honors him | and not he | his profession. Oliver Goldsmith was ashamed of his profession. He was a doctor, an amateur. "I only prescribe for my friends!" said he. "Well," said his friend, "I'd advise you to prescribe for your enemies, | and let your friends | alone."

Once Michael Angelo set a fellow at some work, | and returning, | was surprised that it was not done. The fellow remarked | that he was not made for an artist, | he was cut out | for a °loafer. "Well," said Michael Angelo, "whoever cut you out for a loafer | understood his business!" Michael Angelo was painting in his studio | when there entered a prince, | and he said to Michael Angelo: "Come to the window and look out; isn't that a beautiful animal? That's my horse." "Yes," said the artist, "it is beautiful." And he took his brush | and painted a portrait of the horse. He gave it the very fire, | the very spirit | of the noble animal. The prince was pleased. "What am I to pay you for this?" he said. "One hundred pieces of gold," answered Michael Angelo. "How," said the prince, "one hundred pieces of gold? You were not twenty minutes making it." Michael Angelo looked at the time and said, (\) "°Just twenty minutes; but let me tell you, | it took twenty °*years* of labor, | of anguish, | of poverty, | (/) to be able ₀to (\) °do that in twenty minutes."

He distinguished himself | as a sculptor and a painter, | and the pope said to him: "Picture and statue may pass away. (⌣) °Build here in Rome | a colossal statue, | a

great cathedral." He pauses. He is asked to be | an °architect. He is a great artist; what if he should try and fail? But he is finally persuaded | to attempt | the stupendous task, ‖ and the result | is °St. Peter's | ₒat Rome.

He studied the architecture | of Egypt. It was massive. He thought of the Doric | and the Ionic. The (\) °Doric | was the (/) masculine, | and the (/) Ionic | the (\) feminine | ₒorder of architecture. Temples to (\) Diana and Venus | were (/) Ionic; those to (/) Jupiter (\) were Doric. Rome was not an (/) originator, | Rome was an (\) imitator. Architecture is (\) massive in (/) Egypt, | (\) graceful in (/) Greece, | and (/) picturesque (\) in Rome; and the (\) greatest of them all | is the great | stone | (/) dome | (/) of St. Peter's, | (\) in Rome. Here °his ₒwork | is in contrast to all these. Here | he is brought into competition | (\) °with them all. Here is the massiveness | taken from (\) °Egypt; here is the grace | brought from (\) Athens; here is the picturesqueness | of the (\) masters (/) ₒof the past; | and here is this old man | to bring °his ₒwork | ₒinto competition | with °all | ₒthese.

To do a great work | requires the greatest earnestness, | the greatest love, | the (\) greatest enthusiasm; ‖ °that's the word, | "*enthusiasm*," that you see in Dante; that's the word, | the "*greatest enthusiasm*," | that you see in (\) °Shakespeare, and (\) °Beethoven.

He remained | to the end of his life | a gruff | old bachelor. There were two or three grand women at that time. There was Isabella of Spain; | and Vittoria Colonna, | the most beautiful woman | in the world. Raphael said his brush | could not paint her. The poet said | he could not | (\) °praise her. She had the offer of marriage | from three kings. She refused four crowns. Vittoria Colonna | was a widow; ‖ and with a mind of rare culture, | fully appreciating the greatness of art, | she | and Michael Angelo | became friends; °platonic friends, of course. But

when a man | writes odes to a fair lady, | and vainly essays | to produce her portrait, | and seeks her society | above all others, | you may be pretty certain it's all °over ₒwith (⸝) platonic | (⸜) affection. Go to Italy; there you will see his staff leaning against the wall; there is his pallette, with the colors still upon it; there is his last work, | the unfinished picture of a lady — ‖ Vittoria | Colonna.

Taine says: "Michael Angelo is one of the four Immortals of art and literature; Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Michael Angelo." Vittoria Colonna "retired to weep, | (⸜) to pray, | (⸜) to study, | (⸜) to write, ‖ to stretch out her (⸝) hands | (– –) ₒwith benefits | to her kind."

Michael Angelo said: "I have a wife, | who is too much for me | already; | one who unceasingly | (⸜) persecutes me. She is my art, ‖ and my works | are my children."

The Hon. William Parsons, of Dublin, Ireland, an unequalled biographical lecturer, came to the American lyceum platform about 1870, and has continued, for more than a half score of years, to visit us annually, and with increasing popularity. He has proved to be the most successful orator Great Britain has ever sent to us. Identified with all popular reforms, he is well known in England as a brilliant platform orator, and ranks in this country with our best Lyceum favorites.

His manner is quiet and refined, his voice and inflections are English; he speaks somewhat rapidly, with his eyes confined, for the most part, upon the manuscript before him, apparently more through diffidence than from a lack of familiarity with the text.

Costume.—A gentleman's modern English evening suit of black, is an appropriate costume.

CHINESE SKETCH.

EXTRACT FROM A CHINESE PLAY.

ARGUMENT. — A beautiful woman attempts to cross a dangerous flood in a frail boat. When about to perish, she prays the gods to save her, and is told that if she will pledge her unborn babe to the Herculean task of building a bridge across the torrent, she shall reach the shore in safety. The pledge is given and she is saved. The trials, difficulties and perils incident to the fulfilment of this pledge makes the thread of the play.

A.— *For Reciting.* †

Tsoi chung hing san fo chung ün
Tsawĭ chŭng hĕng sŭn faw chung yūn.

Sing mò ming hi lok yeung k'iu
Sĕng mō mĕng hay lock yā-ŭng k-hāoo

Ts'in ngan m kau
Ts-heen ng-gn m cow.

Kun yam p'o sàt hà fàn
Kē-ūn yum p-hō sät hä făn

Kung k'ü ts'im ngan
Kē-ūng k-hū ts-heem ng-gn.

B.—*For Singing.*

Yau ko chung hing shun sing ts'oi
Yow caw chŭng hĕng sŭn săn ts-hawĭ

Kam pon piu ming, tàk chung chong ün
Kăm pŏng pēū măng täk chŭng chŏng yūn

To wai k'ü mo ka pan t'iu hop kwo hoi
Toe wy-ē k-ĭē mŏō kä păn t-eu hŏp quaw hawĭ

Keuk pi mang long kwong fung
Kā uk pay mang long kwong fwŭng

Chuk moon shün
Chalk moon seen.

† The alternate lines in smaller type and diacritically marked, give the pronunciation.

For Protracted Singing.

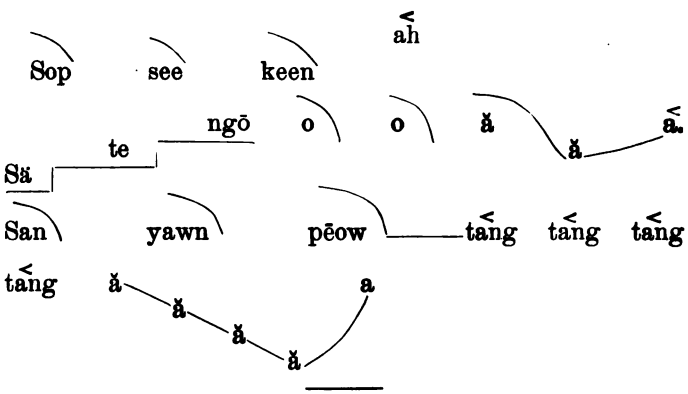
Shap se kin à.
Sop see keen ah

Sa tak ngo a-ha-a-ha-a
Sä tee. ng-ō a—ha—ă—ă—ă.

San yawn peau tang tang tang tang
Sun yawn peow tang tang tang tang

ä——ä——ä——ă——ă——ă!

Pitch indicated by position.

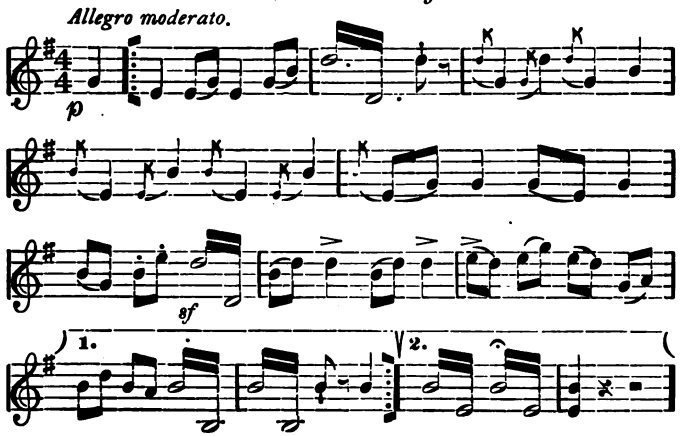


COSTUME AND RENDITION.—The costume is that of a Chinese man of rank, or mandarin; a richly embroidered, winged robe coming to the feet; boat-shaped, black satin boots coming to the knees; a metal crown, with two long pheasant feathers curving up and backward from the front; a wand of short peacock feathers, hung to the little finger of the right hand, and to be waved in token of supremacy as the performance proceeds. Cover the head, neck (behind), ears, and eyebrows with a fitted chamois-skin skull-cap. Crayon slanting eyebrows on the chamois, sew a circular piece of black cloth upon the crown of the cap and fasten the pigtail to the centre of the patch; leave the cap open up the back of the neck so as to get it on, and fasten with a couple of pins.

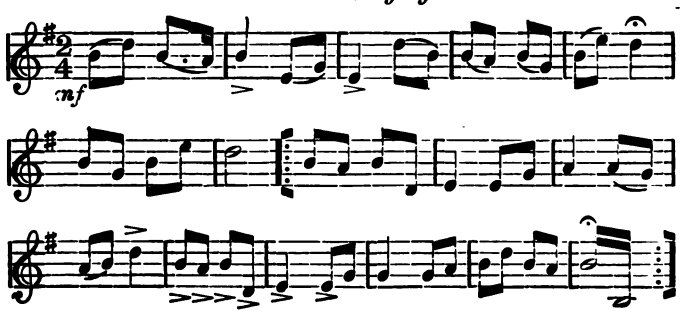
Walk with a wide base and a stride, swinging from side to side like an amateur heavy villain in a play. Pitch the voice high for the recitation part, and as high as possible for the singing. Give it a very sharp edge, with a nasal turn to it, and you have the personation fairly complete.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ACCOMPANIMENT. — These themes may be repeated *ad libitum* until the end of the melodramatic passages. If played upon a violin, the stopping should be done with one finger wherever practicable in order to give the glissando effect, produced by the Chinese violinists. If played upon the pianoforte, it will be much more effective if played by both hands; the left hand playing the notes as written, and the right hand playing the notes an octave above. It would be advisable to transpose to G flat major (for the pianoforte) which may easily be done by placing a flat before each note.—EDGAR S. KELLEY.

A.—*For Reciting.*



B.—*For Singing.*



SCENES FROM "THE TEMPEST."

SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF FANNY KEMBLE.

ARGUMENT.—Prospero, the banished duke of Milan, and his daughter, Miranda, were sent to sea in a rotten boat, by his usurping brother, Antonio. They were borne to a desert island, where Prospero practised magic. The only other inhabitants of the island were Ariel, a fairy spirit, and Caliban, a dwarf. Prospero raised a tempest by magic, to cause the shipwreck of the usurping duke, and his son, Ferdinand. They were washed ashore, and the latter fell in love with Miranda, and married her.

ACT I., SCENE I.—On a ship at sea. A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master. ‡ Boatswain,—

Boats. [*oro.*]. Here, master: | What cheer?

Master. ‡ Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Mariners.*]

Boats. [*oro.*]. Heigh, my hearts, cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: °Take in the topsail: °Tend to the master's whistle. Blow | till thou burst thy wind, | if room enough!

[*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.*]

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. [*oro.*]. I pray now | keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. (\) [*oro.*]. °Do you not | hear him? || You mar our labor, ugh! [*vexed*] Keep your cabins: | You do assist the storm.

Gon. [*thin*]. °Nay ₒgood, °be ₒpa°tient.

Boats. [*oro.*]. When the °sea is. Hence! What care these °roar˳ers | for the name of king? (tut, tut) To cabin: °°silence; ˳trouble us not.

Gon. [*thin*]. °Good; ˳yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. [*oro.*]. None | that I more love than ˳my°self. You are a °counsellor; | if you can command these elements to silence, | and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your ˳au°thority. (/) If you cannot, | give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin | for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. °°Cheerly, good hearts. (/) Out of our | °way, | ˳I say. [*Exit.*]

Gon. [*thin*]. ˳I have great (/) comfort from this fellow: | methinks he hath no °drowning mark upon him; his complexion | is perfect °gallows. Stand fast, | good fate, to °his hanging: | make the rope of his destiny | our °cable, | for our own doth little advantage. (⌣) If °he be not born to be hanged | °our ˳case | is (\) °miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Re-enter Boatswain.*]

Boats. [*oro.*]. °°Down with the topmast; yare, °lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*Make cries like a mingling of voices within, oh-oo-ah-oo.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather | or our office.

[*Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.*]

Yet again? | what do you °here? Shall we give °o'er ˳and °drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A plague o' your throat! | you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. [*oro.*]. ˳Work °you, ˳then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. [*thin*]. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

Boats. [*oro.*]. °Lay her a-hôld, °°a-hôld: set her two courses; off to sea again, °lay her off, °°lay her off!

[*Enter Mariners, wet.*]

Mar. °All lost! to °prayers, to °prayers! °all lost! (°°all lost! oh-ah-o-o-o!) [*oro.*]. Mercy on us! We split, we split! °Farewell, my wife and children! °Farewell, brother! [*in terror*] °We split, °we split, °°we split!

CALIBAN AFTER THE SHIPWRECK.

ACT II., SCENE II.—Another part of the Island. Enter Caliban(1) with a burthen of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!(2) His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse.
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe [*mō*] and chatter ₒat me,
And after, °bite ₒme; then like hedgehogs, | which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, | and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: Lo! now! lo!

[*Enter Trinculo.*](3)

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in °slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not *mind* me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, ₒto bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond' same black cloud, yond' *huge* one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head; yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fuls. What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or

(1) Căl'ibăn; voice monotonous and guttural.
(2) Hold *e* in "disease."
(3) Trĭn'culo; voice very thin and high; speaks fast.

alive? [*Snuffs.*] A fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell. [*Snuffs.*] A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had but this fish °painted, not a holiday fool there | but would give a piece of silver; there | would this monster make a man; any strange beast there | makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten | to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! And his fins like °arms! °Warm, ₒo' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, | but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again; my best way is | to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with °strange ₒbed-fellows. I will here shroud, | till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Enter Stephano,*(1) *singing, a bottle in his hand.*]

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune | to sing | at a man's | funeral; | Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks and sings again.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate.

This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me. Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped ₒdrowning to be afeard now | of your four | legs; | for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give °ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who

(1) Stĕphā'no; voice broken; drunken style; sings in a stupid, thick sort of way.

hath got, ₒas I take it, | an °ague. | ₒWhere the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can re°cover ₒhim | and keep him tame, | and get to Naples with him, | he's a present | for any | emperor—r-r-r | that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his °fit ₒnow; and does not talk | after the wisest. He shall taste | of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can °recover ₒhim, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that | °soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper | works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; (\) °open your mouth: here is that which will give °language ₒto you, cat; °open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly; you cannot tell who's your friend; °open your chops again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils. O! defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; | a most delicate monster! [*Snuffs.*] His forward voice now | is to speak well of his friend; [*snuffs.*] his backward voice is to utter °foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. °Come—ₒAmen! ₒI will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. °Stephano,—

Ste. ₒDoth thy other mouth | call me? | Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will °leave him; I have no long | spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am °Trinculo; be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou °be'st Trinculo, | come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, | these | are they. Thou art very °Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, (⌣) thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the °storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach | is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, | and bears celestial liquor: I will °kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou °'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, (\) | how thou camest hither.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then | how thou escapedst.

Trin. °Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst | swim like a duck, thou art made | like a °goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar | is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped | from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the °moon, ₒI do as°sure ₒthee. I was the man-i'-the- | °moon, | when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, | and I do adore thee; | my mistress show'd me thee, | and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, | (\) swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it | anon | with | new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow | monster. (/) I afeared of him! | °a very weak | monster. The man-(\) °i'-the-moon! | a most poor, | credulous | monster: well drawn, monster, | in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee | every fertile inch | o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. | I pr'ythee, | be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious | and drunken monster; | when his god's asleep | he'll rob his °bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself | thy °subject.

Ste. Come on then; down | and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death | at this puppy-headed monster; a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him —

Cal. I'll show thee | the best springs; | I'll pluck the berries; | I'll fish for thee, | and get thee | wood enough. A plague | upon the tyrant | that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder | of a poor drunkard.

Ste. I pr'ythee now, | lead the way, without any more talking. | Trinculo, | the King, | and all our company else | being drowned, | we will | °inherit here.

Cal. °Farewell, master; °farewell, °°farewell. [*Sings drunkenly.*]

°No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
°Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
°°'Ban 'Ban, °°Ca—Caliban,
°°Has a new master—°°get a new man.

| *Exeunt.*]

Frances Anne Kemble was born in London, England, November 27, 1809. She made her debut October 5, 1829, as Juliet. Her last appearance on the stage was in New York in June, 1834. The same year she was married to Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.

Some years ago this extraordinary artist gave a series of Shakespearian readings in Steinway Hall, New York. It was the writer's good fortune to attend this course of very remarkable performances. Here was a plain woman, sixty years of age, in simple evening toilet of rich silk, with high corsage and long coat sleeves, no cosmetics whatever, or make-up, her hair in a scanty French twist at the back, and combed smoothly over her ears in front (at a time, too, when ladies' chignons were imposing affairs of waterfalls and puffs), who, without scenery, music, or assistance of any kind, held audiences from three to four hours, to hear her read entire plays from Shakespeare, and this, too, while seated behind a low table. Such a thing was never done before, and will probably never occur again. No one left the hall, no one consulted a watch, no one yawned; and when, at last, the door closed upon her retreating form, the audience awakened as from a dream, and, with evident signs of regret, slowly arose and moved silently away. No one desired to speak or to be spoken to; such was the power of this most wonderful woman, the greatest reader America has ever known.

After many years, the writer can still hear the ring of Miranda's voice, the sustained and incomparable guttural of Caliban, the terrified cry of the wrecked mariners, and the rhythmical swing of Ariel's voice, saying,

"On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily," etc.

Her rendition of "The Tempest" can never be forgotten. No company of stars, with scenery and music complete, can ever present to the soul's eyes such a panorama of that great play as did this solitary, inspired reader. As a girl, Fanny Kemble was petite and beautiful. Her black hair, very brilliant eyes, and lithe, graceful figure attracted the attention of artists and playgoers everywhere, and she became a great favorite. At sixty she was still well preserved and beautiful. Her voice, full and elastic, was capable of infinite variety in quality, expression and power. A woman of education, culture and positive opinions, she raised her daughters to enjoy athletic exercises, and to a freedom from conventional training, not usual to persons in their station of life. She rejoiced in health and power of body and mind, and was proud of her ability to vault into a saddle without the aid of block or servant. At the same time, she was an aristocrat in every sense of the term. Her managers, even, were excluded from her presence, and reached her with difficulty, except by written messages. In travel, when sleeping-coaches were unknown, it was her custom to order and pay for two entire seats in the railway carriage for her individual use, in order to avoid contact with her fellow-travelers.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—In her New York engagement, referred to above, Mrs. Kemble Butler, wore a different, though equally rich, costume each evening, and it is said selected one to suit the play she was about to read. For "Midsummer Night's Dream," she wore a bridal robe of white, etc. One of her costumes was a lavender moire antique, with full skirt and a sweeping train of unusual length; a

plain bodice, pointed back and front; a high corsage and long coat sleeves. A rich collar and cuffs of round point lace; white kid gloves and slippers; a filmy lace handkerchief, which could easily have been drawn through a thimble, completed this plain but elegant and expensive toilet.

The student will endeavor to keep the various persons in these scenes distinct, each one from all the others, both in voice and action. To confuse or let one quality of voice merge into another would spoil the dramatic effect, and fail to please the hearers.

At Steinway Hall, Mrs. Butler entered right, and bowed very low, holding up the sides of her ample skirt; then advancing to a chair, which was behind a small table near the front of the platform, she bowed again, in old time courtly fashion, slowly and lowly; pulled back the chair and, still standing, opened the book and read the name of the play and "Dramatis Personæ." This done, she seated herself, deliberately arranged her drapery, picked up the gauzy handkerchief and dropped it in a heap on the table beside her book, looked respectfully at the audience before her, and began to read. Her action, while sitting to read, was necessarily confined to her arms, shoulders and facial expression; yet it was effective and satisfactory. She turned right, increasing her height, and looked the haughty monarch. She turned left, and, sinking in stature and lifting the shoulders slightly, appeared the subordinate or slave. She shouted in tones of fear and despair when the ship was wrecked; she muttered and grumbled in guttural monotone for the savage Caliban; she spoke in softest, smoothest voice for Ariel or Miranda. When the program was half done, she rose from her seat, stepped out to the end of the reading-table, and bowed profoundly to the audience. Then she proceeded to the door of the ante-room, turned about and bowed a second time, as profoundly as before. At the expiration of precisely ten minutes, she repeated the entire routine of her first entrance, and at the close of the readings, repeated the exit of Part First.

THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

Oh, come where the Cyanides silently flow,
And the Carburets droop o'er the Oxides below;
Where the rays of Potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the Silicate never is still,
Come, oh, come! Tumti tum tum!
Peroxide of Soda and Urani-um!

While Alcohol is liquid at 30°
And no chemical change can affect Manganese!
While Alkalies flourish and Acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, sweet Polly, to thee!
Yes, to thee! Fiddledum dee!
Zinc, Borax, and Bismuth and H O × C.

WOMEN ALL AT SEA.

ENCORE PIECE.

THERE is no subject on which women are more helplessly afloat than on matters relating to marine architecture. Such knowledge don't stick in her brain. The captain who attempted teaching nauticalism to a party of ladies on a yacht, not long since, fared as follows: (1)

Lady No. 1. °Now, captain, what is a sloop?

Captain. A sloop has but one mast.

L. [*pointing to a schooner*]. °Is that a sloop?

C. No; that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast; a schooner has two, as you see. Now remember, sloop one mast; schooner two.

L. °Certainly. How many masts has a ship?

C. Three.

L. °How many masts did you say a sloop had?

C. One. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.

L. [*pointing to a sloop*]. °Is that a schooner?

C. No; that's a sloop. Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.

L. °Oh, yes; I remember. [*Pointing to a ship.*] Isn't that a pretty schooner?

C. That's not a schooner. That's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts?

(1) This should be read in three voices: The first lady high and affected; the second lady low and lisping, taking breath after every word or two; the captain orotund and guttural.

L. °Oh, yes. Isn't that a big schooner lying at the wharf there?

C. Schooner? Now, how many *masts* | has that vessel?

L. °Three.

C. Well, what nas three masts?

L. °A sloop.

C. [*loud*]. Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell you; schooner two; ship three.

Lady No. 2. ₀Why, Thuthan, how thtupid | you are! A thkoonah alwayth hath one matht.

L. [*chatty, and quite oblivious of stupidity*]. °What is a brig?

C. A brig has two masts, and is rigged like a ship, with square sails.

L. No. 2. ₀Thuthan, look at thith thloop | coming along.

C. [*staccato and impatient*]. °That's a schooner; don't you see the two masts? Sloop one mast; schooner two masts; ship three masts.

L. °Are those schooners there with three masts?

C. [*abrupt*]. Yes.

L. °I thought you said a schooner had but one mast?

C. [*impatient*]. Two! two masts! Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.

L. °But that schooner has three masts!

C. [*louder*]. Well, it is a °three-₀masted °schooner.

L. °Then a schooner *can* have any number of masts?

C. [*excited*]. No; sloop one mast; schooner two, and sometimes three masts; ship three masts.

L. °I'm sure I can't make it out. It's °aw₀fully ₀puzzling. What is a bark?

C. [*unable any longer to popularize nautical science falls back on technical expression, fast and loud*]. Vessel with two masts ship-rigged, and one mast, sloop-rigged; square sails on fore and mainmast, and fore and aft sails on the mizzen.

L. °Mizzen! What *is* | a mizzen?

C. °°Last mast aft.

L. °Aft! What's the aft?

C. °The stern, madam.

L. °Oh, I'm sure I can't make it out. How many masts has a man-o'-war?

C. °Three.

L. °Well, what's the difference between a man-o'-war and a smack?

C. [*groans, and is silent*]. Oh!

L. No. 2. ₀What are thothe thtikth acroth the maththe of that thkoonah, captain?

C. °°That's not a schooner. [*teeth closed*] That's a ship. Those are the yards which hold the sails.

L. No. 2. ₀O! I thee, I thee!

C. [*encouraged*]. Now, the first yard on the foremast is the fore yard; [*patiently*] the second is the fore topsail yard; the third is the fore gallant yard.

L. °What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?

C. [*low, guttural*]. °*Great Scott!* °°That's not a schooner; it's a *sloop*. What you call her yard | is her mast.

L. No. 2. ₀Thertainly, Thuthan. How thtupid you are! Captain, what are the namth of the other maththe on that thkoonah'th yardth you were pointing out to uth?

L. Isn't that a pretty ship sailing along?

C. [*groans and tears hair*]. °°Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner, ₀ma'am. °°Schooner | two masts; °°ship three; sloop °*one*, ₀I tell you.

L. °Can a sloop | have two masts?

C. [*shouting*]. No! no! no! Sloop one mast; schooner two; ship three.

L. No. 2. ₀How many maththe hath a theip, captain?

C. Ship *three* masts; schooner TWO; sloop ONE.

L. °Yes, I know. Schooner one | — no, two masts; sloop two—no, three; ship one. There!

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

PART FIRST.

From "Richelieu."—Bulwer Lytton.

A STUDY OF EDWIN BOOTH.

Argument.—Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of France, beset by intrigues and court struggles which required the subtlest inventions of self-defence, is recorded as vindictive, crafty, and unscrupulous; but he was devoted heart and soul to France, and if he was her dictator, he was also her benefactor, and left her in better condition than ever before. He was no less generous to merit, than severe to crime.

Act II., Scene II.—A room in the Cardinal's Palace. [Enter as if speaking to some one with you.]

Richelieu. And you will engage | to give the Duke's dispatch | to whom I send?

Voice. Ay, marry!

Rich. [*aside*]. Huguet? || (') No; |

₀He will be wanted °elsewhere. ||| Joseph? || °zealous, |

₀But too well known; || too much | the | °*elder* ₀brother.

Mauprat (²)? || alas! his (\) wedding-day!

François (³)? || (*accel.*) the °man of ₀men! ₀unnoted, °young,

₀Ambitious. [*Go to the door and call.*] François! °François!

[*Speak fast.*] (\) °Follow this fair lady. [*Speak as to another person.*]

(*q.*) ₀Find him suiting garments, Marion; | [*to François*] °take

My fleetest steed; °arm thyself to the teeth;

(*Accel.*) A packet will be given you, with orders, |

(¹) Hew'gā.
(²) Mō'prā
(³) Fran'swā.

ₒNo matter what! The instant that your hand
Closes upon it—°clutch °*it*, | (\) like your *honor*,
Which (\) °death alone | can steal, or ravish; | set
°Spurs to your steed; be °breathₒless, till you stand
(\) °Again before me. °Stay, ₒsir! You will find me
Two short leagues hence, at Ruelle, | in my castle.
Young man, be blithe! for, | note me, | °from the hour
I grasp that packet, think your guardian star
(*q.*) °Rains ₒfor°tunes ₒon you! | [*Hold* "n" *in* "fortunes," *and run down the scale.*]
Voice. If I fail—
Rich. Fail—[*Sweep of an octave on* "fail," *and hold the* "l;" *voice somewhat guttural.*]
(/) ₒIn the lexicon of youth, | which Fate reserves
(/) For a bright manhood, there's no such | °°word |
ₒAs—°°FAIL! [*hold the* "l."] You will instruct him °further, Marion.
(– –) Follow her | but at a distance. Speak not to her
Till you are housed. °Farewell, boy! [*point to door and shake hand high.*] ₒNever say
"Fail" ₒa°gain! || [*Hold the last* "n," *running down the scale an octave, and change to a triumphant, low laugh.*] ₒHa, ha, ha! [*without breathing from* "never" *till* "ha, ha, ha," *is ended; then quickly change the voice and proceed.*]
Voice. (\) °I will not!
Rich. [*Rub your hands, in lieu of patting the locks of François.*] (\) °There's my young hero! [*Stand silent a moment.*]
(– –) So, they would seize my person | in this place!
(\)°I cannot guess their scheme. °But my retinue
Is here | too large! (– –) A single traitor | could
Strike impotent the fate of °thousₒands; [*confidentially*] °Joₒseph.
Art °sure ₒof Hu°guet? °Think, || we °hang'd | ₒhis °father!
Voice. You've heaped favors on the son.

Rich. ₒTrash! ₒfavors °*past* (*q.*) ₒthat's °nothing! In his hours
(/)ₒOf confidence with you, | has he (/) | ₒnamed | the ₒfavors
To °come | (– –) ₒhe counts on? [*Hold the* "m" *in* "come;" *running down the scale.*]
Voice. Yes, a °colonel's ₒrank, (– –) and letters of nobility.
Rich. °What | ₒHu°guet! ||| ₒColonel ₒand °nobleman!
(/) My bashful Huguet! (\) That can never be!
(– –) We have him (\) not the less. We'll °*promise it!*
ₒAnd see the °King | °withholds!
[*Monologue can end here.*]
(– –) You are right, | this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect; but once crushed,
Its very ashes shall enrich the soil
Of power, and ripen such full sheaves of greatness
(– –) That all the summer of my fate | shall seem
°Fruitₒless | ₒbeside | the °autumn! [*Pace up and down.*]
[*Solemnly.*] Yes, for °sweet ₒFrance, (\) °Heaven grant it.
(– –) O my country,
For thee, ‖ *thee* | °*only*— | (– –) ₒtho' men deem it not—
°Are toil and terror | my familiars! ‖ I
(/) Have made thee ‖ great and fair; ‖ upon thy brows |
ₒWreathed the old | Roman | laurel; ‖ (/) at thy feet |
Bowed °*nations* | ₒdown. ‖
(– –) In the olden times | before *us*, | patriots lived
And died | for °liberty. Beyond
(– –) The map of France, my heart ₒcan travel not,
But fills °that ₒlimit | (– –) to the farthest verge;
And | while *I live*, | °°Richelieu and France | are °*one.*

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

PART SECOND.

ACT III., SCENE I.—Enter slowly, reading a book. François hastily enters without the packet. Turn as if suddenly interrupted, and throw away the book.

Rich. °Philosophy | ₀thou liest! hâ!
Quick—the dispatch! Power! Empire! Boy, the °packet!
Voice. Kill me, my lord!
Rich. [*guttural*]. They knew thee—they suspected—
They gave it not! (\) °°Out with it!
Ha! [*trembling*] °go ₀on! || [*Run the* "n" *up nearly an octave.*]
[*Impatiently.*] (/) Speak not of *me*; ₀thy (\) °*country* ₀is in danger! ‖
(/) Spare not thy life? (\) Who | spake of | *life?*
I bade thee grasp the treasure | as thine | °*honor*,
(/) A jewel worth whole [*guttural*] °°hecatombs | of lives. [*Hold the* "m" *in* "hecatombs," *and run down half an an octave or more.*]
Begone! redeem thine honor! ₀Back to Marion, |
Or Baradas, | or °Orleans; | track the robber;
(\) °Regain the packet—or crawl | on to age, |
(– –) °Age and gray hairs like mine, and know | thou hast lost
That | which had made °thee °great, | and saved thy country!
(*q.*) See me not | till thou'st bought the right to seek me.
°Away! nay, | cheer thee! thou hast not (/) ₀failed °yet;
(/) ₀There's no such word | ₀as | [*guttural*] °FAIL! (l–l–l.) [*Point to door, and turn the eyes slowly as if watching some one go thence; then continue in soliloquy.*]

Rich. The °poor ₒyouth!
An elder | had asked °life! ₒI love | the young!
For as great men live not | in their own time,
But the next race, (– –) so in the young | my soul
Makes °many ₒRichelieus. || [*Walk up and down with stately stride.*] He'll win it yet [*halt*].
°François? || ₒHe's °gone! || ₒSo, °so! my °murder! Marion's warning.
This bravo's °threat! O for the morrow's dawn!
(– –) ₒI'll set my spies to work; (/) I'll make all space, |
(\) °As does the sun, | ₒan °universal eye. ||
(– –) Huguet shall track | Joseph | °confess; °ha, ha; || [*choke.*]
Strange, | while I laughed | I shuddered, | and ev'n now, [*press hands to left side, one over the other*]
(– –) Thro' the chill air | the beating of my heart, |
(– –) ₒSounds | ₒlike a °death-ₒwatch | ₒby a sick man's *pillow.*
If Huguet | ₒ*could* | °deceive me. ||
[*Cough and exit, seeming feeble.*]

EDWIN THOMAS BOOTH, an American actor, was born at Bel Air, Md., November 13, 1833. He first appeared at the Boston Museum, September 10, 1849, and the season of 1864-5 he played "Hamlet" in New York 100 nights. Later he built "Booth's Theatre," corner of 23d street and 6th avenue, New York, and spent a fortune trying to establish the legitimate drama. The laudable enterprise was not a financial success, and was abandoned, to the regret of all lovers of true art. He is at his prime in artistic work, as his continued popularity and crowded houses bear ample testimony.

What can be said of this accomplished and brilliant artist, to add to the universal praise accorded him? His photograph is in every treasured album; his personal appearance and masterful, finished work are familiar to all who make any claim to culture or information among the English-speaking people of the world.

A student of histrionic art who has never witnessed one of his impersonations, should make any reasonable sacrifice to do so. Go alone; otherwise, engage to speak not one word, nor to take your thought one moment from the play, during the entire performance;

look and listen with all your heart and soul, mind and strength, and you will have had a lesson which will abide with you as long as you live.

His peculiarities are, first, *repose;* a repose which, even in the intensest passion, gives the impression of vast reserve force, a self-control under accumulated provocations. There is no exaggeration of attitude, no strain of voice; yet the spectator holds his breath, anticipating an explosion which never comes. The storm rages dark and dangerous within, but never breaks forth in full force. Thus the hearers are kept in a state of thrilling suspense. Were the torrents let loose, then the worst has transpired; the suspense is over, and we breathe again, as in a storm, thunders cease, and we are not dead.

His second peculiarity is *pitch-transition;* a glide, or step of three to eight notes, on or between syllables and words.

His third peculiarity is a *trailing walk,* as if the foot was loth to leave the floor, and was pulled up until, by reason of the weight on the forward foot, it was forced to advance to restore equilibrium.

Fourth, a *rich, low voice* and *distinct enunciation;* never hoarse, never disagreeable, always understood.

Fifth, a *mobile face,* capable of successive instantaneous changes, although usually of the intellectual rather than the emotional type.

COSTUME.—*For Part First.*—A black robe, bound around the bottom and up the front with red; a broad red ribbon sash, with tassels, tied on the left side, and spread wider in front, like a child's sash; red buttons about the size of a cent, set an inch apart down the entire front; a shoulder-cape to match the robe; about the neck a rosary; also a gold chain, with a cross two inches long attached; a seal ring upon the third finger of the right hand; a wide linen collar, and deep cuffs (outside the sleeves to the elbow); black hose and red kid shoes, or red hose and black low shoes, with rosettes and large bright buckles. Hair, gray and long, reaching to the collar, and slightly turned at the ends; gray moustache, imperial, and heavy eyebrows; a small black skull cap, bound with red, upon the back or crown of the head; a cloak, also black, may or may not be added.

MAKE-UP.—Red about the eyes (over and under them), also a reddish tint about the nose and under lip. Whiten the cheek bones and forehead; shadows in the hollows of the cheeks, and lines across the forehead with brown grease paint. The wig should have a false forehead with the eyebrows attached, and blended at the temples with grease paint; the moustache and imperial fastened to the flesh by means of artist's wax, made for the purpose.

For Part Second.—A red train dress, with red sleeves, and deep cuffs. The robe bound with white and white covered buttons, as in first costume. A white lace and muslin over dress; white fur cape, to the bottom of waist; a broad blue ribbon around the neck, over the cape and under a deep linen collar, from which depends a large cross of precious stones; also a rosary about the neck. Lace frills at the wrists of the muslin sleeves. Heavy red cord and tassels (a little left

of front) over the muslin and lace robe. If a cloak be added, it should be of red silk, long train, lined with white silk and bordered with ermine, or white fur, ten inches deep; a white fur hood, lined with red silk, attached to the cloak and hanging down the back, over the fur cape; red stockings and red kid shoes, with large red velvet rosettes and bright, large buckles; a cardinal's cap of red may be added, but can be omitted without doing violence to the *ensemble*.

Both scenes can be given in the same costume, giving only a minute or two between them. Nothing should intervene, unless it be instrumental classical music.

THE BALLET GIRL.

With complexion like the rose
'Mid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes,
And exhibits spangled hose
To her beaux.

When cruel time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And murmuringly goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouette and pose
With the "crows."

When life frayed and faded grows
Like her bows,
She in garrets sits and sews
Furbelows
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose,
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows!

THE LADY-KILLER.

A SOCIETY FAVORITE.

A STUDY OF FREDERIC MACCABE, OF LONDON.

ISS—ah—Stunnah,—may I äsk the name-ŭ | of the chawming song-ŭ | you just gave us? How—the—oh yas, yas; I think-ah | I hŭd that-ŭ | in Vïennah. Yes! I suppose you ah (are) vewah fond of music? [*Pause and listen.*] (\) So am I, so am I! Are you fond of ˛operah? °Yas—(\) So am I; its so full of—ah—°sentiment. I thought you were fond of °op˛e°ra! [*Listen.*] Extravagantly (/) fond of it, | ah! ˛yas, | ˛yas! As Shakespeah says, (– –) "He that hath no music in his soul, is fit faw"—faw—is fit faw—ah ‖ Wēählly, (really) now, | I forget just what he *is* fit faw-ah. "He that hath no music in his soul"—ah—ah—[*Rub the forehead and try to think.*] (*g*) °that's it,—°yas, yas! I knew he was fit faw-ah something; and that weminds me, | of a conundrum—a fwend of mine | got off the othah evening. He's a funny fellah,—vewy; and I'm sho-ah | you'd enjoy it immensely. [*Listen.*] Will I tell it to you? ˛Oh °certainly—˛certainly; that is | I'll twy; but of kōähs (course) | I cän't tell it | as my °fwend tells it, | you knaw. Indeed, I'm not vewah good | at conundrums; I nevah guessed one-ah | (\) in my life; but this | was so °vewah (/) funny | I'm sho-ah, I can nevah forget it. It's so vewah good, I'm sho-ah

it would-ah, | make you laugh. [*Aside.*] ₒIt's vewy funny, vewy! ₒLet me see! [*Thinking.*] I'm sho-ah you'd laugh—yas—yas!

[*Musingly.*] "Why is the operah—ₒof the ₒBo°hemian ₒGĕrl | * no-ah | that's not the way it begins. Why—ₒwhy are my whiskahs—yes—that's it—that's it; °why are my whiskahs | like the operah | of the Bohemian Gĕrl? Eh? You give it up? So did I—so did (ähē) I! [*Listen.*] Oh, yes—yes; | I will tell you. [*Roll eyes upward, and repeat monotonously to yourself.*] Why is the (/) operah | ₒof the Bo—ah—no! that's not it! Why are my °whis(/)ₒ kahs | like the (\) °operah | of the Bohemian Gĕrl? [*Drop eyes to the imaginary person near you and answer quickly.*] Because there are so many chawming (\) *'airs in it! 'airs in it!* see! [*Laugh and rub hands together.*] I knew you'd laugh, | so many chawming *'airs in it!* That's vewy good! [*Very soberly.*] Let me see! Shakespeah didn't write that operah? No! I thought not, | I thought not? Miss Stunnah, | allow me to conduct you to the piahno? Ah, | thank you, thank you! [*Exit, holding out one arm as if a lady was leaning upon it; look down upon her smilingly, and pat your arm where her hand should be.*]

FREDERIC MACCABE, an English eccentric comedian, came to this country some years ago, and gave a season of very unique and amusing monologue entertainments, in Steinway Hall, New York. He played the piano, guitar, flute, and other instruments, and sang songs; he recited dialogues, while dressed for both characters, alternately turning the right side (dressed for a lady) and then the left (dressed for a gentleman) to the audience. He spoke many dialects, and was reported to have taken a goodly pile of American money to England. Two expert valets were in constant attendance at the hall, to help him make his instantaneous transformations, or rapid changes of costume.

One particular performance is vividly recalled; "The Wandering Minstrels: First, Romance; second Reality." In this, he first appeared in an elaborate troubadour suit of lavendar satin, with lace frills, plumed hat, an inlaid guitar, swung from his neck by a rich ribbon, and proceeded to serenade an imaginary inamorata, at a

* Hold the *i*.

canvas window. He sang beautifully to a guitar accompaniment, and cast languishing eyes at the painted balcony above; next he disappeared with true artistic grace, to re-appear (in forty seconds) a veritable gutter-singer of the slums; dirty, ragged, uncombed, with an ominous red nose, and hilarious locks of unkempt hair struggling through a torn hat-crown, he sang again, in a wheezy, broken voice, interspersed with explanations and advice in inimitable Irish dialect. This of itself was irresistible comedy; he tossed pennies into the air and caught them in his hat, as if they had been thrown to him from the windows of a tenement house. These sketches required unusual versatility of talent, and drew large audiences.

He had the happy faculty of portraying the ridiculous in life without a tinge of vulgarity; e.g., in his explanations, he convulsed the audience by saying: "It's no throuble at all to sing, if ye'll only moind the top note. It's the top note that fitches yer audience. Now, I always moinds that; and I fitch the top note, if I have to fitch him in paces!" Then he sang a line or two, halted, saying confidentially to the audience and in a low voice, "now moind me top note;" then, resuming his former style, looking up askew, and curbing himself, he broke a note in *paces* sure enough. It splintered and flew in every direction, while he walked stiffly off, as if he had done a wonderful bit of artistic work, and was proud of it. The "Society Favorite" is an adaptation from one of this eccentric comedian's performances.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—The "Society Favorite" can be dressed in the extreme of modern fashion, or after the fashion adopted by Oscar Wilde when lecturing in this country upon Æsthetic Culture, etc.; i. e., hair parted in the middle, knee-breeches, etc.

Affect the English style of speech, many rising inflections, halts and "ah's." The quality of voice is made with the vocal organs in position as if about to yawn.

THE TEN SEVENS.

Seven years in childhood's sport and play..... 7
Seven years in school from day to day..... 14
Seven years at trade or college life..... 21
Seven years to find and place a wife..... 28
Seven years to pleasure's follies given..... 35
Seven years by business hardly driven..... 42
Seven years for fame, a wild goose chase..... 49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race..... 56
Seven years for hoarding for your heir..... 63
Seven years in weakness spent, and care..... 70
Then die and go—you know not where.

ROSALIND.

From "As You Like It."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MME. HELENA MODJESKA.

Argument.—Rosalind, the daughter of a banished duke, was retained in her uncle's court as the companion of his daughter Celia; but when her uncle, the usurper, banished her also, Celia resolved to be her companion. For greater security, Rosalind dressed as a boy, and assumed the name of Ganymede; while Celia dressed as a peasant girl and assumed the name of Aliena. The two girls wandered forth, and lived in a hut in the forest of Arden. There they met Orlando, who confessed his love for Rosalind, which resulted in marriage.

Act III., Scene II.—The forest of Arden.

Rosalind. I will °speak ˌto °hĭm | like a saucy lacquĕy, | and under °that ˌhab°it | play the knave with him. Do you hĕar, forĕster?

Orlando. Very well; what would yŏu?

Ros. [*Slow.*] I pray yŏu, || [*fast*] what is't o'clŏck?

Orl. You should ask me what time *o'dăy;* there's no clŏck in the forĕst.

Ros. Then there is no true °lover in the ˌfor°est; | else (\) sighing every minŭte, | and groaning every hŏur, | would detect the lazy foot of timĕ | as well as a *clŏck.*

Orl. And why not the *swift* foot of timĕ? Had not that been as properˇ?

Ros. (\) °By no means, sir. Time travels in ˌdi°vers °paˌcĕs | with ˌdi°vers °perˌsŏns. | I'll tell you who Time °*ambles* ˌwithăl, | who Time °*trots* ˌwithăl, | who Time *gallŏps* withăl, | and who he stands *still* withăl.

Orl. I prithee who doth he *trot* withăl?

Ros. [*Fast.*] Marry, | he trots hard with a young măid |

between the contract (/) of her marriage | and the (\) day it is solemnized; | if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard | [*rit.*] that it *seems* the length | of seven years.

Orl. Who *ambles* Time withal?

Ros. [*Slow.*] With a priest | that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; [*accel.*] for the one | sleeps easily because he cannot study; the other lives merrily, | because he feels no pain.

Orl. Who doth he °*gallop* withal?

Ros. [*Slow.*] With a thief | to the *gallows;* for though he go as softly as °foot ₒcan fall, | he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it *still* withal?

Ros. [*Slow.*] With °lawₒyers | [*fast*] in the vacation; for *they* | *sleep* | between °term ₒand °term, | and then | they perceive not | how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, | my sister; here | in the skirts of the forest, | like *fringe* | upon a °pettiₒcoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something *finer* | than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. [*Alarmed for fear of being discovered.*] I have been *told* so | of °*many;* but, | indeed, | an old religious [*hesitating*] °*uncle* of mine | taught me to speak, who was | in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for *there* | he fell in *love.* [*More confident.*] I have heard him read ₒmany | ₒlectures against ₒit; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched by so many giddy ₒof°fenₒces | as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal *evils* | that he *laid* | to the *charge* of women?

Ros. There were °none ₀principal; they were all like one another, as *half-pence* are; each one fault seeming °monstrous, till his fellow fault came to *match* it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. [*An octave.*] °No; I will not cast away my physic | but on those that are sick. | [*Mischievous.*] There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants | with carving °*Rosalind* ₀on their barks; | hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; | all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet °*that* ₀fancy-₀mon°ger, | I would give him some °*good* ₀counsel, for *he* seems to have the ₀quo°tidian | of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so loved-shaked; I pray you ‖ tell me your *remedy.*

Ros. There is none of my uncle's *marks* upon you; | he taught me how to know a man in love; | in which cage of rushes I am sure °*you* are not ₀prisoner.

Orl. *What* were his *marks?*

Ros. [*Slow.*] A lean cheek, | which you have not; a blue eye, and °sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard ₀neg°lected, which you have not [*laugh*] (but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue); [*fast*] then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and °everything ₀about °you | demonstrating a careless desolation. But °*you* are no such man; °*you* ₀are rather point-de°vise | (/) in your accoutrements; as loving ₀your°self, than seeming the lover of any °oth₀er.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. [*Octave.*] (\) °*Me* believe it? You may as soon make her that you °*love* ₀believe °it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do | than °*confess* ₀she does; that is one of the points, | in the which women °still give the lie | to their consciences. But, | in good sooth, | are you | he | that

hangs the verses on the trees, | wherein | *Rosalind* | is so admired?

Orl. (\) I *swear* to thee, youth, | by the white hand of Rosalind, | *I* | am that he, that °*unfortunate* | ₒ*he.*

Ros. [*Laughs.*] But ₒ*are* °you | so much in love | as your ₒrhymes °speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason | can express how | much.

Ros. (\) °Love is merely a ₒmad°ness; | and (\) I tell *you,* | deserves as well a dark house and a whip | as °madₒmen do; and the reason why they are °*not* so punish'd and cured | is, | that the lunacy is so ordinary | that the whippers | are in love *too.* | Yet I profess curing it | by °*counsel.*

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, | one; ‖ and in °this ₒmanner: He was to imagine *me* | his love, his mistress; | and I set him every day to °*woo* ₒme; [*laughs*] at which time would *I,* | being but a moonish youth, | grieve, be effeminate, changeable; | longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish; shallow, inconstant; full of tears, | full of smiles; for (\) every passion | ₒsome°thing, | and for °no ₒpassion truly ₒanything, [*fast*] as boys and women are, ₒfor the most part, cattle of this color; °would now *like* him, | now *loathe* him; then °enterₒtain him, | then for°swear him; now *weep* for him, | then *spit* at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humor of °love, to a living humor | of madness; which was, | to forswear the full | *stream* | of the world, | and to live in a nook | merely monastic. And thus | I *cured* him; and this °way | will I take upon me | to wash °*your* ₒliver | as clean | as a sound sheep's heart, | that there shall not be one *spot* of love in't. [*Laughs.*]

Orl. I would not be *cured,* youth.

Ros. I would °cure ₒyou, | if you would but call *me* Rosalind, | and come every day to my cote, | and *woo* me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, *I will;* tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll *show* it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest *you* live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. [*Octave.*] Nay, | you must call me °Rosa₀lind. ₀Come, sister, | will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

MADAME HELENA MODJESKA, Countess Bozenta, is descended from the Polish nobility. She first appeared upon the stage in a small town near her native city, Cracow; arrived here in 1876, appeared in San Francisco in 1879, and subsequently made a tour of the United States, ending in New York city, where she was cordially received, praised and feasted. In May, 1881, she played at the Court Theatre, London, where she received the commendation of royalty. Afterward she played successive engagements in the United States, winning honor and applause wherever she appeared. The season of 1889-90 she appeared in connection with Edwin Booth, to the delight of all lovers of legitimate drama. Few persons in public life have been so favored by fortune as Mme. Modjeska has; few command such an array of forces to create for themselves fame and honor. Her ability and culture, rare grace and expression, noble sincerity and purity of motive and life combine to present an almost ideal character in the profession.

Evidently she regards beauty and harmony as indispensable adjuncts of art, and cherishes both with equal fervor. Without vanity, she gives her person and its appointments due consideration, the same conscientious care that a great painter gives to his picture upon the easel, and with no more personal vanity in the result. It is a duty to art; it is beauty, harmony, art, but not the artist. So when she has made herself as beautiful as possible she ceases to think about it altogether, and devotes herself wholly to the spirit and expression of the character she has assumed. It is a living, talking picture. She is of medium size and weight, and more Greek than otherwise in figure and costume, since she never compresses the waist, and wears flowing draperies whenever there is the least excuse for it. Her features are large and, therefore, expressive. The marked distance between the large dark eyes, together with a generous mouth, make a face that is seen and felt in the remotest corners of an opera house, where delicate or doll-features would be entirely lost.

To appear after her manner, one should be coy and modest, graceful, earnest and yet clearly heard in all parts of the house. To overact, rush, rant or speak rapidly would spoil everything. She may be said to linger in action, to the advantage of people who require time

to appreciate the tableaux. In making an exit she moves slowly and reluctantly, as if she would rather not go, but must. In receiving a flower or a gift, or in taking anything up in her hands, she handles it daintily, as if fearful of harming it. She never snatches or clutches anything, but takes it with a touch — almost a caress. Her speech is slow, the words clean cut and clear as diamonds. There is the trace of a foreign accent, however, which rather adds to than detracts from the charm of her utterance. It is mostly due to the trilled *r* which modern English has partially discarded. This sound of *r* was much enlarged upon and made important by the old English masters, especially in dramatic art.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.— The costume for Rosalind is a brocade or embroidered tunic, square cut at the neck, and filled in with gathered muslin; sleeves slashed longitudinally below the elbow, and two puffs of white muslin inserted; side pocket, waist-band and long boots of soft, light-colored leather; shape to match the tunic; spear, when planted, reaching several inches above the artist's head.

This extract from "As You Like It" is best given in evening toilet as a reading, unless it be carried on by two persons representing Orlando and Rosalind in costume.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Ten little fingers toying with a mine,
Bang! went the powder, and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fixing rockets straight,
Zip! a kick backward, and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heaven,
Roman candles "bu'sted," and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers punk and powder mix,
Punk was ignited, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "sisser" strive,
One went with "sisser," and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a "roar,"
Boom! went the cannon, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack make free,
Crash! went the crackers, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue,
Bombshell "too previous," and then there were two.

Two little fingers having lots of fun,
Crack! went the pistol, and then there was one.

One little finger fooling with a gun,
Didn't know 'twas loaded, and then there was none.

JULIET.

From "ROMEO AND JULIET."— SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF ADELAIDE NEILSON.

ARGUMENT.— Juliet is Capulet's daughter, and Romeo is Montague's son. A deadly feud has long existed between the two houses. The young people meet at a masquerade ball, given by the Capulets, and fall in love at first sight. This results in a secret marriage. To avoid an enforced marriage with another, Juliet takes a drug which will cause her to appear dead for some time. The Friar who married her to Romeo is to rescue her from the tomb, and assist her flight; but Romeo, not acquainted with the plan, hears of her death, breaks into the tomb and dies of poison. Juliet awaking and seeing him dead at her side, seizes his dagger and stabs herself.

ACT II., SCENE II.

Juliet. [*Lean upon the railing, with cheek upon hand; sigh.*]
°Ah, mē!
°Romēo, ₒRomēo! ‖ (\) °Wherefore art thou | °*Romēo?*
Deny thy fathēr, ₒand re°fuse ₒthy °namē;
Or, if thou wilt °nōt, | be but sworn my °lovē,
ₒAnd °*I'll* no °longēr bē | a °*Capulēt.*
(/) 'Tis but thy namē | that is my enemȳ;
(– –) Thou art ₒthy °sēlf ₒthough | not | a °Montagūe.
(\) °What's Montague? It is nor hānd nor fōot,
Nor arm, nor facē, nor any othēr pārt
Belonging to a man. (\) O be some (\) °other name!
(⌣) °What's in a ₒnamē? (/) That which we call a rose,
(– –) By any | (\) °other name | would smell as swēet;
So (\) °Romeo would, | were he °not Romēo cāll'd, |
Retain that °dear ₒperfection | which he owes,
ₒWith °out (– –) that title. Romēo, | (\) °doff thy name;
And for thy namē (– –) which is °no ₒpart of °*thēe,* |
(– –) Take āll | myself.

[*Romeo answers from the garden below. Juliet, startled:*]
(½ *asp.*) What man °art ₒthou, that thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel? [*Listens and smiles.*]
My ears have yet not drunk a °hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, | yet | I know | the sound!
Art thou not (/) ₒRomeo, | ₒand a °Montague? [*Pause.*]
(\) °How cam'st thou hither, (\) °tell me? and | °where-
ₒfore?
The orchard-walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen | find thee here. [*Sigh, look about and listen.*]
[*Undertone.*] (\) If they do (/) see thee | ₒthey will °murder thee. [*Pause.*]
I would not for the °world they saw thee here.
(– –) By whose direction | found'st thou °*out* ₒthis place?
[*Clasp the hands and turn the face to the sky, then away from Romeo, and proceed.*]

Voice. By LOVE!

Juliet. Thou knowest the mask of (\) °night is on my face;
Else | would a maiden blush | bepaint my cheek, |
For that | which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, | fain, fain deny |
What I have spoke. | (\) °But farewell compliment!
(\) °Dost thou | (/) ₒlove me? I know thou wilt say—°Ay;
(– –) And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at °lovers' ₒperjuries |
They say ₒJove °laughs. °Oh, | gentle Romeo,
If thou °dost ₒlove, | ₒpro°nounce it | (\) °faithfully;
Or, | if thou think'st I am too °lightly °won |
I'll frown | and be perverse, | and say thee °nay, |
So thou wilt woo; (/) but, °else, | (– –) not for the world.

Voice. Lady, I swear — by yonder blessed moon —

Juliet. O, swear not (/) by the moon, | the inconstant moon,
That monthly °changes | ₀in her (/) circled orb,
Lest that thy °love | ₀prove °like₀wise | (\) °variable.
Voice. What *shall* I swear by?
Juliet. (\) °Swear not at all;
Or (/) if thou °wilt, (*q.*) swear by thy gracious °self, |
Which is the god | of my (/) idolatry, |
And I'll believe thee.
Voice. If my heart's dear love —
Juliet. Well, do not swear; altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract | to-night;
It is too rash, | too unadvised, | too | °sudden; |
Too like the lightning, | which doth cease to be |
Ere one can say — It lightens! Sweet, | good-night!
°Good-₀night, | ₀good-night!
Voice. Wilt thou leave me thus?
Juliet. °What satisfaction canst thou have to-°night?
Voice. The exchange of thy love's vow, | for mine.
Juliet. (*p.*) ₀I gave thee °mine | before thou didst re°quest it.
[*Sigh.*] And yet | I would it were to give again.
Voice. Wherefore?
Juliet. But to be frank, | and give it thee again.
[*Turn as if called from within.*]
I hear some noise within; [*Hastily to Romeo.*] (*p.*) Dear love, | adieu!
[*Turn to go and answer.*] (*f.*) °Anon, good nurse! [*Return to the balcony and speak to Romeo in a subdued voice.*]
(*p.*) Sweet Montague, be true. [*Turn away, then back.*]
Stay but a little, I will come °again. [*Exit. Re-enter hastily and leaning over balcony continue.*]
(*p.*) Three words, | dear Romeo | and (\) °good-night, indeed.
(*q.*) If that thy bent of love be °honor₀able, |

Thy purpose marriage, | send me word to-morrow,
(– –) ₒBy one that I'll procure to come to thee,
°Where, and what °time, | thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes | at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee | my lord (/) throughout the °world.
[*As if called again from within, answer while half turned to depart.*]
Juliet. °I come, anon. [*Then to Romeo.*]
(*q. p.*) But if thou mean'st not well, |
(– –) I do beseech thee —
[*Called again.*] (*f.*) °Bye and bye, I come;
[*To Romeo.*] So °cease ₒthy °strife | (– –) and leave me to my grief. ‖
To-morrow | will I send.
A thousand times | °good-ₒnight! °Good-ₒnight!
°Good-°night! [*Kissing the hand to Romeo, and with the face still toward him, reluctantly retire.*]

Costume and Rendition.—Adelaide Neilson, one of the most beautiful Juliets ever seen upon any stage, dressed the character in white and silver; the jacket or cote-hardie cut low at the neck, and a long drapery or mantle of white satin depending from the shoulders, which half concealed and added length to her youthful figure. This seems well suited to the character, since Juliet is reported to have been but fourteen years old when this scene was enacted. Miss Neilson's appearance as Juliet was most delightful; both from her seemingly unconscious beauty, and the charming simplicity of her manner. Her voice was sweet and clear as a silver bell, and she spoke and acted as if it were not only easy, but a pleasure. There was no straining or posing for effect, no staginess whatsoever.

The costume of the 14th century in Italy is thus described: "The dress of the ladies of high degree was splendid. Gold and silver glittered on the garments and precious stones became very costly from the immense demand for them. The most universally worn vestment was the cote-hardie (a kind of waistcoat or jacket buttoned down in front), which, like that of the men, fitted tight to the shape. It was, however, not so long, hardly reaching to the middle. The corners were rounded off in front. The skirt was full and very long, trailing on the ground. The sleeves were similar to those worn by men (close-fitting as far as the elbows, and then hanging down in long white pendants), except that the tight undersleeves extended down

on the hands. A large cloak or mantle of gold and silver cloth, still more ample than that worn by the men, sometimes completed this very rich attire. Immense head-dresses of almost every conceivable shape were prevalent throughout the century; but at one time (about the middle of the century) we find the ladies allowing their hair to ornament their heads without the addition of cap, bonnet or hood. It was then arranged in one large plait, on each side of the face, with flowers or jewels interspersed. Their shoes, like the men's, were very long and pointed."—[HENRY L. HINTON.

According to tradition, the events recorded in Shakespeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet" took place, A. D., 1303; yet the writer when traveling in Italy, in 1881, was taken to the "House of the Capulets," in Verona, which, with the original balcony, was vouched for by the guide as genuine.

One of Miss Neilson's costumes for Juliet was a robe of pale blue satin, embroidered in silver, hanging sleeves lined with white satin, and trimmed with swansdown; shoes to match; a soft, transparent white veil bordered with gold lace, which she waves to Romeo from the balcony. Another costume worn by her was a robe of cream-white satin, with long court train depending from the shoulders; a high pointed lace collarette fitted to a low bodice and flesh-colored hose, with slippers to match the dress. A large hat surmounted by two long plumes completed this rich yet simple toilet.

However agreeable or like a benediction, words of love may fall upon the private ear, yet, exhibited as a means of public entertainment, they are often of doubtful service. All public expressions of love are out of place, coming from other than artistic order and refinement, as suggested by devotion to cause or person; sacrifices made holy and consecrated by deep conjugal, maternal or other respectful forms of love, are always acceptable and ennobling. An actor may rant and "tear a passion to tatters" upon any other theme with less danger of becoming ridiculous; therefore, unless young and fair, ay, beautiful, one should hesitate to place Juliet upon a program for public recital.

The make-up of a beautiful girl is not difficult. If necessary, add a trifle to the length or the width of the eyebrows, soften the complexion with rose-tinted, or, if a brunette, with brown-tinted powder, not too white (for that is not artistic), and arrange the hair simply, in a style which best becomes the face. Above all be easy and look and act happy.

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE.

A STUDY FROM "MACBETH."—SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.—Lady Macbeth incites her husband to murder King Duncan, and afterward reveals the murder while in a state of somnambulism. Her physician and a gentlewoman watch for her, as she walks and talks in her sleep, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of her malady.

ACT V., SCENE I. — Dunsinane. A room in the castle. Enter a doctor of physic, and a waiting gentlewoman.

Doct. [*disg. v.*] (– –) I have two nights watched with you, | but can perceive no °truth | in your report. When was it | she last walked?

Gent. (*f.*) °Since his majesty went into the field, | I have seen her rise from her bed, | throw her nightgown upon her, | unlock her closet, | take forth a paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterward seal it, and again | return to bed; yet all this while | in a most °fast ₒsleep.

Doct. [*disg. v.*] (– –) A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. (\) °That, sir, | which I will not report °after her.

Doct. [*disg. v.*] You may, to °me; ₒand 'tis most meet you °should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor °any one; having no °witness | to confirm my speech. [*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper. Stand aside and speak in an undertone as if you really saw her enter.*] °Lo ₒyou, | here she ₒcomes! This is her very guise; and, °upon my life, | fast asleep. (\) Observe her; stand close.

Doct. [*disg. v.*] How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her com°mand.

Doct. [*disg. v.*] (\) °You see her °eyes are ₒopen.

Gent. °Ay, but their °sense is shut.

Doct. [*disg. v.*] (\) ₒWhat is it she does now? °Look | ₒhow she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed °action with her, | to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her °continue ₒin °this | a quarter of an hour. [*Asp.*] But, hark, she speaks! sh! | *Exit with finger across the lips, looking back as you go. Quickly exchange costumes, and re-enter as Lady Macbeth.*]

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Out, damned spot! (\) °out, I say! One; two: ₒWhy, then, 'tis time to do't. Hell | is murky! °Fie, ₒmy lord, °fie! a ₒsoldier, | and afeard? What need we fear °who knows it, | when none | can call our power | to account? (1) Yet who would have thought | the old man | to have had so much | (\) °blood in him! [*Sigh.*]

(– –) (2) The Thane of Fife | °had ₒa °wife; | where is she °now? (3) What, | will these hands | °ne'er be clean? (4) °No more o' that, | my lord, | no more o' that: you mar °all (/) ₒwith this starting.

(5) Here's the smell | of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia | will not sweeten | this little (6) hand. Oh! oh! oh! (7) Wash your hands, | put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's (8) buried; he cannot | come out on's ₒgrave.(9)

(1) Pass the hand over the left arm with open fingers, while speaking the next lines.
(2) Stand quite still.
(3) Wash your hands; pantomime.
(4) Move forward to right.
(5) Move back and forth, listlessly rubbing the hands, one over the other; pause, raise the hands to the face, start (as if you smelled blood), and begin the succeeding text.
(6) Wring the hands again, and moan out the three "oh's" in one long groan, or separately, according as you can best do it.
(7) Step forward, reach out the hand.
(8) Move both hands down as if smoothing the turf.
(9) Look as if you saw an apparition; step back and cover your eyes with your arm, or mantle, and at the knocking, start forward, and entreatingly call Macbeth to come away. Exit backward, beckoning him to follow.

(*Asp.*) To bed, to bed; there's (\) °knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done ¦ cannot be °un°done; To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*]

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—The gentlewoman's dress may be what you please, so it be suited to the period and her position. A quilted silk petticoat, under a loose wrapper, with a lace scarf or head-dress over a wig, and soles or sandals (see Foot Gear, p. xv.) to keep the feet from the floor, will answer very well. For Lady Macbeth, a soft white bed-gown, or wrapper, a mantle or shawl depending from the shoulders to the floor (or in train), a taper, candle, or antique lamp, with a wick soaked in alcohol. She should be pale, with dark shadows about the eyes, and flowing hair. The two ladies should be strongly contrasted; hence the former should be round and rosy, with a wig in sharp contrast to your own hair, e. g., blonde or white if yours be dark, and vice versa.

In first scene, enter dressed as a gentlewoman, and carry on the conversation with the imaginary physician. Represent him by speaking his lines in a low, sonorous voice, and avoid letting the audience see your lips move; aid the ruse by the use of a handkerchief, by turning the face away, etc.

Above all, do not change your attitude or manner, when speaking for him. You must be the same person all the time, in outward appearance; the other must be entirely imaginary, not seen but heard. This is important. When you read or recite dialogues, you turn one way, and assume one manner of voice and action for one, then turn the other way and assume another voice and manner for the other. In impersonation this is not so. The one character must be preserved and sustained through it all; the other only heard; and why? Because you are dressed for the character, and cannot be any other person while in that dress.

When you have made your exit, slip off the dress, wig, and scarf (you are already in the white robe), put on the mantle or shawl, let the hair down, whiten the face, and, with the light held low down in the right hand, re-appear as Lady Macbeth. Enter slowly, halting now and then, like one walking in sleep. After some delay, advance and set down the light; move forward, and lightly chaff or rub the hands, one over the other, in a semi-conscious manner, as if washing the hands. Halt, and intone the "one," "two," of the clock.

THE READING-CLASS.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS WERE GRADED.

Teacher. The first class in reading! Take your places upon the floor. Come, come! Page 144; all ready. Jane may read.

Jane [*slowly*]. The curfew—

Teacher. What are you reading? Don't know! "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." When you begin again, read the title. Come now, hurry up. Oh, you are so slow!

Jane [*slow and monotonously*]. Ele—gy | written | in | a | Country || Churchyard.

Teacher. (\) °Go on, Jane! You are so slow.

Jane [*very slowly*].

The | curfew | tolls | the knell of | parting day,
The lowing herd | winds | slowly | o'er the lea,
The plowman | homeward plods | his weary way,
And leaves the world to | darkness | and to me.

Teacher. Mary may read.

Mary [*very rapidly*].

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Teacher. Oh, that's too fast; you and Jane should practise together. Matilda Jane may read.

Matilda Jane [*high, sharp, fast and monotonous*].

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to *the* moon com*plain*

Of such *as* wandering *near* | her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Teacher. Joseph may go on.

Joseph [*heavy, monotonous voice*].

Beneath those rugged elms, that °yew-₀tree's °shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid.
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. [*Sneezes.*]

Teacher. Araminta may read.

Araminta [*falsetto voice, jerky, with emphasis on the syllables in italics*].

The breezy call *of* incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring *from the* straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, *or the* echoing horn,
No more shall rouse *them* from *their* lowly bed.

Teacher. Susie may read. [*Susie giggles.*] Come, Susie, come! go on!

Susie [*lisping, and giggling*].

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees | the envied (1) (*go on, go on!*)
—the envied kiss to share.(2)

Teacher. Peter may read.

Peter [*strong rising inflections numerous; tongue thrust into the cheek to chew upon as gum*].

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft | the stubborn glebe has broke;

Teacher. What have you got in your mouth? take it out. [*He takes it in his hand.*]

(1) Cover the face with the book and turn half round.
(2) Laugh and twist about, and double up.

How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods | beneath their sturdy stroke!
[*Returns it and chews again.*]

Teacher. James Baty.

James Baty [*jerking the nose and face askew; shutting the eyes tight and opening them, and constant downward inflections.*]

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, | and destiny | obscure; |
Nor Grandeur | hear | with a disdainful | smile
The short | and simple annals | of the poor.

Teacher. Diligence may read.

Diligence [*nasal, and as if minus a palate*].

The boas' of hĕ'ăld'y the pom' of pow'r,
An' all tha' meuty, all tha' we'th e'e' gave,
Awai' alike th' inev'bl' hou'—
The pă's o' glo'y lēa' bu' to th' g'ave.

Teacher. You should practise more, Diligence. Thomas Delaney. Sick? Well, we'll excuse you. Pembroke may read.

Pembroke [*commences each line high and loud, and runs down to the last syllable on each line*].

(\) °Can storied urn, or animated bust,
(\) °Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
(\) °Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
(\) °Or Flattery soothe the dull | °cold ₒear | of *death?*

Teacher. Daniel may read.

Daniel [*monotonous oral voice* (3)].

°But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage, || (4)
And froze the genial current of the soul.

(3) For oral, begin to yawn, and keep the vocal organs in that position.
(4) At "rage" rub the shoulder suddenly, then the knee, as if bitten by a flea.

Teacher. Serena Seraphina.

Serena [*weak, affected and on a high key* (⁵)].

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower | is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness | on the desert air.

Teacher. How silly you are to put on such airs. You can never amount to anything until you quit it. Hezekiah may read.

Hezekiah [*hitching, halting, and snuffing*].

Some-ah village (⁶) Hampden, that-ah with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, (⁷) inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Teacher. Rodney may read.

Rodney [*stammering* (⁸)].

Th' applause of *l*istening senates to *c*ommand,
The *th*reats of *p*ain and *r*uin to despise,
To *s*catter *p*lenty o'er a smiling *l*and,
And *r*ead their history in a *n*ation's eyes.

Teacher. Very well; that will do. Johnny English. [*Johnny sniffing.*] What's the matter with you; what is it? °Come (\) °come now, (\) °stop that, and go on.

Johnny [*leaves off the "h" where it should be, and puts it on where it should not be, and breaks down crying at the close*].

'Ere rests 'is 'ead *h*upon the lap of *h*Earth,
*h*A Youth, to Fortune *h*and to Fame *h*unknown;
Fair science frowned not *h*on 'is 'umble birth,
*h*And Melancholy marked 'im for 'er *h*own.

(⁵) Curb the head, turn from side to side, and use "*ah*;" "bă-ah" for "bear," "flow-ah" for "flower," "a-ah" for "air."
(⁶) Spell half way, then pronounce the word; "₀H-a-m-p- | °Hampton."
(⁷) "₀I-n- | in- | g-l-o- | °inglorious."
(⁸) Hold or repeat the letters in italics.

Teacher. You are always in trouble Johnny. You may go to your seat. Sambo may read.

Sambo [*negro dialect*].

Fur frum de maddin' crowds ignoble stribe,
Dar sober wishes nebber larn to stray,
'Long de kool skwester'd bale ob life,
Dey keep de noisliss tenur ob dar way.

Teacher. Hans may read.

Hans [*German dialect*].

Tare shatter'd ōft | te yoongest | vōn te yāre,
Py hants ŏnseen | bĭst (*) shoo'rs vōn fiolets foont,
Te ret-prest lōves to pĭlt unt varple tăre,
Unt leetle foot-stebs lightly brints te grünt.

Teacher. Charles Augustus.

Charles [*very loud and stumbling, spelling out words now and then, and mispronouncing them*].

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

NOTE.—This arrangement of a reading-class of the olden time originated with the writer, and has proved very amusing.

(*) Loses his place, gazes into the air, tries to catch a thistle-down, etc.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

A STUDY OF MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

HILE the nation is buoyant with patriotism, | and all hearts are attuned to praise, | it is with sorrow | we come to strike the °one ₒdis°cordant note, | on this hundredth anniversary | of our country's birth. We do rejoice | in the success thus far, | of our experiment of °self-ₒgovernment. Our faith is firm and unwavering | in the °broad principles of human rights, | proclaimed in 1776 | not only as abstract °truths, | but as the °corner stones | of a republic. Yet, we cannot forget, | even in this glad hour, | that while all men | of every race | and clime | and (\) °condition | have been invested | with the full rights of citizenship, | under our hospitable °flag. | all °*women* | ₒstill suffer | the degra°dation | of (\) °disfranchisement.

°The history of our country | the past hundred years, | has been a series of assumptions and usurpations | of power over woman, | in direct opposition | to the principles of just government, | acknowledged by the United States as its foundation, | which are:

First. The *natural* rights | of each individual.

Second. The exact *equality* | of these rights.

Third. That these rights, | when *not delegated* by the individual, | *are* °*retained* | ₀by the individual.

Fourth. That no person can exercise the rights of others | without delegated au°thority.

Fifth. The *non-use* of these rights | does not (\) °*destroy* them.

And for the violation | of these fundamental principles of our government, | we arraign our rulers | on this 4th day of July, | 1876 — and *these* | are our

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT:

Bills of attainder have been passed | by the introduction of the word "*male*" | into all the State constitutions, | denying to woman the right of suffrage, ₀and °thereby making sex | a *crime* — an exercise of power clearly forbidden | in Article 1st, Sections 9th and 10th | of the United States Constitution. |

The right of trial by a jury of one's peers was so jealously guarded | that States refused to ratify the original Constitution ₀un°til ₀it was °guar₀an°teed | by the (\) °6th Amendment. And yet the °women of this nation | have never been allowed a jury of *their* peers, | being tried in all cases by *men*, | native and foreign, | educated and ignorant, | virtuous and vicious. And not only are women denied a jury of ₀their °peers, | but in some cases, | °jury °trial | (\) °altogether.

During the last Presidential campaign, | a woman, arrested for voting, | was denied the protection of a jury, | was | tried, | convicted | and sentenced to a fine and costs of (/) ₀prose°cution, | by the (\) °absolute °power | of a judge | of the Supreme Court | of the United States.

Taxation without representation, the immediate cause | of the rebellion of the colonies against Great Britain, | is one of the °grievous wrongs | the °women of this country ₀have

°suffered | °during the century. Deploring °war, ˛with °all the demoralization | that follows in its °train, | we have been taxed | to support standing armies, | with their waste of | life and wealth. (/) ˛Believing in temperance, | °we have been taxed | to support the vice, crime and pauperism | of the °liquor ˛traffic.

Universal manhood suffrage, by establishing an aristocracy of °sex, | imposes upon the women of this nation | a more °absolute ˛and °cruel (/) ˛despotism | than °monarchy, | in | that woman finds a political °master | in her father, | husband, | °brother, | ˛son. The aristocracies | of the ˛old °world | are based upon birth, | wealth, | refinement, | ˛edu°cation, | ˛no°bility, | brave deeds of °chivalry; | in °this nation, | on *sex alone;* exalting brute ˛force | above moral power, | vice above virtue, | ignorance above ˛education, | and the °son | ˛above the °mother | ˛who °bore him.

The judiciary of the nation has proved itself | but the echo | of the party in power | by upholding and enforcing laws | that are opposed to the spirit and letter of the ˛Consti°tution. When the slave-power was (/) ˛dominant, | the Supreme Court decided | that a black man | was °not (/) ˛a citizen, | because he had not the right | to °vote; | and when the Constitution | was so amended (/) ˛as to make °all | persons | (/) ˛citizens, | ˛the (\) °same high tribunal | ˛decided ‖ that a °*wo˛man*, | °though ˛a °citizen | (– –) had (\) °not the right | to vote. Such vascillating (\) °interpretations | of consti°tutional °law, | unsettle our faith | in judicial ˛au°thority, | and undermine the °liberties | ˛of the °whole people.

These "Articles of Impeachment" against (/) ˛our rulers, | we now submit | to the (\) °impartial (/) ˛judgment | °of the people.

To all these wrongs | and (/) ˛oppressions | woman (/) ˛has submitted | ˛in °silence | (\) °and resignation. And now, | at the close | of a hundred years, | (– –) as the

great hour-hand | of the clock that marks the centuries, | (/) ˛points to 1876, | we declare °our ˛faith, | in the principles | of self-°government; our full equality with man | in natural rights; that woman was made | °first ˛for her (\) °own happiness, with the ᶜabsolute °right ‖ (\) °to herself, | to all the oppor°tunities | (/) and advantages | °life (/) ˛affords, | for her ˛com°plete (\) °development; and we °*deny* | ˛that °dogma (/) ˛of the centuries, | incorporated in the codes | of ᶜall ˛nations | that °woman | (\) °was made for man; (\) °her interests in °all cases, | to be sacrificed | ˛to °his | °will.

We ask of our rulers, | at this hour, | °no special (/) ˛favors, | °no special (/) ˛privileges, | no special (\) °legislation. We ask justice, | we ask equality, | we ask | that ALL THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS THAT BELONG TO THE CITIZENS | OF THE UNITED STATES, | BE GUARANTEED TO US ‖ AND TO OUR DAUGHTERS ‖ FOREVER.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, daughter of Judge Daniel Cady and Margaret Livingston, was born at Johnstown, N. Y., November 12, 1816. She early distinguished herself for her knowledge of Greek and of law; but as degrees were not given to women, and feeling the injustice of public sentiment and law concerning her privileges, she became an ardent advocate of equal rights and woman's suffrage. Mrs. Stanton is a lady of medium size, with full, fair face, surmounted by a halo of soft, fluffy white hair, so beautiful as to be universally remarked. Portly and dignified, graceful and gracious, intelligent and just, with a most charming repose born of benevolence, this is the crude pen-picture of a noble woman of seventy-five; a pioneer of reform; a representative American woman. Keeping this ideal in mind, speak her words with the grace, dignity and earnestness worthy the woman, and the cause she so ably represents.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.— A rich, dark robe, plainly made, open at the throat, revealing a soft white kerchief or lace crossed underneath, and a tabbed head-piece of black thread-lace, completes the toilet.

The text may be read standing by a table or desk, with a chair or two near by. Make few gestures, speak deliberately and with subdued force.

NEWSPAPERS.

A STUDY OF REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

WHAT but the newspaper-press, | have all their wheels full of eyes? All other wheels are blind; but the newspaper-press has *sharp* eyes, | *keen* eyes, | eyes that look up and down; | far-sighted and *near*-sighted; | that take in the next street and the next *hemisphere;* || eyes of criticism; | eyes of investigation; | eyes sparkling with health; eyes glaring with indignation; | eyes tender and loving; eyes frowning and suspicious; eyes of hope; *blue* eyes; *black* eyes; *green* eyes; *sore* eyes; *historical* eyes; *literary* eyes; *ecclesiastical* eyes; °°EYES OF ALL SORTS! (°Brethren, I forgot; our business meeting comes Friday evening; we want money, and we want it *bad!*)

°For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but to hear or tell | some *new thing!* That text gives the cry of the world | for a *newspaper.* In proportion as men become wise, they become inquisitive; not about small things, but about *greater* things. °°The great question thunders, °°WHAT'S THE NEWS! WHAT'S THE NEWS! °Rome answered the question with the ACTA-DIURNA; France answered it | when her physicians wrote out the news | for patients; *England* answered it | by pub-

lishing accounts | of the Spanish Armada; *America* answered it, | when Benjamin Harris, published the first weekly newspaper, in Boston, in 1690.

Alas! through *what* a struggle, | has the newspaper come to its present development. As soon as it began to *demon'strate* its power, *superstition* and *tyranny* | shackled it. There's nothing | despotism, | so much fears, | as the printing-press. It has °°TOO MANY EYES! *Russia*, | the meanest and most cruel despotism on earth to-day, | keeps the printing-press under severe espionage.(1) A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe to write on any subject, | but *Natural History*. *Austria* could not bear *Kossuth's* journalistic pen, plied | for the redemption of *Hungary*. *Napoleon 1st*, wanting to keep his iron heel | upon the neck of nations, said that the printing-press | was the *regent of kings*, and that the only safe place to keep an *editor*, was in *prison*. But the great battles | for freedom of the press, were fought in England and America.

I address you this evening, | on a subject you never heard before—the (\) *immeasurable* (\) *ever*(\)*lasting* blessing of a °GOOD °news₀paper! Thank God, their wheels are full of eyes! I give you this overwhelming statistic. In the year 1870, the number of copies of literary and political newspapers, published | in this country, was °*one billion*, °°FIVE HUNDRED MILLION. °What ₀church, °what ₀reformer, °what Christian man, | can disregard these things? I tell you, my friends, | a good newspaper | is the grandest blessing | that God has given to the people of this century; the grandest temporal blessing. We have seven thousand dailies and weeklies in the United States, and only °thirty-six ₀are a half century old. The average life of a newspaper is °*five* ₀*years*, and most of them die | of cholera infantum!

(1) Es'pē-on-azh.

To publish a newspaper, one requires the skill, precision, vigilance and strategy of a °°*commander-in-chief*. To edit a newspaper, | one needs to be a statesman, | a geographer, | a statistician, and so far as all *knowledge* is concerned, | °°ENCYCLOPÆDIC! ‖ And let me tell you, if you have an idea, | either moral, social, political, or religious, you had better charge on the world, through the columns already established. Newspapers are also the repositories of knowledge; the reservoirs of history. Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Clinton, | had their hands on the printing-press. If one should see in a lifetime, in the way of literature, only the Bible, Shakespeare, a dictionary, and one °*good newspaper*, | °he would be fitted for all the duties of this life; | and for the opening of the next. They are also a blessing in their *evangelical* influence. The Christian printing-press will be the °°*right wing of the apocalyptic angel!* °The cylinders of the Christian printing-press | will be the °°*front wheels of the Lord's chariot.* The music they make | I mark in crescendo (1) | and not diminuendo! [*Exit.*]

REV. THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., an American clergyman, was born at Bound Brook, N. J., Jan. 7, 1832. He was graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1853, and at the Theological School at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1856. After holding various Dutch Reform pastorates he became, in 1869, pastor of a Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, in connection with which he founded, in 1872, a newspaper and a lay college for religious and general education. He has won great popularity as an extemporaneous lecturer. He is a tall, spare man, with long arms and a bald spot on his head. His voice is sharp, penetrating and nasal. His manner is characterized by sudden transitions in pitch, many falling inflections, unusual attitudes and gestures. He is a powerful, effective and eccentric speaker.

COSTUME AND RENDITION. — Dr. Talmage's dress is a frock coat buttoned up to the chin. His hair and side whiskers are a light brown. Enter with long, quick steps, and at the highest places in the speech, throw both arms high over head, and bring them down, body and all, on the last word of the climax. At other times, the hands may be clasped behind the back, or one slipped into the bosom of the coat. The peculiarity of his speaking lies in the sharp, rather nasal voice, high pitched, and his strongly marked climaxes.

(1) Crescendo — Crĕsh-ĕn'-do.

PORTIA AND NERISSA.

From "Merchant of Venice."—Shakespeare.

A STUDY OF MRS. MARY F. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

Argument.—Portia, the only child and heir of a rich Venetian nobleman, is compelled, by her father's will, to accept in marriage the suitor who chooses the right casket from among three, made of gold, silver, and lead. The conversation is in regard to the suitors who seek her hand and fortune.

Act I., Scene II.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your °good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no °small ₒhappiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. (– –) °Good ₒsentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well °followed.

Por. If to *do* were as easy as to *know* what were good to do, chapels had been churches, | and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a °good ₒdivine | that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach °twenty | what were good to be °*done*, than be °*one* | of the twenty | ₒto follow mine own teaching. (/) The brain | may devise laws ₒfor the °blood; but a hot temper | leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is ₒmadness, | the ₒyouth, | to skip o'er the meshes of °good counsel, the °cripple. (1) °But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. (\) °O me, | the word | °*choose!* I may neither choose °whom ₒI °would, | nor ₒrefuse whom I °dislike; so is the will of a

* Full voice for Portia; light and high for Nerissa.
(1) Sigh; then begin high and soft and run down the scale to the end of the sentence.

living daughter | curbed by the will of a °dead father. (\) °Is it not hard, ₒNerissa, that I cannot °choose °one, nor ₒrefuse °none?

Ner. (– –) Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by °any ₒrightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what (\) °warmth is there | in your affection | toward any of these princely suitors | that are already °come?

Por. I pray thee (\) °overname them; and as thou namest them | I will °describe them; and according to my description | level | at my affection.

Ner. First, | there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, (\) °that's a colt, | (\) indeed, | for he doth nothing but talk of his °horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own °good ₒparts | that he can °shoe him himself.

Ner. (– –) Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. ₒ*He* doth nothing but °frown; as who should say, (²) "An' you will not ₒhave °me, °choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head | with a (\) bone in his mouth, than to either of these. (³) God defend me from °these ₒtwo!

Ner. How say you by the °French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Por. (\) God made him, | and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, | I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is °every man in °no ₒman. If a throstle sing he falls

(²) In a mock braggadocio style, running well up the scale on "me" and down on "choose."

(³) Turn the eyes upward, shake the head, and shrug the shoulders.

straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry °twenty ₒhusbands. ₒIf he would despise me | I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness | I shall | never requite him.

Ner. (– –) What say you, then, | to °Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say °nothing to him; | for he understands not me, | nor I him: | he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that *I* have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's ₒpic°ture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? (⁴) °How oddly he is suited! (⁄) I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior | °everywhere. [*Laugh heartily.*]

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly (⁵) °charity in him; for he borrowed a box | of the ear of the Englishman, | and swore he would pay him again (⁶) °when he was °aₒble. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for ₒan°othₒer.

Ner. How like you the young German—the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. (⁷) Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and °most ₒvilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best | he is a little worse than a man; | and when he is worst he is little better | than a °beast: (⁸) an' the worst fall that ever fell, | I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

(⁴) In a high key, mirthfully.
(⁵) Prolong "charity."
(⁶) Laugh lightly.
(⁷) Shiver and with a look of disgust.
(⁸) Slowly.

Por. (\) °Therefore, | for fear of the worst, | I pray thee | set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, | and that temptation without, | I °know | he will °choose it. I will do °anything, | ₒNerissa, | ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, | the having any | of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, | indeed, | to return to their home | and to trouble you with no more suit; || unless you may be won | by some °other °sort than your father's imposition, | depending on the °caskets.

Por. (⁹) If I live to be ₒas °old as Sibylla | I will die as °chaste as ₒDiana, | unless I be obtained | by the manner of my father's will. (¹⁰) I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; (– –) for there is not (\) °one among them | but I dote | on his very absence, | and I pray heaven grant them | a fair departure.

Ner. (– –) Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, | a Venetian, | a scholar, and a soldier, | that came hither | in company of the Marquis of (¹¹) Montferrat?

Por. (¹²) Yes, | yes, | it was Bassanio; as I think | so was he called.

Ner. (\) °True, madam; | °he, | of all the men | that ever °my foolish eyes looked upon, | was the °best deserving | a fair lady.

Por. (¹³) I remember him °well; | and I remember him | °worthy of thy praise.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. (¹⁴) The four strangers seek you, | madam, | to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, | the Prince of Morocco; | who brings word the prince, | his master, | will be here to-night.

(⁹) Solemnly.
(¹⁰) Lightly.
(¹¹) Mon-fer-rā'.
(¹²) Hesitates, pretending to recall with difficulty.
(¹³) More confidently.
(¹⁴) In the monotonous voice of a servant.

Por. If I could bid the fifth °welcome | with so good a heart | as I can bid the °other ₒfour ₒfarewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, | and the complexion of a devil, | I had rather he should °shrive me | than °wive me. °Come, ₒNerissa. ₒSirrah, go before.

([15]) °Whiles we shut the gate | upon °one ₒwooer, (– –) ₒanother | knocks | at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Mary F. Scott-Siddons, the English actress, is directly descended from the famous Sarah Siddons, and partakes of her beauty and talent. The elocutionary peculiarities of this accomplished lady are, rapidity of utterance, and the free use of sweeping inflections, often an octave in compass, and mostly those of the kind known as simple and compound rising inflections. Her voice is clear and musical, but rather light. In transition from one character to another, little change is made in quality or manipulation of the voice. Her characters, in dialogue or drama, speak very much alike. All have clear, ringing voices, and use the same sweeping inflections. This, however, does not affect her acting, where she is called upon to sustain one character only. Her impersonation of "King Rene's Daughter" (the blind girl who thought all persons like herself, being ignorant of her misfortune) is one of the most exquisitely refined and graceful performances ever witnessed in this country, and her "Rosalind" is almost as good.

In appearance, she is of medium size, giving an impression of being tall and slight of figure. She walks upon the lyceum platform with long, gliding steps, and deliberately arranges her stand, books, chair and train before acknowledging her audience. Then she opens a large volume of Shakespeare, looks about her, and, without salutation, begins to read very rapidly, or rather recites from the selected play.

Her gestures are few, and those with the right hand only, the left resting lightly upon the open book, which lies upon a small table at her left. At the close of Part First, also at the end of the program, she retires with a slight bow, and the same long, sweeping step as before.

Costume.—The costume is Venetian—white, trimmed with silver; long open sleeves, low corsage, with full long drapery. It is very becoming to young ladies of fair complexion.

This scene is prepared for a reading—not for a monologue impersonation, and the antique or the modern evening dress can be worn. For her readings, Mrs. Scott-Siddons wears unique and tasteful robes, evidently of her own design, often with very rare laces, and draperies of antique form.

([15]) As if weary, sigh, and move slowly away.

PORTIA AT THE BAR.

From "MERCHANT OF VENICE."—SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.

ARGUMENT.—Antonio, a rich merchant of Venice, by signing a bond to a Jew for cash, loans his friend Bassanio three thousand ducats. Disasters follow, the money is not returned, and the Jew insists upon having the penalty of the bond, which is a pound of Antonio's flesh. Portia, disguised as a young doctor of laws, proceeds to Venice and pleads the case before the duke.

ACT IV., SCENE I.—A court-room in Venice. Enter Portia. [*Pause and look right and left.*]

Por. Which | [*r. h. s. h. o.*] is the merchant here, | and which | [*l. h. s. h. o.*] the Jew?

Duke. [*Disg. v.*]. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. [*looking right*]. (/) Is your name | ₀Shy°lock?

Shy. [*gruff*]. (– –) Shylock | is my name.

Por. Of a °strange ₀nature | is the suit you follow; yet in such rule, | that the Venetian law cannot ₀im°pugn ₀you, | as you do proceed. [*Turn and look left, r. h. h. f.*] You ‖ stand within his danger, | (/) do you not?

Ant. [*voice*]. (– –) Ay, so he says.

Por. (\) °Do you ₀con | °fess the °bond?

Ant. [*voice*]. (– –) I do.

Por. °Then | must the Jew | ₀be (\) °merciful.

Shy. [*gruff*]. On what com°pulsion | ₀must I? Tell me that.

Por. [*surprised*]. The quality of mercy | is not | strained; | It droppeth, | [*look up, b. h. a. o.*] as the gentle rain from heaven, |

Upon the place [*b. h. o. e.*] (¹) beneath. ₒIt is °twice
ₒbless'd;
It blesseth him that gives | and him that takes:
(/) 'Tis mightiest | °in | ₒthe mightiest. It becomes
The thronèd monarch | better than his crown:
His sceptre | shows the force of °temporal ₒpower, |
The attribute to awe and majesty, |
(– –) ₒWherein doth sit the dread and °fear | of kings.
But mercy ‖ is a°bove (/) this sceptred sway, |
(– –) It is enthronèd | in the (\) °hearts of kings,
(/) It is an attribute to God himself;
And (\) °earthly power | doth °then ₒshow ˘likest °God's
When mercy | seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice °be thy °plea, (/) consider °this,—
That, in the course of justice, | ₒnone of us |
(– –) Should see salvation. (/) We do pray for °merₒcy;
And that same prayer | doth teach us | °all | to render
The (\) °*deeds* of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
(– –) To mitigate the (⌣) °justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice, |
(/) Must needs give sentence °'gainst | (\) the merchant
there.
I pray you | let me °look upon the bond.
[*Examine a legal paper with a large seal attached; then proceed, tapping the document.*]
Why | this bond (\) °*is* forfeit;
And lawfully by this | the Jew may claim |
A pound of flesh, | to be by him cut off |
Nearest the merchant's heart. (\) °Be merciful.
[*Hold up the bond as if about to tear it to pieces.*]
(\) °Take thrice thy money; bid me (\) °tear the bond.
Shy. [*gruff*]. (– –) By my soul, I swear,
There is no power | in the tongue of man |
To alter me: (/) I stay °here | (/) on my °bond.

(¹) Be-neath *th* as in "this."

Por. °Why, ₒthen, | (– –) thus it is. [*To Antonio, left.*]
(– –) You must prepare your bosom | for his knife.
Shy. [*gruff*]. O noble judge; O (\) °excellent young man!
Por. (– –) For the intent and purpose of the law |
Hath full relation to the penalty.
Shy. [*gruff*]. O wise and upright judge, |
(– –) How much more | °elder art thou | than thy looks.
Por. Therefore, | lay bare your bosom.
Shy. [*gruff*]. Ay, his breast. [*Portia looks about her.*]
Por. Are there | ₒbal°ance here, to (/) ₒweigh the flesh?
Shy. [*gruff*]. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some °surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To °stop ₒhis °wounds, | lest he do (\) °bleed to death.
Shy. [*gruff*]. Is it so nominated (/) in the bond?
Por. It is not so ₒexpressed; | but what of °that?
'Twere good you do °so ₒmuch | for (\) °charity.
Shy. [*gruff*]. (– –) I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. A pound [*l. h. h. e.*] of that same merchant's flesh |
is thine;
The °court ₒawards it, | (/) and the law | doth give it.
Shy. [*gruff*]. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. [*gruff*]. A sentence; come, | prepare.
Por. (\) °Tarry a little; | there is something °else.
[*Looking over the bond.*]
This bond doth give thee here, (\) °no jot of °blood; |
The words ₒex°pressly °are | a °pound | of flesh.
(\) °Take then | ₒthy °bond, ‖ °take ₒthou | thy °pound of flesh;
(– –) But, in the cutting it, | if thou dost shed
One drop | of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, | confiscate
Unto the (\) °state of Venice.

Shy. [*gruff*]. Is that the law?
Por. (– –) Thyself shalt see the act;
[*Cross over and take up a large book; hold it out, and lay it down as you proceed with the speech, and return to the former position.*]
For as thou urgest justice, | be assur'd |
Thou shalt (\) °have justice, | more than thou desir'st.
Therefore, | prepare thee to cut off | the flesh; |
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound | of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less | than a just pound, be it but so much
[*Balance the hands like scales.*]
(– –) As makes it light or heavy, | in the substance, |
Or the division | (/) of the twentieth part
(/) Of one poor °scruple; | °nay, | if the scale do turn
(/) But in the estimation | of a °hair,—
Thou diest | and all thy goods | are confiscate.
[*Pause and look as if waiting a movement, b. h. h. o.*]
Why doth the Jew pause? °Take | thy forfeiture.
Shy. [*gruff*]. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Por. (– –) Thou shalt have | °nothing | °but | the °forfeiture,
To be so taken | (/) at thy °peril, | ₒJew.
[*Pause.*] Tarry, Jew; |
The law | hath yet (\) °another hold on you.
It is enacted | in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien, |
That by direct | or °indirect ₒattempts |
He seek the life | of °any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half,
Comes to the privy coffer | of the State;
And the offender's life | lies in the mercy
Of the °duke ₒonly, | 'gainst all other voice;
ₒIn °which ₒpre°dicament, | I say, °thou ₒstand'st.
For it appears, by manifest proceeding, |

That, indirectly | and directly, too, |
Thou hast contrived against the very life |
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger | formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, | therefore, | and beg mercy of the duke.

Duke [*voice*]. I pardon thee thy life | before thou ask it.

[*Turn and address yourself to the other side, to the duke.*]

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet | I presently set forth. [*Bow and pass out.*]

MISS ELLEN TERRY, an English actress of ability and position, won many friends and admirers in this country, during her recent engagements with Henry Irving. Her well-rounded and finished performances in historical drama have established her in the minds and affections of our people. In appearance she is tall, slender, and graceful; a fair and stately blonde. As Portia she is quiet, self-poised, and impressive; a truly beautiful character.

COSTUME.—Black shapes and tunic, or jacket, over which is worn a black brocade silk doctor's robe, reaching to the floor, and open down the front; a black silk cap, and low shoes ornamented with bright buckles; the sleeves double, close under-sleeves, with full flowing sleeves over them; a straight round collar and wrist-bands of white linen.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote upon the sands,
"Agnes, I love thee!" [*Grandiloquently.*]
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair impression.
Frail reed! cruel waves! treacherous sands!
I'll trust thee no more! (<) but with a giant's hand
I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine,
Dip it in Vesuvius' boiling lava,
And on the high and burnished heavens I'll write,
°°"AGNES, I LOVE THEE!"
[*Tamely.*] And I would like to see any confounded wave
wash *that* out.

DONA SOL.

From "HERNANI."—VICTOR HUGO.

A STUDY OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

ARGUMENT.—A beautiful Spanish girl is accustomed to meet her lover clandestinely, because he is a fugitive outlaw. The king, Don Carlos, enamored of her charms, attempts to meet her alone to press his suit. By giving her lover's signal (three times clapping the hands) she is decoyed into the garden, where he is concealed. Discovering her mistake, she attempts to retreat, but he detains her by force; whereupon she snatches the dagger from his girdle, and, by threats of self-destruction, forces him to desist.

ACT II., SCENE II.—Spain. Time, evening. Dona Sol at the balcony window above; Don Carlos in the garden below.

Dona Sol. Est-ce vous, Hernani?

[*He claps his hands three times.*] Je descends!

[*She closes the window, and a moment later appears at a latticed door below, a lace scarf draped about her head and shoulders, and an antique lamp held above her head. She steps stealthily into the garden, peering into the darkness, and in a suppressed voice calls her lover's name.*]

Hernani? [*Listens, then drops her lamp.*]

Dieu! ce n'est point son *pas!*

Don C. [*throw off the voice*]. Dona Sol!

Dona S. Ce n'est point sa *voix!* ah, malheureuse!

Don C. C'est un amant roi!

Dona S. Le roi?

Don C. C'est Carlos, ton esclave!

Dona S. [*retreating*]. Au secours, Hernani !
Don C. Venez, vous serez reine, impératrice !
Dona S. Non, c'est un leurre ; et d'ailleurs,
Altesse, avec franchise [*fast and earnest*]
S'agit-il pas de vous, | s'il faut que je le dise,
J'aime mieux avec lui, | mon Hernani, | mon roi, |
Vivre errante, | en dehors du monde | et de la loi ;
Ayant faim, | ayant soif, | fuyant °toute l'année ; |
Partageant jour à jour | sa pauvre destinée, |
Abandon, | guerre, | exil, | deuil, misère et terreur |
Que d'être ₒim°pératrice, avec un Empereur.
Don C. Vous viendrez. Je vous veux !
Dona S. Seigneur ! oh, par pitié ! [*Kneels.*] Quoi ! vous êtes
Altesse ; vous êtes roi ! duchesse, ou marquise, ou comtesse,
Vous n'avez qu'à choisir ;
Mais mon proscrit, (\) qu'a-t-il reçu du ciel avare ?
Ah [*rises*] vous avez Castille, | Aragon, et Navarre, |
Et Murcie, | et Léon, | (\) °*dix* royaumes encore ; |
Et les (\) °Flamands, et °l'Inde, avec les (\) °mines d'or ;
Vous avez un empire | auquel nul (\) °roi ne touche,
Si vaste | que °jamais le soleil | ne s'y couche !
Et, quand vous avez tout, | (\) °voudrez-vous, | vous, °le roi,
Me prendre, | pauvre fille, | à lui qui n'a que moi ?
[*She falls on her knees, grasps his mantle and implores him to spare her.*]
Don C. Viens ! Je n'écoute rien !
Dona S. [*with great energy*]. °°Pour mon honneur, |
Je ne veux °°rien de vous, que ce °°poignard, ₒseigneur !
[*In the play, she seizes the dagger from his girdle ; but in the monologue, from her own girdle, and, advancing, poises it to strike.*]
°Avancez, maintenant, ₒfaites °°un pas !
°Pour un pas, | je vous °°tue, | et °me ₒtue !
[*Staggers back, calling for help.*]
°°Hernani ! °°Hernani !

[*Exit backward. If recalled, advance slowly and in full view, bow three times, to right, to left and to front; then keep the bent posture and retire again, facing the audience until quite out of sight.*]

TRANSLATION.

Dona Sol [*in the balcony*]. Is it you, Hernani? [*Don Carlos claps his hands three times, as Hernani would have done.*] I descend. [*She closes the window and enters the garden.*] Hernani! Heaven! It is not his step! [*Turns to enter the house.*]

Don Carlos. Dona Sol!

Dona S. It is not his voice. Ah, misery!

Don C. It is a royal lover.

Dona S. The king!

Don C. It is Carlos, thy slave!

Dona S. [*retreating*]. Help, Hernani!

Don C. You will be queen, empress!

Dona S. No! this is a decoy; and, moreover, your Highness—if it is necessary for me to speak with frankness,—I would rather, with him, my Hernani, my king, live a wanderer, in defiance of the world and of the law, hungry and thirsty, fleeing all the year, partaking day by day of his poor destiny, abandonment, war, exile, misery and terror, than to be empress with an emperor.

Don C. You will come. I will compel you!

Dona S. Seigneur, oh, pity me! What! You are great; you are king! Duchess, marchioness, or countess, you have only to choose. But my outlaw, what has he received from Heaven? And you have Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, and Murcie, and Lyons; ten kingdoms beside; and Flanders, and India, with mines of gold. You have an empire so vast that the sun never sets upon it; and when you have all, would you, the King, take me, a poor girl, from him who has nothing but me?

Don C. Come! I listen to nothing.

Dona S. For my honor I will have nothing from you, but this dagger! [*She snatches the dagger.*] Advance now! Take one step! [*He recoils, then advances.*] Advance one step, and I will kill you and kill myself! [*Turns and cries aloud.*] Hernani! Hernani!

SARAH BERNHARDT, the world-renowned French actress, was born in Amsterdam, about 1847. Her father was French and her mother Dutch, both of the Hebrew faith. She was educated to her profession in the National Dramatic School at Paris. Of slight figure and lithe action, her style is subtle rather than strong. Her gliding walk and undulating motion present the characteristics of the panther rather than the lion, never statuesque, but insinuating; seeming dangerous to approach. Her voice is clear and silvery, and words drop from her lips like liquid pearls. When recalled by the audience, she responds with a series of unique bows, compound curves, somewhat like a figure eight; beginning at the centre, or crossing of the loops, she bends forward, and rotates the head in an under sweep to the right, making one loop of the figure eight, and, reversing, forms the other loop. In this bent position, she remains swaying gently right and left, the shoulders, arms and neck being in a limp or relaxed condition, until the curtain falls. In case of delay, she repeats the compound bow in smaller circles, or loops. Her gestures are easy and natural, sometimes languid, as if it were easy and pleasant to live, yet life was of little moment, and wearied her.

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—Spanish. A loose robe *en train*, high heeled satin slippers, a long white Spanish lace scarf, a dagger (concealed) and an antique lamp, having a heavy wick saturated with alcohol.

The voice should change for the two characters; the one silvery and high, the other, low and heavy, and disguised so as to appear to come from another person near you.

TWO GOOD POINTS.

"Your aunt is coming, daughter dear, and I expect that you
Will always give her while she's here respect, as is her due.

"A trifle deaf she is, you know; near-sighted, too, I think;
But such defects with age must grow, and youth at them
should wink."

"I'm sure I'll like her very much;" joy filled the maiden's
tone.
"My aunt, I'm sure, will make me such a lovely chaperon!"

CLEOPATRA.

A Study from "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."—SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.—Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was driven from her throne, but re-established by Julius Cæsar, B. C. 47. Antony (triumvir of Rome, after the death of Julius Cæsar), captivated by her, repudiated his wife, to live with the fascinating Egyptian. After the battle of Actium, they were taken captive, and, with the spoils of war, were likely to suffer the humiliation and disgrace of being publicly exhibited in a triumphal march to Rome. To avoid this, and other indignities which might follow, he falls upon his sword and expires, and she ends her life by placing a poisonous asp to her bosom.

ACT V., SCENE II.

Cleopatra [*enter speaking*]. Now, Iras, what thinkst thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, | as well as I; mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, | shall
Uplift us | to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, | shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd | to drink their vapour.

Voice. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us | like wantons; and scald rhymers
Ballad us | out o' tune; the quick comedians |
Extemporally will stage us, | and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, | and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra | boy my greatness.

Voice. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain. [*Turn about.*] Now, Charmian,—

[*Enter Charmian.*]

(⌣) °Show me, my women, | like a °queen. Go fetch
My best attires; | I am again | for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: Sirrah, Iras, go.
°Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch °indeed:

And, when thou hast done *this* chǎre, | I'll give thee leave
To plāy | till doomsdāy. °Bring our crown | and all.
(\) °Wherefore's this noise?

[*Enter one of the Guard.*]

Guard [*disg. voice.*] Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. (\) °Let him come | °in. ₒHow poor an instrument [*Exit Guard.*]
ₒMay do a noble deed! (\)°he brings me °liberty.
(/) My resolution's °plac'd, and I have °nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to °foot |
ₒI am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon |
(/) ₒNo planet is | of mine.

[*Re-enter Guard, with a clown bringing a basket. Step forward and speak, as if some one entered; sigh.*]

Ah! Hast thou the pretty worm of (/) ₒNilus there, |
That kills and pains not?

Voice. Truly I have.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any (/) that have died °on't?

Voice. Very many.

[*Reach out, take something from the flower-stand, smile, and motion him to go.*]

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

[*Watch him out, then turn to Iras, the maid, who is supposed to be on the other side of you.* (¹)]

Cleo. Give me my robe, | put on my crown; (²) I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more,
The juice of Egypt's grape | shall moist this lip. (³)
Quick, good Iras; quick. [*asp.*] Methinks I hear
°Antony call; I see him °rouse himself
To °praise my noble act; I hear him mock |

(¹) In absence of a maid, have the cloak and crown near by, and put them on, as you proceed.
(²) Take up the robe and put it on.
(³) Put on the crown.

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after | °wrath. Husband, I come: (4)
Now to that name | my °courage | ₒprove my title!
I am fire and air; | my other elements
(⌒) ₒI give to baser life. °So,—have you done?
°Come, ₒthen, | and take the last warmth of my lips.
ₒFare°well, ₒkind Charmian; °Iras, ₒlong fare°well.
(5) [*Kiss them.*]
Come, mortal wretch, [*to the asp*]
With thy sharp teeth | this knot intrinsicate (6)
Of life | at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch.
Char. [*disg. v.*] O eastern star!
Cleo. ₒPeace, °peace! (7)
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
(*p.*) As sweet as balm, | as soft as air, | as gentle—
(8) ₒO °Antony! °Antony!

(4) Clasp hands upon the breast, with eyes to heaven.
(5) Stoop and kiss one of the maids, supposed to be kneeling before you; do this by putting down your hand, as if upon a head, bending forward, and letting your head rise and fall gently as if touching the forehead with your lips.
(6) Put the asp, or its substitute, into the bosom. Stand in heroic attitude, then sit upon the couch and gently recline. Be sure that the draperies fall artistically about you.
(7) Softly, with the hand raised as if to say "hush!"
(8) Pause, rising upon the elbow, and call "Antony, Antony," then fall back and expire.

Costume.—The costume for Cleopatra may be as gorgeous as your purse will allow; in Egyptian style, of course. Flesh-colored hose, gilt sandals, armlets, bracelets, necklace, crown, large ear pendants, and a coin head-dress (a covering made to fit the head and fall down to the shoulders, of gilt coins chained together; the front showing a row of them across the middle of the forehead, a most becoming and beautiful head-dress); a fall of long dark hair underneath to show off the coin by contrast, and a half open dress and embroidered cloak, *i. e.*, open half way to the knee on the left side. The cloak is fastened by circular gilt ornaments over each breast; the front and entire body is of cloth of gold, giving the appearance of a hammered metal cuirass, extending below the waist-line. A tiger skin with head complete thrown over the couch, adds to the effect. The make-up should serve to enhance your good points, and make you as beautiful as possible.

SPEECH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (LĬnk'on), the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and died at the hands of an assassin April 15, 1865. His ancestors were of English descent. September 22, 1862, he issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, in which it was declared that on the first day of January, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

INTRODUCTION TO LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

"On the 19th of November, 1863, the valley roads swarmed with thousands whose feet were pressing to the Cemetery Hill. Four months had not obliterated from the slopes of Round Top and the banks of the creek the traces of that terrible battle, to whose sacred memory these crowds came to do honor. America's greatest orator, Edward Everett, laid the burning words of his eloquence on the altar of dedication; and the solemn strains of a funeral dirge were borne on the air to the east and the west, bathing with their melting sorrow every hallowed spot where blood had been spilled. With tears, men gazed on the trampled and levelled graves and their shattered stones, and knelt uncovered, while in fervent prayer the blood-stained earth was reverently given back to God, for the free burial of His great and glorious army of martyrs.

"As Mr. Everett closed his eulogium, President Lincoln rose upon the platform, with intensest emotion beaming from every feature of his speaking countenance. Twelve hundred patriot graves, in tiers of crescent shape, nearly encircled him. Solemnly his eye glanced

over the long outstretched crests, on which had lately raged the storm of battle, and then turned to the audience."—*Abbot's "History of Civil War in America."*

An eyewitness adds:

"A fresh tide of feeling struggled in that great warm heart; the figure straightened taller than before, and, with a strong though tremulous voice, the President uttered the first sentence of his terse and unsurpassed address. The surrounding tens of thousands caught its sentiment, and rolled out their thunders of applause. In fuller tone came another great thought, and another response. Thus at each period, until that sentence was reached whose emphasis those who listened can never forget.

"It seemed as the actual offering of himself and that vast concourse of people, and, indeed, the millions over whom he presides, a sacrifice on the altar of country, of duty, of God. Every heart realized it as a solemn sincerity. But in none did it appear so personal, so sincere, as in the earnest and devoted chief magistrate who was addressing us."

The next day Edward Everett wrote to the President: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours, as you did in two minutes."

NOTE.—When about to recite this touching brief speech, if suitable as to place and time, give the audience an idea of the matter as herein stated, in order to bring all minds into unison and sympathy with the subject.

I TOLD YOU SO.

Why did you chide so bitterly,
  Your voice and eyes so full of woe?
You might have known how it would be;
    I told you so!

Ah, call me cruel if you will,
  'Tis what I should expect, I know;
I beg you to remember still,
    I told you so!

If you will love me to despair
  It is no fault of mine, you know;
I call it quite your own affair—
    I told you so!

And yet, why should you look so sad?
  Why should you take your hat and go?
You know I love you, foolish lad—
    I told you so!

THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG.

UPON NEWS OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Sung while "The tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea."—*Whittier.*

Oh, praise and tanks! De Lord He come
To set de people free;
And massa tink it day ob doom,
And we | oh jubilee.
(/) De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves, |
He jus' as 'trong as *den;*
(– –) He say de word: | (/) We las' night *slaves;*
°To-day | de Lord's *free* | *men.*

CHORUS.

(') De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear,
De driver | blow his horn.

Old massa on he trabbles gone;
(– –) He leab de lan' behind;
(/) De Lord's breff blow him °furder on,
°Like corn shuck in de wind.
(/) We ŏwn de hoe, (\) we own de plow,
(/) We own de han's dat °hold;
(– –) We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber *chile* | be sold.—*Chorus.*

(1) Keep the rhythmical accent, with a thought of dancing.

(– –) °We pray de Lord; ₀He gib us signs,
Dat °some₀day | (\) we be *free;*
(– –) De norf wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck | to de sea.
We tink it | when de *church bells* ring,
We (\) dream it | ₀in de dream;
De °rice-bird | (/) mean it when he sing,
De eagle | when he scream.—*Chorus.*

We know de promise nebber fail
And (\) nebber lie de word;
So like de 'postle's in de jail,
We waited for de Lord.
And now | He open ebery door
(⏑⏑) An' °trow away de *key;*
He tink we lub Him so before,
We lub Him *better* | *free.—Chorus.*

JUBILEE SONG.

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go!

Go down, Moses, way down into Egypt's land,
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go!
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go!

Go down, Moses, etc.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON LINCOLN.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Delivered when the catafalque bearing the remains of Abraham Lincoln was *en route* to Illinois, April, 1865.

THE nation rises up at every stage of his coming; cities and states are as pall-bearers, | and the cannon beats the hours in solemn progression; dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead, is Hampden dead? Is any man | that ever was fit to live | dead? Disenthralled from the flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the Infinite, | and will be fruitful | as no earthly life *can* be. Pass on! | Four years ago, oh, Illinois! | we took from your midst an untried man from among the people! Behold, we return him to you, | a mighty conqueror; | not thine any more | but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, | oh, ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent | his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads, | who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their patriotism! Ye winds, that move over the mighty spaces of the west, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr, whose drops of blood, like so many articulate words, | plead for *fidelity*, | for *law*, | for LIBERTY!

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the famous American preacher, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813, and died of cerebral apoplexy, in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was a man of medium height and full figure; his complexion florid, his hair rather long, and his face clean shaven; his eyes, a blue-gray, drooped in a marked degree at the outer angles; and his ample, bow-shaped mouth expressed great power and determination.

His voice was mellow and full; a deep baritone, with a sort of tremulo peculiar to himself; a tremulo both indescribable and inimitable, but expressive of deep feeling and of human sympathy. His inflections were American rather than English in type, the falling inflections predominating. As a speaker he was like one inspired. His sentences flowed easily, in an unbroken stream of eloquence; he never halted for a word, or for a better word. He never appeared solicitous as to his pronunciation, or rhetoric, or gesture; he spoke right on and on, as if the mighty truths, surging within him, must be born again in other minds, then and there. As if overwhelmed with the importance of his convictions, he sent them forth in glowing pictures, by metaphor, parable and story, with such power and force that they burned into the very souls of his hearers and became living entities forever.

His manner was simple, and free from the conceit and affectation usual to speakers of marked popularity. He never said "you sinners," but "we sinners;" and this generous, humane impulse endeared him to a multitude of people other than his church, which numbered six thousand members. No man of this century was more eloquent, or more universally beloved than was this great reformer and inspired preacher. Speak his words with a deep sentiment of patriotism, and with feeling born of sorrow and hope—sorrow for the dead hero, and hope for the nation.

DRESS.—Frock coat and vest (black), white turn down collar, and long gray hair brushed behind the ears.

A VISION OF WAR.

BY ROBERT INGERSOLL.

Extract from a speech delivered at the Soldiers' Reunion, Indianapolis, September 21, 1876.

THE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation — the music of boisterous drums, the silver notes of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeal of orators. We see the pale cheeks of the women, and the flushed faces of the men; and in these assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more.

We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places, with maidens they adore, to hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers, who hold them and press them to their hearts, again and again, || and say nothing. Kisses and tears and kisses. Divine mingling of agony and love.

And some | are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms, standing in the sunlight sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves, she answers by holding high in her living arms the child—and he is gone | forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand wild music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the "eternal right." We go with them, one and all; we are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches; we stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars; we are with them in ravines running with blood; and in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the breaches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow; we see the silver head of the old man bowed with his last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot, we hear the stroke of cruel whips, and we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers; cruelty unspeakable, outrage infinite! Four million bodies in chains; four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, child, trampled beneath the

brutal feet of Might; and all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us, and we hear the war, the shriek of bursting shell, the broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look: instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes, and firesides, and school-houses, and books; and where all was want, and crime, and cruelty, and fear, we see the faces of the FREE.

The heroes are dead. They died for *liberty;* they died for us; they are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free; under the flag they rendered stainless; under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars, they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead,

"*Cheers for the living, tears for the dead!*"

A Series of Tableaux Suggesting Others.

This wonderful specimen of eloquence is capable of a great number of powerful tableaux, picturing the horrors of war and the grateful blessing of arbitration and peace.

(1) "Farewell!"—the lovers; (2) "Good-bye!"—wife and babes; (3) "The Silent Parting,"—parents and sons; (4) "The Departure,"—raw recruits; (5) "Before the Battle,"—in line; (6) "After the Battle,"—the retreat; (7) "Stretchers and Lanterns,"—the hospital; (8) "Hungry and Naked,"—the prison; (9) "Alone by the Forest,"—the picket; (10) "News at Home,"—reading the lists; (11) "The War is Over,"—the regiment's return; (12) "Decoration Day."

CASSIUS TO BRUTUS.

From "JULIUS CÆSAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF LAWRENCE BARRETT.

ARGUMENT.—Cassius, instigator of the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar, incites Brutus to the assassination of the emperor by such arguments as are found in the text below; the avowed purpose being to freedom, and a better condition of the people.

ACT I., SCENE II.

Cassius. (1) Well, °hon$_{o}$or | is the subject | of my (2) sto-ry.
I cannot | tell what you | and (\)°other men |
(/) Think of this life; but, | for my single °self,
$_{o}$I had as lief not °*be*, | $_{o}$as live to be
In awe | of such a thing | as I | $_{o}$my°self.
(– –) I was $_{o}$born | as $_{o}$free as °Cæ$_{o}$sar; | $_{o}$so were °you:
(– –) We both have °fed $_{o}$as well; | and we can both
Endure the winter's (3) °cold, || $_{o}$as well | as he: ||
(/) For once, | upon a raw | and gusty day, |
(*stac.*) The troubled Tyber | chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, (– –) "°Dar'st thou, Cassius, | now,
Leap in | with *me* | into this angry flood, |
And swim | to yonder point?" (– –) °Upon the word
$_{o}$Ac (\) °coutred as I °was, | I °plung$_{o}$ed in, |
(/) And bade him | °foll$_{o}$low: (/) $_{o}$So, indeed, | °he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lus-ty sin-news, | (– –) throwing it aside |
And stemming it | with hearts of (\) °con | troversy.

(1) All through the text run sweeping inflections, up or down, wherever indicated and hold the "l."
(2) A crescendo over a syllable with a hyphen after it means to hold that syllable, and speak the next quickly.
(3) An octave.

But ere we could arrive | the point proposed,
Cæsar cried: (4) "*Help me, Cassius,* | *or I* °*sink.*"
I | as Æne-as, | our great (\) °ancestor, |
Did | from the flames of Troy, | upon his shoulder |
(/) The old Anchises °bear, (– –) so, | from the waves of Ty-ber, |
(– –) Did I | ₒthis | °*tired* || °Cæₒsar. And °this ₒman |
Is ₒnow *w* | become a °*god;* and Cassius | is
A (\)°wretched creature, | and must bend his °bodₒy *y* |
If °Cæₒsar *r* | carelessly but (\) °nod on him.
He had a (\) °fever | (– –) when he was in Spain,
And when *n* the fit was ₒon °him | I did mark |
(/) How he did °shake: | 'tis true, | (/) this god | did shake;
(*gut.*) His coward lips | did | from their (\) °colₒor ₒfly; |
And that same °eye || whose ben *nd* doth awe (/) the world, |
(/) Did lose his °lusₒtre: || I did hear him °groan *n.*
°Ay, | and that (\) °to*ng*ue of his, | that bade the Romans
(\)°Mark him | (– –) and write his speeches | in their books,
°Alas, | it cried | (5) "°*Give me some* °*drink* (\) *Titinius!*"
(*hĭ!*) (6)
(/) As a sick °girr *ll.* Ye gods | it doth ₒa°maze ₒme, ||
A man *n* of such a (\) °feeble °temper *r* | should
So (\) °get the start | of the ₒma°jesₒtic ₒworl *d* | (7)
(– –) ₒAnd bear the palm | ₒa°lone. (8)
[*Halt from angry pacing, and speak to Brutus, with voice of argument.*]
Why, man *n* | he doth bestride the narrow world |
(/) Like a co°losₒsus; | and we, petty men *n,* |

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(4) High, light voice.
(5) High, light voice.
(6) "Hĭ;" add this exclamation of disgust, but do not inspire from "Alas" to "girl," as a break of a second even spoils the effect.
(7) Run up an octave on "world," holding the "l."
(8) Pace up and down.

(– –) Walk under his huge legs, | and peep a°bout, |
(/) To find ourselves | ₒdis°honnorable | ₒgraves.
[*Approach close to Brutus, and, with toga wrapped across to opposite shoulder, speak confidentially backward to him.*]
ₒMenn | at sommetimme | ₒare mas-ters | of their fates:
The °fault, | dear Bru-tus, | is (/)ₒnot in our °stars, | (⁹)
ₒBut in ₒour°selves, (¹⁰) || ₒthat we are underlings.
°Brutus | and ₒCæsar: | ₒWhat should be in that | °Cæsar?
Why should °that ₒname | (/) be sounded | more than °yours?
ₒWrite them to°gether, | ₒyours is as fair a (/) name:
°Sound them, | (/) it doth become the mouth | ₒas well;
(¹¹)°Weigh them, | °it is as ₒheav°y; °conjure with them, |
(¹²) ₒBrutus will start a spirit | (/) as soon as °Cæ₀sar.
(*gut.*) Noww, | in the name of °all the gods at once, |
(*gut.*) °Upon what °*meat* || doth this our °Cæsar ₒfeed,
ₒThat he is grown | so | great? || (¹³) °Age, | ₒthou art shamed;
(¹⁴) °Romme, | (/)ₒthou hast lost the °breed | ₒof °noₒble ₒbloods!
(/) When went there by an age, | (/) since the great flood, |
ₒBut it was fammed | with more than with °onne ₒman!
°Whenn | could they say till °now, | that talked of °Romme,
(¹⁵) ₒThat her wide walks ennompassed but °onne man?
(⏑⏑) Oh! you and I | have heard our fathers ₒsay, |
(/) There was a Brutus once, | (*gut.*) °that would have brooked

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(⁹) Hand to the sky.
(¹⁰) Strike the breast on "selves."
(¹¹) Balance with the hands.
(¹²) R. H. V. descend oblique.
(¹³) R. H. aloft, descend on "shamed."
(¹⁴) B. H. horizontal oblique, palms up. Reverse palms at "lost," and move to H.; ex. on "breed."
(¹⁵) B. H. extended; change R. H. front, L. H. to bosom, or on sword hilt.

The eternal °°*dĕv-il* || °°to keep his state in Romme |
₀As °°eas₀i°ly || ₀as a ' ₀₀king ! (16)

[*Exit.*]

(16) R. H. aloft on "devil" (clinched hand), bring it down on "easily," and push it from you (with palm vertical) on "king." March off with long strides, in a state of intense excitement.

NOTE.—Where extra "l's," "m's," etc., are added, and printed in italics, hold them long enough to sound them separately, although they are produced as one continuous sound.

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LAWRENCE BARRETT, an American actor of well-deserved popularity, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, April 4, 1838. He is to Cassius what Edwin Booth is to Hamlet, an ideal. It is a question whether they ever have been or ever can be surpassed. Entirely devoted to his profession, he has won his way, not at a bound, but by steady, persistent effort, to the high position he now occupies. Industrious, studious, conscientious and reliable, he is esteemed equally as a man and as an artist.

His manner on the stage is dignified and forceful, perhaps severe, but, strictly speaking, hardly graceful; a superior, intelligent Roman, but never a Greek. Helmet and shield are borne by him as if he had been bred and nurtured in the old days of Roman glory; as if he would rather sleep on his sword in camp, than at home in bed; hence his Cassius is superb. Pride, ambition and scorn ever clank in his mailed tread. When he plants his feet and sways from side to side, in an ague of excitement, you are sure, if near enough, you could feel his burning breath hot upon your cheek.

His peculiarities are: Holding final consonants; marked, sudden transitions in pitch, as indicated in the text; and carrying long passages without pausing to breathe. The latter feature adds greatly to the intensity of his climaxes, and gives the appearance of choleric passion.

COSTUME.—A Roman toga, white, with red border, reaching to the feet; sandal-boots which lace up in front, leaving the toes free [see chapter on Foot-Gear]; a wig of short, crisp gray hair, and no beard whatever. The make-up calls for deep-set eyes, hollow cheeks and pale face. To produce the effect of the "lean and hungry look" attributed to him by Cæsar, whiten the forehead or, with flesh-colored wig-paint, blend on the wig across the middle of the forehead; whiten the cheek-bones and the edge of the jaw; lay a shadow of brown about the eyes, in the hollows of the cheeks, and down the cords of the bare neck. If the arms are round and fair, follow and outline the muscles, leaving the swell white or light in color, like the forehead. Some complexions are dark enough for the shadows, and only need the high lights, leaving the rest of the face clean.

BRUTUS'S ADDRESS.

From "JULIUS CÆSAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF E. L. DAVENPORT.

ARGUMENT.—Marcus Brutus is a Roman conspirator. Having slain Cæsar as, in the cause of freedom, he believed to be right, Brutus appears before the excited multitude to justify the act and appease their wrath.

ACT III., SCENE II.—The Forum, after the death of Cæsar.

Brutus. Romans, | countrymen, | and lovers! || (\) °hear me | ₒfor my °cause, ₒand, °°BE SILENT, || that ₒyou °may ₒhear. || Believe me for mine °honor; and have ₒre°spect to (/) ₒmine honor, | that you may ₒbe°lieve. || Censure me in your °wisdom; | and awake (/) your °senses, | ₒthat you may the °better | ₒjudge. (--) If there be any in this assembly, | any dear friend of Cæsar's, | ₒto °him ₒI say, | (/) ₒthat Brutus' love to Cæsar | was no less | than *his*. (\) °If, then, | that friend demand | (--) °why Brutus rose *against* Cæsar, | ₒthis | is my answer, | (\) °Not that I loved | °Cæ₀sar °less, | ₒbut that I loved (/) Rome | (\) °more. (--) ₒHad you rather Cæsar were (/) ₒliv°ing, | and die all slaves, | (--) than that Cæsar were dead, | (/) to ₒlive (\) °all | ₒfree °men? (¹) ₒAs Cæsar loved °me, | ₒI °weep ₒfor him; (²) as he was (/) ₒfortunate, | (--) ₒI rejoice at it; (³) as he was valiant, | ₒI °honor him: ₒbut, | °as he was ₒam°bi₀tious, | (--) ₒI slew him. There is tears | for his love; °joy | ₒfor his (/) fortune; °°honor | ₒfor his °°valor; ₒand ₒ₀death, | (--) for his ambition.

(¹, ², ³) Begin low, and make each sentence higher than the one before.

(\) Who is here so base, | that would be a (\) °bond˳man? If any | speak; | for (/) ˳him, | have I ˳of°fend˳ed. (--) Who is here so rude, | (/) that would not be | ˳a (\) °Roman? °If (/) ˳any, | speak; | ˳for °him | (--) ˳have I offended. (\) °Who is here so vile (⁴) | that will not (\) °love his country? °If any, | ˳speak; (--) for him | have I (\) °offended. || ˳I °pause | ˳for a reply.

(⁴) Hold "I" and run up the scale in tremor, or tremulous voice.

EDWARD LOOMIS DAVENPORT, an American actor of marked ability was born in Boston, Nov. 15, 1814, and died at Canton, Pa., Sept. 1, 1877. Some one has said: "Had he not been so good, he had been a great actor," for he did many things so admirably, that he identified himself with none. He is known as the finest Brutus of the century; and required little more than toga and sandals to transform him into a veritable Roman senator of the olden time. Sober and thoughtful, he carried himself with dignity and grace; and, best of all, he was never guilty of that common yet unpardonable fault of playing to the audience. He confined himself to the stage and to the people on the stage, as all great actors do.

To copy his Brutus you must walk well; take long, measured steps, and never hurry, or become excited. That becomes Cassius, but not Brutus. Keep before you the object he had in addressing the people, viz., to reconcile them to the death of Cæsar. Be earnest, conciliatory, and at the same time argumentative in tone and manner.

COSTUME —(See Cassius, page 128.) A Roman toga, sandals and sword, and short dark hair.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER, REST!*

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

There was a Russian | came over the sea,
Just when the war was raging hot,
And his name it was | (1) "Tja-lĭk-ä-väk′-ä-ree—
Kär-ĭn-dō-brŏl′-ĭ-kăun-ähn′-dä-rŏt—
Shĭb′-kä-dĭ-rō-vä—
(2) Iv′-är-dĭtz-stō-vä—
Săn-ä-lĭk—
Dăn-er-ĭk—
Văr-ä-gōb-hŏt."

A Turk | was standing upon the shore |
Right where the terrible Russian crossed;
And he cried, | "Bis-mil′läh! I'm Ab El Kor—
Băz′-ä-rou-kĭl′-gō-nau-tŏs′-gō-brŏss—
Gĕt′-fĭn-prä-vä′-dĭ—
Klĭ′-gē-kōs-läd′-jĭ—
Grĭ-vĭ′-nō—
Blĭ-vĭ′-dō—
Jĕn′-ĭ-kō-dŏsk′!"

So they stood, | like brave men, | long | and well; |
And they called each other || their proper names,
Till the lockjaw | seized them, | and where they fell,
They buried them | both; | by the river, the beautiful river; the "Ir-dosh-o-lä′-mēs—
Kä-lä-tä-lŭst-chŭk—
Mĭsch-tăr-ĭ-bŭst-up—
Bŭl-găr-ĭ—
Dŭl-băr-ĭ—
Säghhär-ĭm-āinz."

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* Recite it glibly, but not too fast.
(1) "Tja" is pronounced "*yah*."
(2) "Iv" is pronounced "*eev*."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A STUDY OF MME. ADELAIDE RISTORI.

ARGUMENT.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, was haughty and imperious. She loved the Earl of Essex, and gave him a ring, saying: "Here, from my finger take this ring, a pledge of mercy; and whensoever you send it back, I swear that I will grant whatever boon you ask." She afterward was induced by his enemies to sign his death warrant, expecting to reprieve him upon the return of the ring. It was intercepted, until too late to save him. Her couriers rode in vain, whereupon she fell into a frenzy of rage, grief, and remorse, and, driving every one from her presence, gave herself up to the darkest despair.

(*p.*) ([1]) Morto! ma prima che tramonti il sole |
Mŏr'tō! mä prē'mä kä trä mŏn'tē ēl sō'lā

tuonera un altra volta il bronzo fatale.
twōn'ā rä un al'trä vōl'tä ēl brōn'zō fä tä'lā.

[*Revengefully.*] Io ho bisogno d'avere | fra le mani | la
ēō ō bē zōn'yō dä vā'rā frä lā mä'nē lä

testa del Duca di Nottingam.
tās'tä dĕl Dū'cä dē Nŏt'ting ham.

(*p.*) Roberto non a più! Il solo uomo che
Rō bĕr'tō nŏn ä pēoo! ēl sō'lō wō'mō kā

[*Tremulously.*] ho veramente amato, | [*weeps*] e sono *io* | che
ō vā räh mān'tā ämä'tō, ä sō'nō ēō kā

l'uccisi. [*Remorsefully.*] E nessuno ha detta una
lū chē'sē. ā nās sū'nō ä dät'tä ūnä

parola per calmarmi, | tutti l'odiavano.
pärō'lä pĕr kăl mär'mē, tüt'tē lō dē äv'ä nō.

[*Proudly.*] E non era degno nessuno di baciare
ā nŏn ē'rä dān'yō nās sū'nō dē bä che ä'rā

([1]) The pronunciation of the Italian text, as nearly as possible, is given in alternate lines, and smaller type. Trill the *r's*, and give double time to double consonants, as "ca val'lo," "tut'ti."

la polvere sollevàta del suo cavàllo in
lä pōl'vā rä sō lä vä'tä děl süō cä väl'lō ēn

un giorno di battaglia. [*To Bacon.*]
ün gē ōr'nō (²) dē bät tal'yä.

[*Scornfully.*] Et tù, | vilè, | miserabilè, | *tu* eri un nullà, |
ä too, vēlä, mē sä rä'bē lä, tü ä'rē ün nül'lä,

e il devi solo a *Robèrto*, | se sei divenuto
ä ēl dā'vē sō'lō ä Rō běr'tō, sä säē dē vä nü'tō

qualche cosà, | a lúi devi gli onóri di cui
kwäl'kā cō'sä, ä lwē dā'vē lee ō nō'rē dē kwē

ti ho colmato. Egli che generoso ti ha redento
tē ō kōl mä'tō. ā'lē kā gĕn ĕr ō'sō tē ä rā dān'tō

alla vergogna de tuoi debíti, | dovera contare
äl'lä vär gŏn'yä dā twōē dā'bē tē, dō vā'rä kōn tä'rā

su tè, | e tù non l'hai difesò. Era tuo
soo tā, ä too nŏn lä ē dē fā'zō. ä'rä twō

sacro dovere disputar la di lui víta anche
sä'krō dō vā'rā dēs'pootär lä dē lwē vē'tä än'kā

contro di *mè*, | si contro di *mè*. Ricordarmi
kōn'trō dē mā, sē kōn'trō dē mā. rē kŏr där'mē

l'Irlanda da lui sottomessà, Cadice con-
leer län'dä dä lwē sōt tō mās'sä, kä'dē chā kōn-

quistata in mezzo alle fiammè. Dovevi
kwēs tä'tä ēn māt'zō äl'lā fē äm'mā. dō vä'vē

squarciare la sua corazza, | contare le sue
sqwär chē ä'rā lä swä kōr ät'zä, kōn tä'rā lā swā

ferite, | offrirmele a riscatto della di lui
fā rē'tā, offrēr'mā lā ä rēs kät'to dāl'lä dē lwē

colpa, | dovevi lottare contro mè, | si contro
kōl'pä, dō vä'vē lōt tä'rā kōn'trō mā, sē kōn trō

(²) "G" as in "go."

mè | per il bene dell' Inghilterra.
mā pār ēl bānā dāl ceng cel tār'rā.

Ma *tu* | preferisti guidare la mano dei
mä too prā fār ēst'ē gwē dä'rā lä mä'nō dāē

giudici quando *sottoscrissero*, | e la °mia
jew'dē chē kwän'dō sōt tō scrēs'sä rō, ā lä mēä

quando *confermài* | la fatale sentenza.
kwän'dō kōn fār mä'ē lä fä tä'lā sān tān'zä.

Oh! che tu sia maledetto! | (³)al pari di *Caino*.
ō! kā too sēä mäl ā dāt'tō! äl pä'rē dē kä ē'nō.

[*Disgustedly.*] °Vattene! | °°Vattene! || tu mi fai orrore!
vät'ta nā! vät'tā nā! too mē fāē or rō'rā

[*Proudly.*] °Uscite! || Uscite *tutti!* || ₒLo *voglio!* ||
oo shē'tā! oo shē'tā! toot'tē lō vōl'yō!

[*Points to the door until they all pass out.*]

[*Remorsefully.*] Sola! Sola! (\) in un [*horror*] lago di sangue!
sō lä! sō lä! ēn con lä'gō dē sän'gwā!

[*With grief.*] ₒSola! °Sola! ₒcoi remorsi, e con Dio!
sō'lä! sō'lä! kē ē rä mor'sē, ā kōn Dē'ō!

[*Falls upon her knees sobbing.*]

TRANSLATION.

Burleigh. He is no more!

Elizabeth. Dead! dead! but before the sun sets the fatal bronze shall tell once more. I must grasp within mine own hands the head of the Duke of Nottingham! Robert is no more! The only man I ever really loved—and *I* have killed him! No one said one word to appease my wrath—they all hated him. And yet not one of them was worthy to kiss the dust raised by his charger's hoofs on a day of battle. [*To Bacon.*] And *you*, vile, miserable wretch, *you* who owe all the advantages you enjoy

(³) Mäl ā dāt'tō; repeat the word twice.

to his kindness and generosity—nay even the honors *I* have conferred upon you came through his influence. Had he not, therefore, a sacred claim upon you for assistance in the hour of trial? It was his hand that snatched you out of the vortex of degradation and misery into which your debts had dragged you. It was your duty to have opposed my sovereign will; yes, *my will*, to save his life. You should have reminded me of Ireland subjugated by him; of the conquest of Cadiz, and its conflagration. You should have torn off his breastplate and counted his wounds one by one, and offered them as ransoms, each a trophy of his glorious deeds, and a demand upon my clemency. You should have disputed my authority — anything — rather than sacrifice a life so valuable to the welfare of England. But no! You chose rather to guide the hand that signed that fatal death-warrant—and—*mine* sealed it. May the curse of Cain be upon you! Begone! Out of my sight! Begone, every one of you! I command it! [*All retire.*] Alone, alone, in a lake of blood!

Alone with my *remorse* and my *God.* [*Falls upon her knees in great agitation.*]

ADELAIDE RISTORI, the world-renowned Italian actress, was born in 1826, in the small Venetian city of Cividale del Friuli. Her parents, Antonio Ristori and Maddelena Pomatelli, were players in a strolling company, and very poor. The child was brought upon the stage in a basket, when she was only two months old, and began to enact juvenile parts when four years old. From this early beginning she won her way to the zenith of earthly fame, and glory; and amidst a race of artists long descended, and a people hypercritical in matters of art, she stands to-day without a peer, the greatest living actress, the queen of tragedy.

In appearance, she is of medium size, well rounded figure, and still beautiful. Her expression is noble, her action natural, and the spectator is swept along in full sympathy with her, in every phase of joy and sorrow, hope and despair.

COSTUME.—A robe of rich brocaded silk; a full, long, plain skirt, worn over hoops; a bodice pointed front and back, the top of the bodice made of pale pink satin, and surmounted by a large frill, then in vogue, and since well known as the Elizabethan collar; a girdle with a chain or pendant hanging to the feet, set with precious stones; a head-dress of pearls, over a light auburn wig, and slippers to match the dress.

RENDITION.—Breathe fast and heavy; voice sometimes aspirate, sometimes half guttural; hand to the heart, eyes wide open, and now and then turned upward in the sockets.

MARY STUART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ANDRÉ MAFFEI.

ACT III., SCENE IV.—Park at Fotheringay. [Enter Mary, sister to Queen Elizabeth, speaking to herself.]

Mary. Be it so! I will even undergo this last degree of ignominy! My soul discards its noble, but, alas, impotent pride! I will seek to forget who I am, and what | I have suffered, | and will humble myself before °her | ₒwho has caused my disgrace. [*Turn to Eliz., step forward, and hold out both hands beseechingly.*]

(⏑⏑) °Heaven, (/) oh, sister, has declared itself on °*thy* ₒside, and has graced thy happy head | (/) with the crown of °victory. I worship the Deity | [*kneeling*] who hath rendered thee | (\) so powerful; °but show thyself great | ₒand °noble ₒin thy triumph, and (\) leave me | not | overwhelmed by my shame! [*Reach out both hands.*] Open thy arms—extend in mercy to me | thy royal hand—and raise me | from my fearful fall!

Voice. Thy place, oh, Stuart, is there! at my feet!

Mary [*with increased emotion and wringing the hands*]. (⏑⏑) °Oh, think on the vicissitudes of (\) °all things human! ₒThere is a God above who punisheth pride! °Respect ₒoh, Queen, the Providence who now doth prostrate me | at *thy* feet! [*Shoulders and eyes upward, hands clasped to heart.*] (⏑⏑) °Oh, God of Heaven! (⏑⏑) (*q.*) °Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, endeavors to cling! [*Lean forward, swaying in circles.*] My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words ₒand the power of my tears! Inspire my heart—(\) teach

me to move, | to touch thine own! [*Shrink back and shiver. Voice tremulous and full of tears.*] Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me; my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. [*Rises.*]

Voice [*haughtily and coldly*]. What | wouldst thou (\) say to me?

Mary. How can I express myself, | how shall I so choose my °every word that it may penetrate, without irritating thy heart? Aid Thou my lips, oh, God of mercy, and banish from them everything that may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes, without appearing | to accuse *thee*, | and this is not my wish. Toward me | thou hast been neither merciful | nor just. I am thine °equal, | and yet thou hast made a (\) prisoner of me! A suppliant and a fugitive | I turned to thee for aid; and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast cruelly deprived me of my servants and my faithful friends; thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and, finally, exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! ₒBut no more | of the past. We are now °face to face! Display thy heart! °Tell me the crimes of which I am accused. Ah! wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience | when I so eagerly desired to see thee? It would have spared me °years of misery; and this sad, painful interview | ₒwould never have occurred | in this abode of gloom and horror!

Voice. The blow was aimed at my head, but 'tis on *thine* that it will fall.

Mary. I am in the hand of God! but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing so atrocious a deed!

Voice. No! there can be no friendship with a race of *vipers!*

Mary [*slowly*]. Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an

enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne, as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made of me | thy sister | ₒand thy friend!

Voice. Heiress to my throne? Insidious treachery!

Mary. Reign on | in peace! I renounce all right unto thy sceptre! The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me! 'Tis thou | who hast it all! I am now but the shade of Mary Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains! Thou hast now put my spirit to its last test! Thou hast nipped my existence in its bud! Now, hold! Pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou camest hither—for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the °base delight (/) of insulting thy ₒvictim! (\) Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou has only known my power; thou shalt now know | my greatness!" Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, sublime, like to an invoked Deity. °Oh, sister! not for all England, not for all the lands that the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to *thee* ₒwith the in°exorable aspect | with which thou now regardest *me*!

Voice. Thou murderest thy husbands.

Mary [*shuddering*]. Oh, heavens! °sister—grant me ₒresignation!

Voice. Is this the reigning beauty of the universe?

Mary. Ah! 'tis too much! [*Impatiently.*]

Voice. Ay, now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask!

Mary [*with dignified pride*]. They were human errors that overcame me in my youth; my grandeur | dazzled me. I have naught to conceal, | nor deny my faults. My pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did | is known, and I may boast myself far better | than my reputation. But woe to thee, hypo-

crîte, if ever thou lettest fall the virgin mantle beneath which thou concealest thine own shameless love! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue, and well we know what brought thy mother to the fatal block!

Voice. Is this thy humility, thy endurance?

Mary [*loudly*]. Endurance! I have endured all that 'tis in the power of mortal heart to bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, thou who gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance, arm thou my tongue with [*guttural*] poisonous stings! °°The throne of England is °*profaned* by thee! The British nation is duped by a vile *pretender!* Thou art false and painted, °°heart as well as face! Did but *right* prevail, thou wouldst now be grovelling at my feet,—for 'tis *I* who am THY sovereign! [*Elizabeth hastily retires.*]

[*Still violently excited.*] She departs, burning with rage and with the bitterness of death at heart! How happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence! At last! at last! after long years of insult and contumely,* I have at least enjoyed °one hour of triumph ₀and revenge! [*Exit hastily.*]

COSTUME. — Satin or brocade silk, with long full skirt; high bodice, pointed back and front; sleeves open and hanging half way to the ground; close, puffed or plain, undersleeves, having deep lace cuffs on the outside; Elizabethan head-dress and full ruff; rosary and crucifix; as the scene is in the open air, a hat and cloak may be added to the outfit, if desired.

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* Con'tu me ly.

JAKEY AND OLD JACOB.

Jakey crept up and sat down by his mother's side, as she was looking out of the window, yesterday morning. After a few minutes of silence he broke out with:

Jakey. ‡ °Ma, ain't pa's name Jacob?

Mrs. W. ₀Yes, Jakey!

Jakey. ‡ °If I was called young Jacob, he'd be called *old* Jacob, wouldn't he?

Mrs. W. (/) ₀Yes, my dear, | what makes you ask?

Jakey. ‡ °Nothing, only I °heard something about him (/) ₀last night.

Mrs. W. suddenly became interested.

Mrs. W. What was it, my son?

Jakey. ‡ °Oh, nothing much, something the new Sunday school teacher said.

Mrs. W. ₀You oughtn't to have anything your °mother doesn't know, | Jakey.

Jakey. ‡ °Well, | if you must go poking into *everything* | ₀I'll °tell ₀you. °The new Sunday school teacher says to me, "What's your name, my little man?" An' when I said, "Jacob," he asked me if I ever heard of old Jacob, | an' I thought that was °pa's name, | so I told him | ₀I guess I °had; but I'd like to hear | what *he* had to say about him. An' he said old Jacob | used to be a little boy once | just like me, an' had bean-shooters, | an' | stilts, | an' used to play hookey an' get licked, | an' used to tend cattle—

Mrs. W. Yes, I believe he said | his father used to keep a cow.

Jakey. ‡ An' he hogged his brother out of something or other, | an' | he got struck with a young woman | named

Rachel—an' was goin' | to °marry ₒher, | but her dad fooled him | an' made him marry his other girl; | but pa said | he guessed °*he* wasn't nobody's fool, an' so he jùst married °both of 'em—

Mrs. W. [*excitedly*]. ♯ °*The wretch!*

Jakey. ♯ An' he said old Jacob | had a dozen or two °children | an'—

Mrs. W. [*rising*]. ♯ °Did I marry him for this!

Jakey. ♯ ₒI'm sure (\) °I don't know what you °married ₒhim °for, | but you won't ketch me tellin' you anything a°g'in, | ₒif you're goin' to make such a °row about it; (/) I kin tell you °that!

When Mr. W. came home, he met Mrs. W. in the hall, with a very red face. She pointed her finger at him and screamed:

Mrs. W. [*point to door*]. ♯ °Villain! Can you look your innocent wife | and infant son in the face?

Mr. W. stared hard at Mrs. W.

Mrs. W. ♯ (\) °I know where you | go, | sir, | when you stay away from home! I've °heard | the story of your °perfidy! Can you tell me how ‖ [*snap it out*] Rachel | and the *other* woman are to-day?

Mr. W. [*surprised*]. (/) ₒI don't know what you °mean.

Mrs. W. [*weeping*]. ♯ °I always °knew | something like this | would occur. | °Perhaps you can tell me | how the | the— | the— | *children* | are. [*Sobbing.*] Oh, why did I ever leave my father's house. [*Wring the hands and sway to and fro.*] Oh, why did I ever leave my father's house! °Jakey, | my °boy, | come here | to your mother. °Oh, oh! Jakey, | Jakey, we shall be very | °poor, | and we shan't have (/) anything to eat. Oh, Jakey, Jakey, why was I ever | born | to come | to this! [*Walk up and down.*]

[*Enter a neighbor; Mrs. W. runs to her, exclaiming.*] Oh, Mrs. Lewis, | I'm *so* glad you've come. I'm the most °miserable woman | in all the world! [*Cry.*] My husband

(*q.*) is a villain! ‖ [*Cry.*] It's all very well | for you to tell me | to be philo°soph˳i°cal, | but [*hysterically with handkerchief to eyes*] I °can't—oh, I can't, I can't! [*Stamp and sit abruptly.*] I never yet saw a man | with a mole on his nose | who didn't, sooner or later, prove to be a RASCAL!

Toward evening Jakey was sitting on the steps, when the Sunday school teacher chanced to pass by, and Jakey hailed him:

Jakey. ‖ °Say, mister, I told my °mother | what you told me about old Jacob, and there has been the old °scratch to pay | ever since. Ma called pa a villain | and a bloody thief, | and tried to break her back on the sofa, | and said there wouldn't be anything to eat, and there ain't been such a time in our house | since pa offered to kiss Aunt Jane °good˳bye. Mebbe you'd better drop in and °see ˳her, | mister; ‖ but she ain't so bad as she °was!

He was finally persuaded to enter the house.

Mrs. W. [*tearfully*]. °I °thank ˳you | for tellin' me of my husband's °perfidy!

S. S. T. Perfidy, your husband! I haven't said a word about your husband!

Mrs. W. °Oh, yes, you °have. You told my poor boy, Jakey, and he came straight home | and told me all about it, | Jakey did.

S. S. T. I don't know what you °mean! I told Jakey | what, | when, | where?

Mrs. W. °Oh, you told Jakey | that his father, old Jacob, had two—°°*two wives.*

S. S. T. Old Jacob, | *two wives!* Oh, dear me, that was the *patriarch* Jacob, the Bible Jacob, that I was telling the boys about in Sunday school. I don't (\) °*know* your husband; never saw him in my life, and I didn't know his name was Jacob!

Mrs. W. started right off to find her husband, and aston-

ished him again | by throwing her arms about his neck and sobbing hysterically.

Mrs. W. ⁑ °Oh, you dear | good | soul! Can you °ever °for°give me? I've been such a | °fool! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

And Mrs. W. would be perfectly happy | if she could only shut Mrs. Lewis's ‖ mouth.

LARGE AND SMALL BOSSES.

Chief Clerk [*to head of establishment*]. Good morning, Mr. Largewealth.

Head of Establishment. Good morning, Mr. Smith.

Second Chief Clerk [*to chief clerk*]. Good morning, Mr. Smith; pleasant morning.

Chief Clerk. Morning, Brown.

Ordinary Clerk [*to second chief clerk*]. Good morning, Mr. Brown. Glad to see you looking so well this morning, sir.

Second Chief Clerk. Ya'as. Hang up my coat, Jones.

Office Boy [*to ordinary clerk*]. Good morning, Mr. Jones. Can I do anything for you this morning, sir?

Ordinary Clerk. Hustle round lively now, and get things in shape. You ain't worth the powder to blow you up.

Negro Porter [*to office boy*]. Good mawnin', James. How is your health this mawnin'?

Office Boy. Come, you black nigger, get down stairs and sweep out the basement, or I'll report you.

The negro porter then goes down stairs and abuses the cat.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY O. E. MELICHAR.

PROLOGUE.

"We've laid so long we're getting dusty,
For want of use our leaves are musty;
We're never read, we're only kept for looks,"
Was the gossip carried on among the library books.

"What say you, brothers, since we're so seldom used.
That we a story tell, each other to amuse?
The plot and title from our names we'll take,
Which, put together, shall our story make.
No mixing up of authors, for that is wrong,
But in *strict rotation* each shall come along."

To Dickens' works the lot it fell
To give the title, and commence as well;
All being ready, Dickens' works began,
And while the others listened, thus the story ran.

"IN *Hard Times* one cannot have *Great Expectations*," were the remarks made by *David Copperfield*, as he sat reading *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* in *The Pickwick Papers* at *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, which was a *Bleak House* on a side street, and therefore *No Thoroughfare*. His room was indeed an *Old Curiosity Shop*. *Master Humphrey's Clock* stood in one corner, *Somebody's Luggage* in another, while *Sketches by Boz* and a few odd *Pictures from Italy* decorated the walls. His fellow-lodger, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, reclined on the bed, drawing *Sketches of Young*

Couples for *The Mudfog Papers*, to which he was a contributor. *The Cricket on the Hearth* was singing a sort of *A Christmas Carol*, as if to cheer *The Uncommercial Traveler* through *The Battle of Life*. He was indeed *A Haunted Man;* as he heard *The Chimes*, his memory wandered back to *Tom Tiddler's Ground* at *Mugby Junction*, where he and his friend *Barnaby Rudge* first met *Little Dorrit*, who was introduced by *Oliver Twist*, whom she termed *Our Mutual Friend*. Well did he remember the spot, an inn kept by *Dombey & Son*. 'Twas *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*.

Pleasant indeed were the recollections of how with her he had gathered *Fallen Leaves*, played *Hide and Seek*, and how *After Dark* he had frightened her and *Poor Miss Finch* by telling of a *Dead Secret* of a *Woman in White*, who wore a *Black Robe* and a *Yellow Mask*, and came from *The Frozen Deep*, and inhabited *The Haunted Hotel* at *Armadale*, and was supposed to be *Jezebel's Daughter*, but was called by neighbors *The New Magdalen;* and how after the *Duel in Herne Wood*, near *The Moonstone*, a spirit with *Magic Spectacles* was seen and heard to cry out, *Who Killed Zebedee?* 'Twas *A Shocking Story* with *No Name*, so he applied that of *The Captain's Last Love* to illustrate the end of *A Rogue's Life*. As she intently listened how he wished they were *Man and Wife*, for he thought her *The Queen of Hearts*. But who could have foretold *The Two Destinies?* He was poor, while *My Lady's Money* was counted by thousands.

Her eyes were brilliant as *Sunrise*. She was *In Silk Attire*. *The Three Feathers* in her bonnet and the *Madcap Violet* on her bosom made her more beautiful than the *Princess of Thule*. She lacked only *White Wings* to be in his eyes an angel; in fact, she would have captivated *The Monarch of Mincing Lane*.

He had been a *Wandering Heir*, a *Jack of all Trades;* but *Put Yourself in his Place*, and you would have been the

same. He had been *A Woman Hater* until he first met her whose words, *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, were engraven in his heart. To him it had been *A Terrible Temptation* to tell *White Lies* that he might gain her. To have said that he possessed *Hard Cash* would have been *Foul Play*. He was not such *A Simpleton* to risk the chances of *The Jilt*. He had led a roving life; but *'Tis Never too Late to Mend*, was his motto.

Six Years Later, Three Strong Men, Captain Paul, Count of Monte Cristo, and *The Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, who was no other than our hero, sat gambling for *The Queen's Necklace*, which they together had captured from *Joseph Balsamo, The Watchmaker* to *The Countess de Charny*. 'Twas they who were *The Conspirators*, who with the aid of *Doctor Basiliris* and *The Russian Gypsy*, known as *The Black Tulip*, who was one of *The Mohicans of Paris*, had caused to be set aside *The Marriage Verdict* in the love affair between *Chicot, the Jester* and *Isabel of Bavaria* who, however, *Twenty Years After*, became the wife of *The Page of the Duke of Savoy. Catherine Blum, The Regent's Daughter*, hearing of the loss of the jewel, dispatched *The Twin Lieutenants* with *45 Guardsmen* to recover it. Having located it correctly, they stationed *3 Guardsmen* outside, and then, like *Birds of Prey*, made a descent on the gamblers, who were now *Put to the Test*. Taking advantage of *The Shadow in the Corner*, our hero alone escaped. What *A Strange World* thought he; but I will fight *Just As I Am, To the Bitter End*, for I am *Bound to Join Company* with her again, even if I have to show *The Cloven Foot* to accomplish it. Yet she was *Only a Woman;* but he would never be *Lost for Love* if he could but reach her; he was wealthy now, his sister *Charlotte's Inheritance* having fallen to him.

It was *A Christian's Mistake. Studies from Life* had been to him as *Sermons out of Church;* there was *Nothing New;* he was now *A Hero;* in all his battles it had been *A Life*

for a Life; he would return now and be *The Head of the Family*, marry the *Brave Lady* of his choice, and lead *A Noble Life. Mother and I* will be happy when we again meet at the *Laurel Bush* where we parted, and sister *Hannah*, who has just received *A Legacy*, and who is going to be married to *John Halifax, Gentleman*, will welcome me with open arms. *The Two Marriages* shall take place together, and in *The Two Homes, Mistress and Maid* will both be merry. *Young Mrs. Jardine, The Italian's Daughter*, who by the way is *Motherless*, is coming with *Cousin from India* to *The Happy Isles*, and will be in time to see *Squire Arden* in *May* tie the knot *For Love and Life.* Dorrit and I will go to Paris, and the world may deem us *The Fugitives*, but I care not. *The Greatest Heiress in England* or even *The Queen* is not lovelier than she, whom I have taken *In Trust.*

Years after, strangers passing along *Primrose Path* have noticed *An Odd Couple* living at *No. 3 Grove Road;* together they are known as the *Orphans;* separately the woman is called *Madonna Mary*, and the man *The Wandering Jew;* in fact, they are one of *The Mysteries of Paris.* Years ago, some say, the man was none other than *Arthur, The Commander of Malta*, and was *The Court Conspirator*, who escaped with *The Toilers of the Sea. The History of a Crime* in regard to a stolen necklace is also related of the man by *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and is vouched for by *Jean Valjean*, they having seen the documents at *St. Denis.*

On *St. Martin's Eve* the couple removed to *Rupert Hall* on *Red Court Farm*, near *Pomeroy Abbey*, and to-day their former dwelling is known as *The Haunted Tower* on account of *The Mystery* that hung over its former occupants. Thus is *A Life's Secret* lost to the community. In their new home the woman is known as *The Nobleman's Wife*, and the man as *The Little Earl* who has lived *Under Two Flags.*

They live in *Friendship* with all, even the *Village Commune*, and *A Hero's Reward* is granted him.

He has sown *A Harvest of Wild Oats*, and his experiences are *Written in Fire;* how he ever survived is *Out of His Reckoning*. He has now an heir whom he calls *My Own Child*, *The Fair Haired Alda*, *With Cupid's Eyes*. Thus in *Love's Conflict*, as in his life, it has been to him *A Lucky Disappointment* in the end.

The Turn of Fortune's Wheel, which is as fickle as *A Young Man's Fancy*, has placed them happily together *In a Country House*, which to the yet *Fair Woman* and *My Hero* is more beautiful than was *Queen Elizabeth's Garden*.

AFTER THE BALL.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Amid the merry dancers my face is blithe and bright,
And in the waltz or lanciers my feet are lithe and light.
He frowns to see me laughing amid the joyous crew,
And thinks I do not love him—ah, if he only knew!

He deems a woman's passion the art of a coquette,
And vows that naught but fashion my heart hath stirred as yet.
He only sees the actress before the play is through,
Alas! behind the curtain—ah, if he only knew!

Must women e'er be wearing the heart upon the sleeve,
A mark for idle staring that lovers may believe?
I am not cold nor fickle, forgetful nor untrue;
I love him—I adore him—ah, if he only knew!

GIRLS.

A STUDY OF OLIVE LOGAN.

Text from one of her Lectures.

LADIES and Gentlemen: In looking about me, | for a subject | for my lecture, | I selected *girls*, | [gĕurls] because °*that* (/) ₒis a subject | with which I am most (\) familiar [familyah]. The first thing | that happens to a girl | (\) °she's a baby; | and the same thing happens to boys, | too.

The girls of America | may be divided into four [fōah] classes: Country girls, | fashionable girls, | strong-minded girls, | and | Yankee girls.

Country girls | are stupid and sensible; fashionable girls | are better | [bettah] than they seem; strong-minded girls | are brave and erratic; and the Yankee girl | is a *jewel* of a girl.

°*I* (/) don't want the | °ballot! I wouldn't lose my long beautiful curls [*daintily toying with long curls which hung from her coil of rich brown hair*], and wear short hair like a babboon! (\) °I don't want to be a man | and wear their horrid °clothes, and I (\) °never see | a pretty girl | but I want to run | and clasp her | in my arms.

[*Voice from the gallery.*] "*So do we!*"

°Well, ₒboys [*looking up to the gallery*], I can't blame you! [*Exit.*]

MISS LOGAN is a graceful and accomplished lady, and a skilful diplomat. In the fashionable world she is most at home. An elegant costume of French design will suit this characterization. Elevate the shoulders and lean forward. Speak slowly, in a clear, high voice, and move upon your high heels somewhat as a canary bird does upon his perch when he sings.

THE BALLAD OF THE LOST BRIDE.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan,
And young Lovel cried: "Oh! where dost thou hide,
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away,
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly but found her not;
And years flew by and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovel appeared the children cried:
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form of a lady fair.
In bridal array of dust lay there.

Oh! sad was her fate; in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.

PANTOMIME OF "THE LOST BRIDE."

STANZA I.—The bridal tableau; the bride leaves the company; the company seek the bride.

STANZA II.—The garret; the old chest; the bride hides; almost saved; lost forever; grief; the bridal party mourning.

STANZA III.—Fifty years later; children on the green at play; the old man appears searching for his bride.

STANZA IV.—The butler in the garret; goes for the housekeeper; such a dust! housemaids called; curiosity; the mystery revealed; goes for the old man; the bridal wreath recognized; closing scene.

This most touching story has been arranged for a series of tableaux many times. A synopsis of the pantomime is here given. The poem should be recited before the pantomime begins.

A TOAST.

From ruby lips to finger tips
She's made of mortal blisses;
Angels above who worship love
Would languish for her kisses.

I quaff this cup to one made up
Of grace found in no other;
In whose true eyes God's own love lies—
I drink it to my mother.

MEG MERRILIES.

PART FIRST.

From "GUY MANNERING."—WALTER SCOTT.

A STUDY OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

ARGUMENT.—Henry Bertram is stolen by the gypsies, when a child; he is abandoned by them, serves in the army, and finally wanders back to his native place. The gypsies discover him, and, to extort money from the man who holds illegal possession of young Bertram's estates, conspire to carry him off by force or to murder him. From this dilemma, old Meg Merrilies delivers him at the peril of her life. Shot by her own people, she dies heroically proclaiming his heirship to the estates of Ellangowan.

ACT II., SCENE III.—A wild forest, cliff and hills in the distance; a gypsy hut in the centre.

[*Meg rushes in from the forest and stands gazing, as if transfixed, at Henry Bertram, who sits, with a companion, at an outdoor repast. Throw off the voice (while transfixed) and speak for young Bertram, to open the conversation between them.*]

Bert. [*disg. v.*] My good woman, do you know me that you look at me so hard?

Meg. °Ay, better than you know yourself!

Bert. [*disg. v.*] That is, you'll tell my future fortune.

Meg. °Yes, | because I know your °*past.*

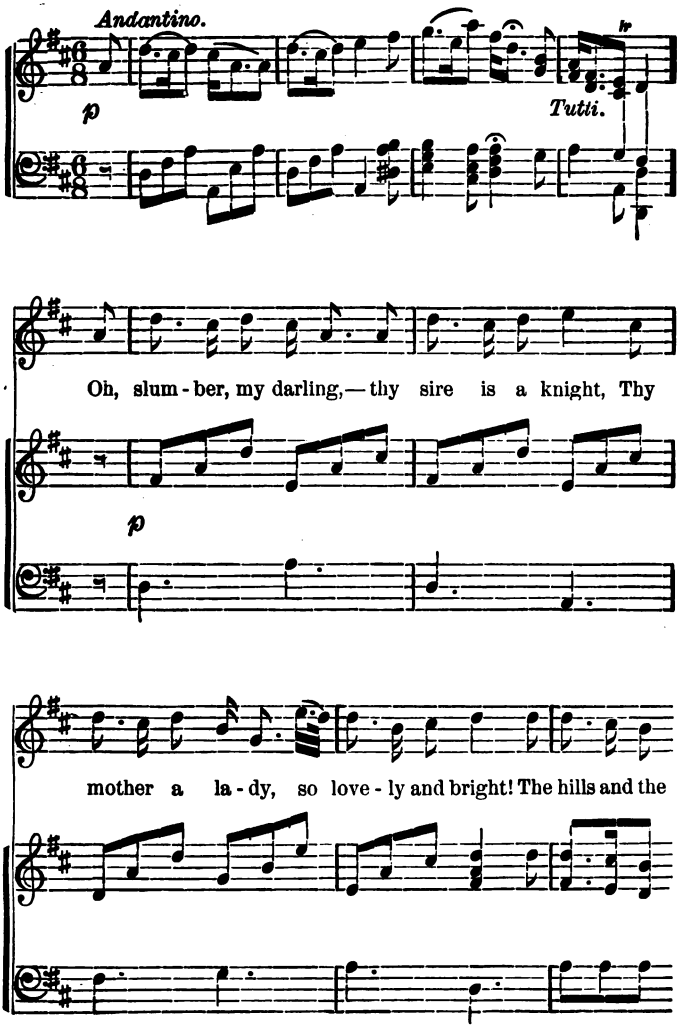
Bert. [*disg. v.*] (/) Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

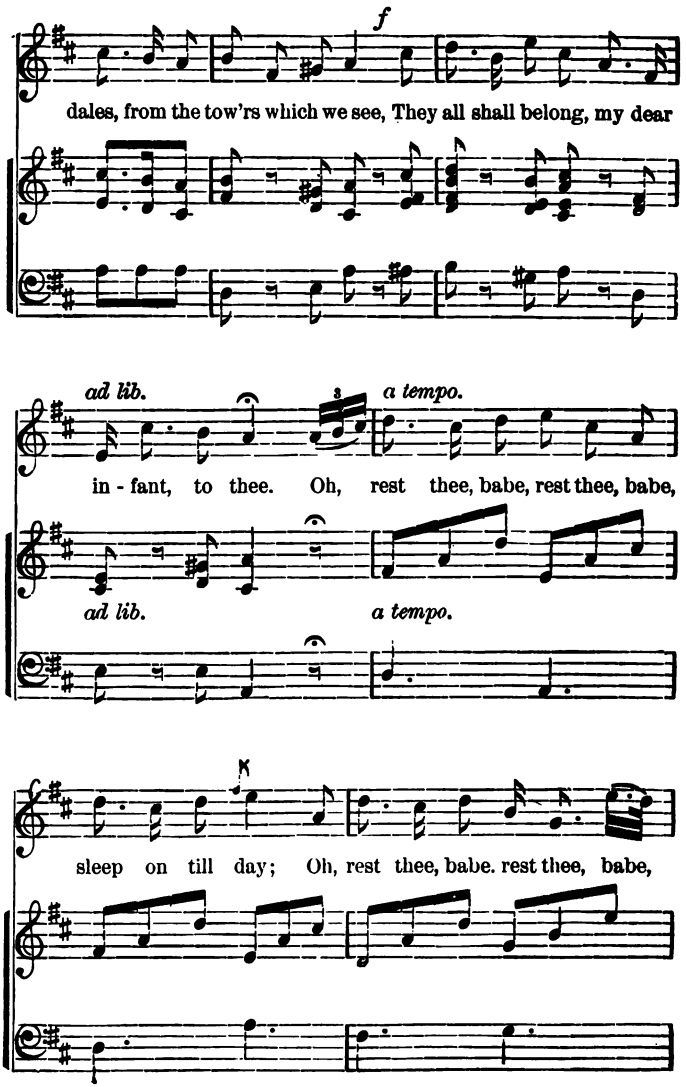
Meg. °It will be clearer °*soon.*

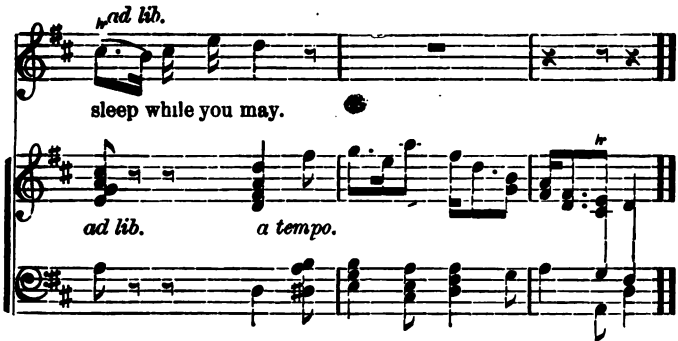
Bert. [*disg. v.*] Never less likely.

Meg. °°Never *more* so! [*Waves away his offer of money.*] If, | with a simple spell, | I cannot recall times | which you have long (/) forgotten, | (\) hold me the most °miserable (\) °impostor. (\) °Hear me, | °hear me, °Henry, | Henry Bertram. Hark! hark! to the sound of other days! Listen | and let your heart | awake. [*Sings, and sighs when taking breath.*]

OH, REST THEE, BABE.




f
dales, from the tow'rs which we see, They all shall belong, my dear
ad lib.
a tempo.
in - fant, to thee. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
ad lib.
a tempo.
sleep on till day; Oh, rest thee, babe. rest thee, babe,



Bert. [*disg. v.*] These words do, indeed, thrill my bosom with strange emotions. [*Meg starts as if rejoiced, and exclaims,* "°*hī!*"]

Meg. °Listen, °youth, | to (\) °words of power;
(– –) Swiftly | comes | the rightful hour!
(– –) °They who did thee scathe and wrong,
ₒShall | °*pay* their deeds | ₒby | *death* | [*nod*] erelong.
(*s.* <) The dark shall be light, and the wrong made right,
(/) And Bertram's right, | and Bertram's might, |
ₒShall | °°MEET | ₒon Ellangowan's height!

Bert. [*disg. v.*] °Bertram! °Bertram! | Why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Meg. And now | begone! (*f.*) °Franco, °°Franco, | guide these strangers on their way to °Kippletringan; | °°Kippletringan! (*p.*) °Yet ₒstay; let me see your hand. (1) What say these lines of the fortunes *past?* Wandering and woe and danger and crosses in love and in friendship! What of the future? Honor, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded and friendship reunited! ₒBut what of the *present?* Ay! there's a trace, which speaks [*quick*] of °danger, of ₒcap°tivity, (/) perchance; [*slower*] ₒbut *not* | of *death!* [*Look cautiously around and speak low.*] ₒIf you are attacked, be *men*, and let your °hands (\) °defend your *heads!*

(1) Take the left hand with the right, and, stooping, peer into the palm and kiss it, exclaiming tearfully: "My bairn, my bairn, my bonny bairn!"

[*Quick.*] I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone! Fate calls you! [*Shade the eyes with the hand, and look cautiously to the right and left.*] ˏAway, °*away*, °°AWAY! [*Run off the stage while saying the last words.*]

PART SECOND.

ACT III., SCENE I.—Seashore, with the Castle on the rocks.

Meg. °So, ˏsō; his *death* | is purposed; and they have chosen the scene ˏof °one °murder | ˏto commit another. °Right! the blood spilt on that spot, (– –) has long | cried | for ˏvengeance, || and it (∖) °shall fall upon them. Sebastian, speed to Dinmont | and the youth; tell them °not ˏto separate | for their *lives*, (– –) guide them to the glen | near the tower; (∖) °there let them wait | till Glossin and Hatterick | °meet (/) ˏin the cavern, | and I will join them. °°Away, | ˏand do my bidding! [*Exit Sebastian.*] (– –) ˏNow | to send to Mannering, (– –) I must remain on the watch my*self*. (⌣) °Gabriel | ˏI dare not trust. °Ha! (∖) °who comes now? [*Start back, then advance stealthily, and peer into the forest with the hand shading the eyes.*] ˏ'Tis °Abel ˏSampson, Henry Bertram's ancient °tutor! [*Stop and think.*] ˏIt (∖) °shall be so. [*Advance.*] °°Stop! I command ye!

[*Disg. v.*] ˏShe's °mad!

Meg. No; I am °not ˏmad! I've been ˏim°prisoned for °mad, °scourged ˏfor °mad, (∖) °°banished for mad; ˏbut °mad | I am *not!* °Halt, | and stand fast, | or ye shall °rue the day | while a °limb of ye | hangs together! ˏStay, | ˏthou °trembl*est*! [*Take out an old black whiskey bottle and hold it out to Sampson, left.*] °Drink | ˏand put some (∖) °*heart* in ye! [*Watch him drink, moving slightly to and fro, still holding up the bottle.*] °Can your learning (∖) °tell you what | °*that* ˏis? eh! [*Put the bottle back into the pocket.*] (∖) °Will you remember my errand now? [*Nod.*] Ay! (– –) then tell Colonel Mannering, | if °ever he owed a

debt | to the house | of Ellangowan, | (/) and hopes to see it °prosper, to come (\) °instantly, | armed, and °well ₒattended, | to the glen, below the tower of °Derncleugh; and °*fail not* | on his *life!* (⌣) You know the spot! ₒYou (\) °know the spot! (\) Ay, Abel Sampson, | there | blazed my hearth for many a day! ₒand °there, beneath the willow | that hung its garlands °over ₒthe °brook, | I've sat and °sung to °Harry ₒBertram, | songs | (– –) of the old | time. (\) °That tree | is °wither'd now, | never | to be green again; (– –) and old Meg Merrilies will never, °*never* | (\) °sing blythe songs more. [*Cross over.*] (– –) But I charge you, Abel Sampson, | (– –) °when the heir shall have his own, ₒas soon he °shall, that you tell him | (⌣) °not to ₒfor°get | Meg °Merrilies; (– –) but to build up the old walls in the glen, | for °her ₒsake, | °and let those that (/) live there | be too °good | (– –) ₒto fear the beings | of another °world; for, ₒif °ever °the ₒdead | ₒcome back | among the °living, | °°I | °will be seen in that glen | °°many a night | (– –) °after these crazed | old | bones ‖ are whitened | (\) in the grave! ₒha, °ha! [*Laugh and stagger back.*]

I have (\) °said it, ₒold man! ye shall see him ₒa°gain, | and the (\) best lord | °he ₒshall °be | ₒthat Ellangowan has seen these (\) °*hundred* years. (– –) °But you're o'er long °here. °Away to Mannering, ₒa°way! or the heir of Ellangowan (/) ₒmay perish | ₒfor°ever! °°Away, ₒaway!

[*Exit while speaking the last two words.*]

For sketch of Miss Cushman, see Page 26.

Costume.—An old, ragged, patched dress, a faded old scarf about the head (or a kerchief), and some sort of socks, moccasins, or low shoes, all of the gypsy order. The gray, tangled hair should be seen in straggling locks about her face, and, in Part First, a forked stick or staff, about the height of the speaker. For Part Second, enter quickly, and strike an attitude of intense surprise, the forked stick grasped tightly in the right hand and planted firmly before you. In the playbook the costume is given thus: "Brown cloth petticoat and body, torn old red cloak, torn pieces of plaid, and old russet sandals."

HAMLET.

From "HAMLET."—SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.

ACT V., SCENE I.—A Churchyard. Enter two Grave-diggers.

1*st Grave.* ♯ °Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2*d Grave.* ♭ ₀I tell thee, she is; make the grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, (– –) and finds it Christian burial.

1*st Grave.* ♯ °How can that be, unless she drowned herself | in her own ₀de°fence?

2*d Grave.* ♭ ₀Why, 'tis °found ₀so.

1*st Grave.* ♯ °It must be *se* | *offendendo;* | it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself °wit₀ting°ly, | it argues an act; | and an act hath ₀three °branches; °it is, ₀to °act, ₀to °do, ₀and to | ₀per°form. °Ar₀gal, [=ergo, therefore] she drowned herself (\) wittingly.

2*d Grave.* ♭ ₀Nay, but hear you, ₀goodman delver.

1*st Grave.* ♯ (\) °Here lies the water; ₀good; ₀here stands the °man; ₀good. If the man go to this °wa₀ter, | ₀and | °drown (/) ₀him°self, | it is, | will he, | nill he, | he goes; ₀mark you that. °But, (/) if the water (\) come to °him, ₀and °drown ₀him, | ₀he °drowns ₀not him°self. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, (*q.*) ₀shortens not his own life.

2*d Grave.* ♭ ₀But is this (\) °law?

1*st Grave.* ♯ °Ay, marry is't, ₀crown°er's-(\)°quest law.

2*d Grave.* ♭ ₀Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried °*out* | of Christian burial.

1st Grave. ♯ ˌWhy, (\) °there thou say'st; and the more pity, ˌthat °great folks should have °countenance | in this world | to drown | or hang themselves, | more than their even °Chrisˌtian. °Come, °my ˌspade. °There is no ancient gentlemen but ˌgarden°ers, | ˌditch°ers, | and °graveˌmakers; they hold up (\) °Adam's profession.

2d Grave. ♭ ˌWas he a ˌgentle°man?

1st Grave. ♯ °He was the first | that ever bore arms. I'll put a (\) °question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

2d Grave. ♭ °Go ˌto.

1st Grave. ♯ °What is he that builds ˌstrong°er | than either the ˌma°son, | ˌship°wright, | ˌor the °carpenter?

2d Grave. ♭ ˌThe °gallows ˌmaker; | for that frame outlives a °thousand ˌtenants.

1st Grave. ♯ I like thy wit well, in good faith; the °galˌlows ˌdoes °well. ˌBut °how does it well? °it does ˌwell | to those that do °ill: ˌnow | thou dost °ill | ˌto say the °galˌlows | is built ˌstrong°er | than the °church. ˌArgal, the ˌgal°lows may do well to °thee. [*Laughs.*] °To't aˌgain; come.

2d Grave. ♭ ˌWho builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a °carpenter? [*As if thinking it out.*]

1st Grave. ♯ °Ay, tell me that, and ˌun°yoke.

2d Grave. ♭ Marry, (\) °now I can (/) ˌ*tell.*

1st Grave. ♯ ˌTo't.

2d Grave. [*Shakes his head.*] ♭ Mass, I cannot tell.

1st Grave. [*laughs*]. ♯ °Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; [*laughs*] and, °when you are asked this quesˌtion °next, say, a °grave-ˌmaker; the °houses ˌthat °he ˌmakes, | last till °doomsˌday. Go, get thee to Yaughan,* and fetch me a stoup† of liquor.

[*Exit 2d Grave-digger. 1st Grave-digger sings and grunts while digging. Usually sung without accompaniment.*]

* Yow'an. † Stoop.

♯ In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, oh, the time, for, ah, my behove,
Oh, (*ugh*) methought there was nothing meet.

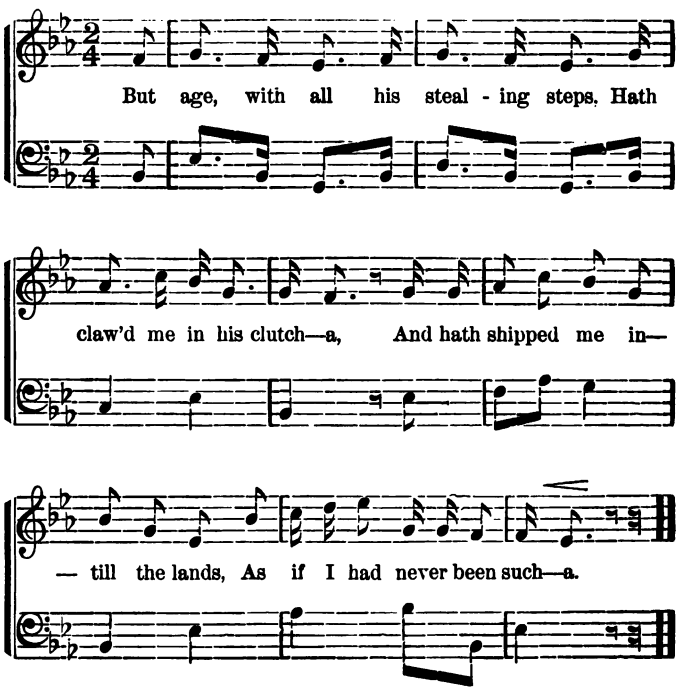
[*Enter Hamlet and Horatio, and stand behind the grave.*]

Ham. ₀Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings | at grave-₀mak°ing.

Hor. ₀Cus°tom | hath made it in him | a property of °easi₀ness.

Ham. °'Tis even ₀so: the hand of little employment | hath the daintier | sense.

[*Grave-digger sings, digs, and grunts, and throws up a skull.*]



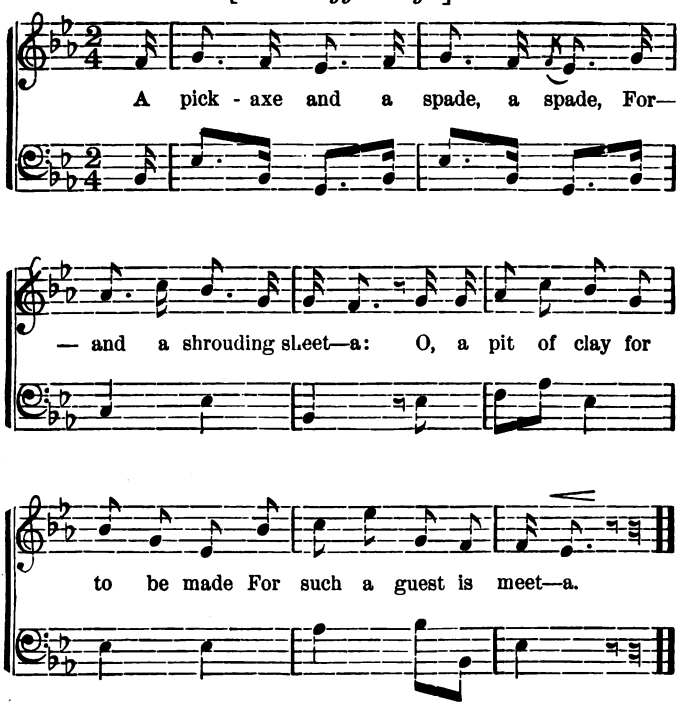
Ham. [*picks up the skull and soliloquizes in low and solemn voice*]. That skull | had a tongue in it | and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate | of a politician, | which this ass now | o'er-reaches; | one that would circumvent heaven; might it not?

[*The grave-digger throws up bones.*]

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats | with them? Mine ache | to think on't.

[*Grave-digger sings.*]



[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. (– –) ˌThere's another. ᶜWhy may not that | be the skull of a ᶜlawˌyer? (\) ᵒWhere be his quiddits ˌnow, | his ᵒquillets, | ˌhis ᶜcases, | his ˌtenᵒures, | ˌand his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now | to knock him about the sconce | with a ᵒdirty shovel, | and will not tell him of his action of ˌbatᵒterˌy? ˌI will ᵒspeak to ˌthis fellow. ᵒWhose grave's this, sirrah?

1*st Grave.* ⁑ ᵒMine, ˌsir.

[*Sings.*] | ˌOh, a ᵒpit of clay | ˌfor (\) ᵒto be made
ˌFor such a ᵒguest | ˌis ᵒmeet.

Ham. ˌI think it be thine, inᵒdeed; ˌfor thou ᵒliest in it.

1*st Grave.* ⁑ [*digging*]. ᵒYou ˌlie ᵒout ˌon't, ᵒsir, | and therefore | it is not yours; for my part, | I do ᵒ*not* ˌlie in't, | yet it is mine.

Ham. ˌThou dost lie ᵒin't, | (/) to be in't, | ˌand ᵒsay ˌit is ᵒthine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; ˌtherefore thou ᵒliˌest.

1*st Grave.* ⁑ 'Tis a ᵒquick ˌlie, ᵒsir; 'twill away again from ᵒme ˌto ᵒyou.

Ham. What man dost thou ᵒ*dig* it for?

1*st Grave.* ⁑ ˌFor (\) ᵒno man, sir.

Ham. ˌWhat ᵒwoman, ˌthen?

1*st Grave.* ⁑ For none neither.

Ham. ᵒWho | ˌis to be (\) ᵒburied in't?

1*st Grave.* ⁑ One that ᵒwas | ˌa woman, ᵒsir; ˌbut, ᵒrest her soul! ˌshe's ᵒdead.

Ham. How ᵒabˌsolute | the knave *is!* We must speak by the card, | ˌor equivocation will undo us. ˌHow ᵒlong | hast thou been a (\) ᵒgrave-maker?

1*st Grave.* ⁑ [*leans on his spade*]. ᵒOf all the days i' the year, | I came to't ᵒthat ˌday | that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.*

Ham. [*asks himself*]. How long is that since?

1*st Grave.* ⁑ ᵒCannot you tell that? ᵒEvery ˌfool (/) can

* Fôrtˈinbrä.

tell that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. °Ay, ₀marry, °*why* ₀was he sent into England?

1*st Grave.* ‡ °Why, | ₀because he was °mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do °not, 'tis no great matter | ₀there.

Ham. (/) ₀Why?

1*st Grave.* ‡ °'Twill not be (\) °seen in him | ₀there; | there | ₀the men are as mad as °he.

Ham. ₀How °came ₀he mad?

1*st Grave.* ‡ ₀Very °strange₀ly, °they say.

Ham. °How | ₀strangely?

1*st Grave.* ‡ °Faith, e'en with losing ₀his °wits.

Ham. ₀Upon what °ground?

1*st Grave.* ‡ ₀Why, | °here in Denmark. (\) °I have been | °sex₀ton °here, °man ₀and °boy, | thirty years.

Ham. ₀How °long | ₀will a man lie i' the earth | (\) ere he rot?

1*st Grave.* ‡ [*sitting on the side of the grave, his face toward the audience; speak slowly*]. °Faith, | if he be not rotten | be°fore ₀he °die, he will last you some °eight ₀year, | ₀or °nine ₀year; | a tanner | (/) ₀will last you | °nine ₀year.

Ham. ₀Why °he | ₀more than an°oth₀er?

1*st Grave.* ‡ °Why, sir, | ₀his °hide ₀is °so tanned ₀with his °trade, that he will keep out water | a great while. [*Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up; slowly.*] (\) °Here's a skull, | now, | hath lain you i' the earth | three-and-twenty years.

Ham. °Whose ₀was it?

1*st Grave.* ‡ (\) °Whose do you (\) °think it was?

Ham. (– –) ₀Nay, I know not.

1*st Grave.* ‡ ₀A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! [*Pats the skull with his hand; laughs all along.*] °He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once! °This same skull, °sir, | ₀was °Yorick's ₀skull, | the °king's jester.

[*Gives skull to Hamlet.*]

Ham. This?

1*st Grave.* ‡ ˏE'en ˚that.

Ham. ˏAlas! [*soft*] ˚poor ˏYorick! [*Turns.*] I knew him, Horatio; a ˏfellow of ˚infinite ˏjest, ˏof most ˚excellent ˏfan˚cy. ˏHe hath ˚borne me ˏon his ˚back | ˏa ˚thousand ˏtimes. ˚Here hung those lips that I have kissed | (*q.*) I know not how oft. *˚Where be your gibes now? your gambols? ˚your songs? your flashes (– –) of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? ˏNot ˚one (– –) now, | to mock your own grinning? ˚quite ˏchap-fallen? ˚Now ˏget you to my lady's chamber, ˚and tell her | let her paint an inch thick, | ˏto this favor | must | she *come:* | ˏmake her laugh | ˏat ˚that. ˚Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. (/) What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think that Alexander | looked o' ˏthis fashion i' the earth?

Hor. (/) ˏE'en ˚so.

Ham. (/) And *smelt* so? pah! [*Lays down the skull.*]

Hor. ˏE'en ˚so, ˏmy lord.

Ham. To what base uses | we may return, Horatio! ˚Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexˏander, ˏtill he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. ˏ'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. ˚No, ˏfaith, ˚not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood | to lead it: As thus, | Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

˚Imperious Cæsar, dead | and turned to clay, |
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, (\) that *that* earth, | (– –) which kept the world in awe, |
Should ˚patch ˏa ˚wall, t'expel the winter's flaw! [*Bell tolls.*]
(*p.*) But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king. [*Exit.*]

* Breathe "Ha!"

OPHELIA.

PART FIRST.

From "HAMLET."—SHAKESPEARE.

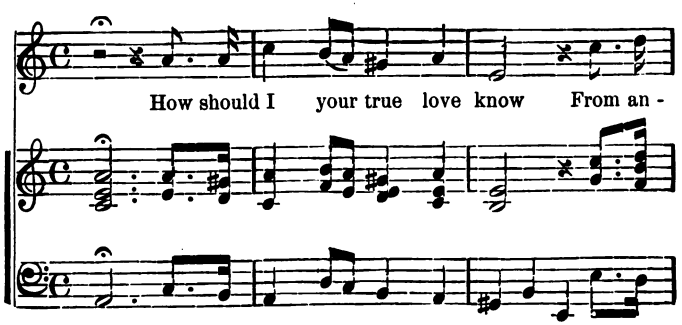
A STUDY OF MME. HELENA MODJESKA.

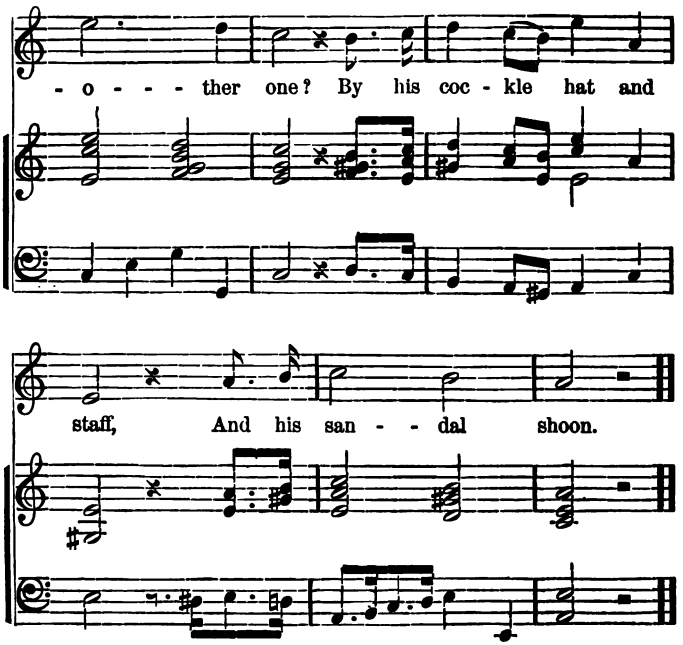
ARGUMENT.—Ophelia is the young, beautiful, and pious daughter of Polonius, lord chamberlain to the King of Denmark. Hamlet fell in love with her, but marriage being inconsistent with his ideas of vengeance, he affected madness; this so wrought upon her that her intellect gave way, and (in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," 1596), while attempting to gather flowers from a brook, she fell into the water and was drowned.

ACT IV., SCENE V.—Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Ophelia [*without*]. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark? [*Enter, pause, turn right and left, advance, and, in the sweet voice of melancholy, sing. With clasped hands, move the head, limp, in a half-circle, backward.*]

[*Sing.*]





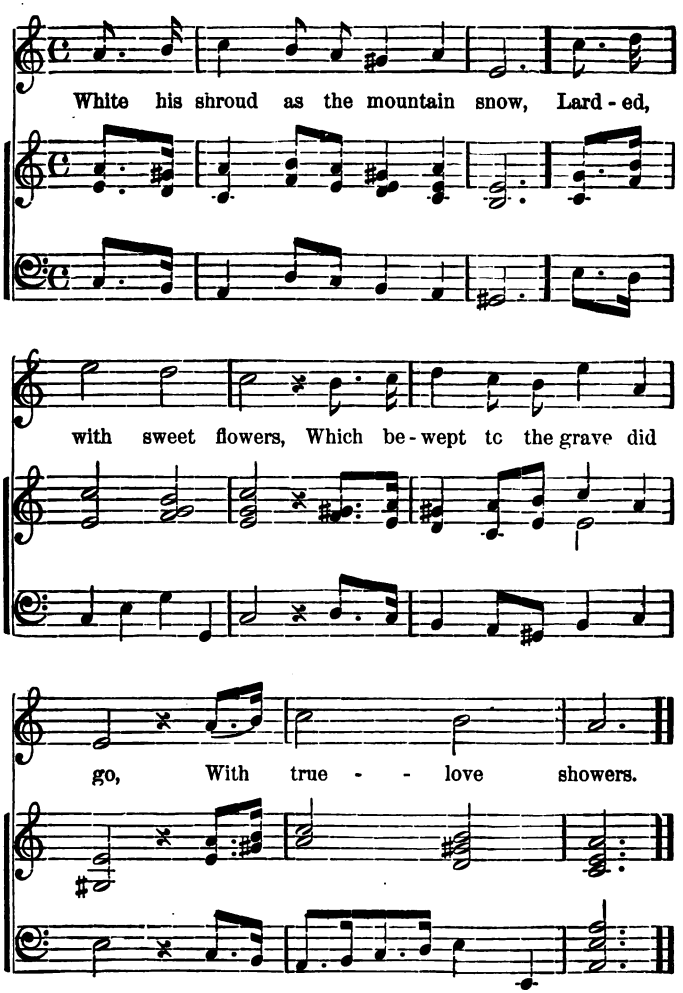
[*Hold up the hands as if about to speak, and wait.*]
[*Speak.*] Say you? Nay, ᶜpray ₒyou | mark.

[*Sing or speak.*]

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

[*Pause, turn about as if addressing the* ***Queen.***]
[*Speak.*] Pray you | mark—

[*Sing.*]

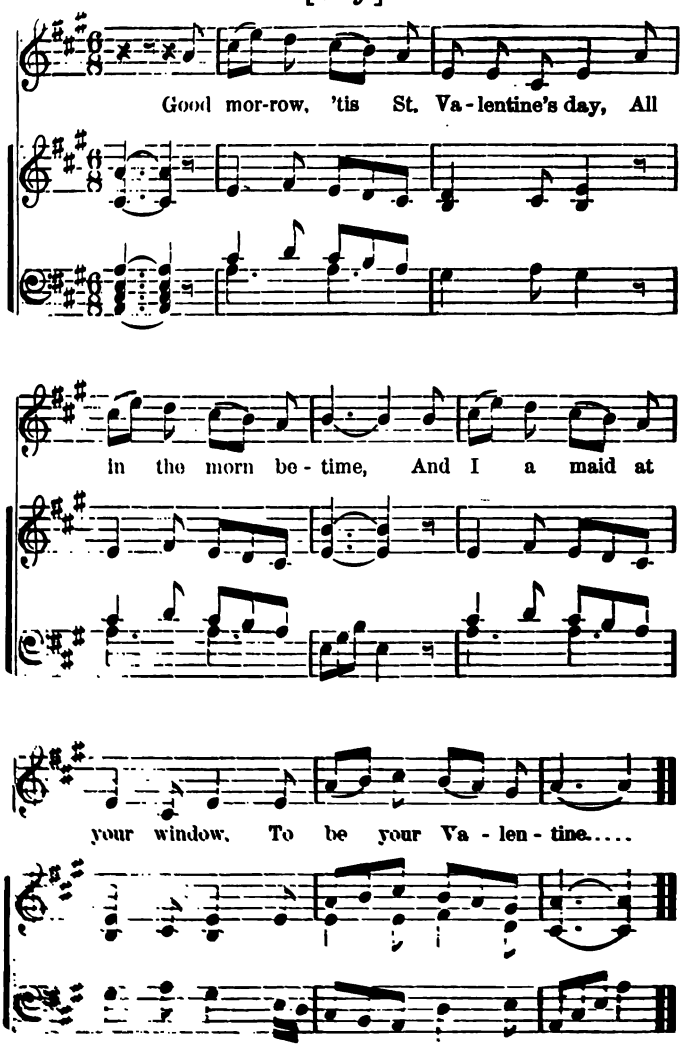


[*Cross over as if to speak to the King, and put out hand.*]

[*Speak.*] Heaven shield you! [*Nod confidentially and continue.*] They say the °owl | (⁄) was a baker's | °daughter. We *know*, what we *are*, but know *not* | what we °*may* ˛be

[*Turn away and return.*] Pray, | let's have no words | of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sing.*]

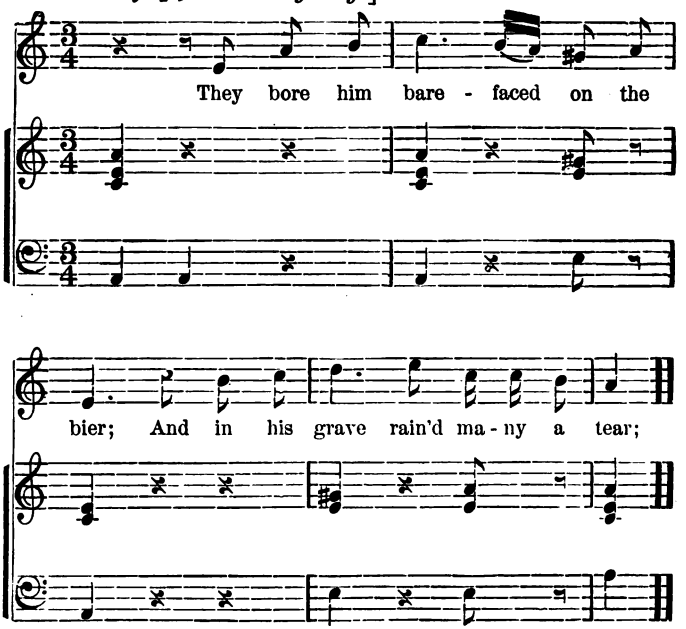


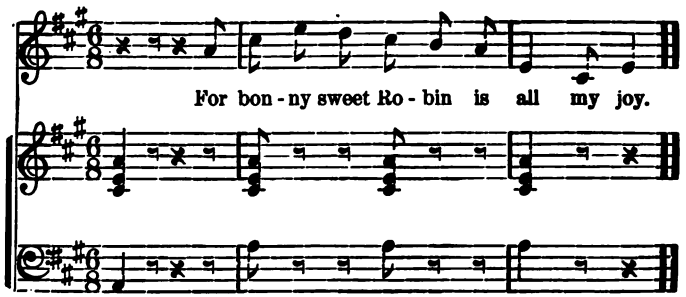
[*Bow low, swaying right and left; advance, keeping time by graceful dancing; pause; move the hands before the eyes as if brushing away a mist, then throw up the hands and laugh, as if you saw something mid-air, and was reaching for it; pause, draw back of hand across eyes, and shiver.*]

[*Speak.*] I hope | all will be well, | we must be °patient; [*wrap arms close about the body*] but I cannot choose but weep [*weep*] to think | that they should lay him i' the cold ground. [*Shake head.*] My | brother shall know of it, [*turn to King*] and so | I thank you | for your counsel. °Come, my °coach! Good-night | ladies, | [*bowing*] good-night | (\) °sweet ladies! °Good-[*hold "good"*] night | (*q.*) good-night! [*Exit, kissing hands to them.*]

PART SECOND.

[*Re-enter, decked with long wheat-straws and flowers. Sob and moan softly; then sadly sing.*]

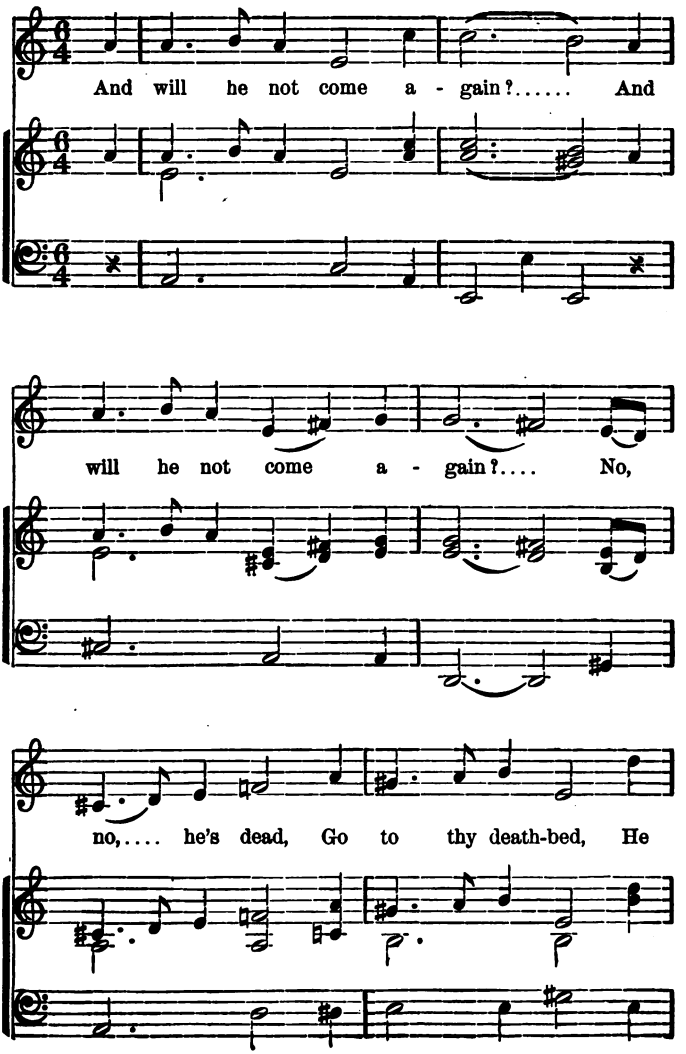


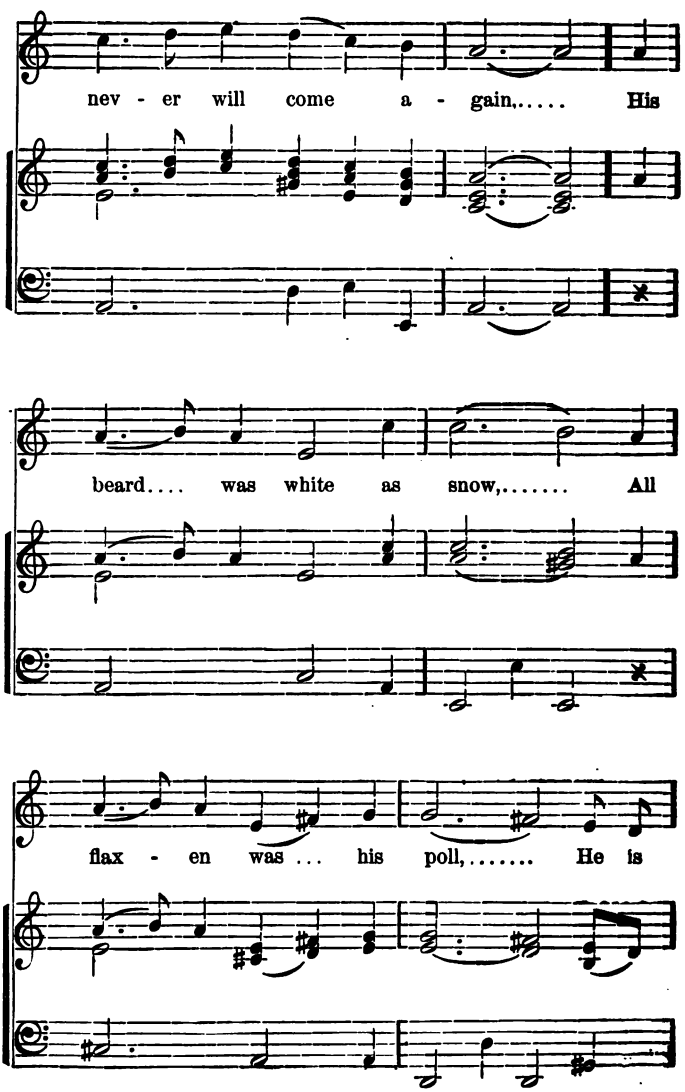


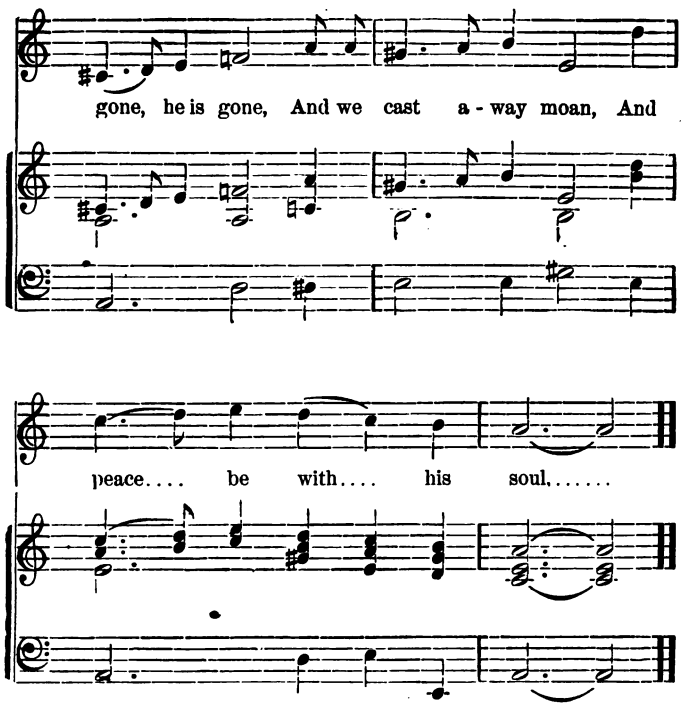
[*Move forward, and hold out flowers to someone; courtesy; move the hands through the air, feather motion.*]

[*Speak.*] Down-a-down, an' you call him a-down-a. Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter. [*Hand some flowers to one, saying.*] There's rosemary, | °that's ₒfor re°membrance; pray you, love, remember; and [*give more flowers and let them fall,*] there's pansies, | that's for thoughts. [*Half whisper.*] Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! [*running down the scale, and nodding the head each time. Go over a few steps and hand herbs and flowers to the King; go on still further and hand some to the Queen.*] There's fennel for °you, ₒand (\) °columbines. [*To the Queen.*] There's rue | ₒfor °you, [*pause*] ₒand here's some | for me; we may call it | (/) herb o' grace | o' *Sundays*. You may wear your °rue | with °difference. There's a daisy. [*Hold the flower high and look at it.*] I would give you some violets, | but they withered | all | ₒwhen my °father °died. [*Weeping.*] They say he made a °good ₒend. [*Sway to and fro, marking time with graceful dancing-steps, laughing softly all the time; then kneel and sing. Rise at "his beard," etc.*]

[*Sing.*]


And will he not come a - gain?..... And
will he not come a - gain?.... No,
no,.... he's dead, Go to thy death-bed, He


nev - er will come a - gain,..... His
beard.... was white as snow,..... All
flax - en was ... his poll,..... He is



[*Move toward door, and sing with back to audience.*] And with all Christian souls! I pray heaven! [*Exit. Turn head and shoulders to audience, with hands heavenward, and laugh softly as you go.*]

For sketch of Mme. Modjeska see Page 76.

Of Ophelia, Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "There is no part in this play, in its representation on the stage, more pathetic than this scene, which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter, the audience supply what she wants; and with the former, they sympathize."

COSTUME AND RENDITION.—The dress may be what you please, so it be youthful and simple. Soft gray or white goods, with no stiffness

anywhere, quite plain, or delicately ornamented, is sufficient. The hair is flowing, or loose and caught up prettily.

In rendering these scenes, assume a gentle madness, and make sudden transitions from sadness to lightness, and, in one or two instances, even frivolity. The directions herein given for action follow the manner of Mme. Modjeska, but not literally. Much of the exquisite expression and action cannot be written. Her rendition of Ophelia, once seen, can never be forgotten.

ALL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With rusty buckle and green curb-chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle,—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable; it is not far,
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger,—and that is all.

The good black steed came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam.
Do you see that mound, where the dead leaves fall?
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not,—I am old and weak.
His saddle and sabre hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

DOGBERRY AND VERGES.

A Study from "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.—Dogberry and Verges are two ignorant, conceited constables who mutilate their words. Dogberry calls "assembly" *dissembly;* "treason" *perjury;* "calumny" *burglary;* "condemnation" *redemption;* etc.

ACT III., SCENE III.—A Street. Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. (/) ₒ * Are you good men | and true?

Verg. ‡Yea, or else it were pity | but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. ₒNay °that were a ₒpunishment | too °good ₒfor them, | if they should have any ₒal°legiance ₒin °them, | being chosen | for the prince's °watch.

Verg. ‡ Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogb. ₒFirst, | °who ₒthink °you | the most ₒ*de°sart*ₒ*less* | °man | ₒto be °constable?

1*st Watch.* Hugh °Oatcake, ₒsir, | or George °Seaₒcoal, | for they | can ₒwrite and °read.

Dogb. Come °hither, | ₒneighbor Seacoal. °God (/) hath blessed you | with a °good ₒname; to be a well °favored ₒman | is the gift ₒof °fortune; ₒbut to °write and read | comes by °nature.

2*d Watch.* (– –) Both which, master constable—

Dogb. (\) °You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, | for your favor, sir, ₒwhy, give °God ₒthanks, | and make no °boast ₒof it; ₒand for your °reading | ₒand °writing, | let °that ₒappear | when there is no °need ₒof such vanity. ₒYou are °thought ₒhere | to be the most ₒ*sense-*

* Dogberry speaks in a rough or guttural voice, and puffs; Verges in a thin, high and sharp voice; 2d Watch, nasal.

°*less* | ₀and °fit man | ₀for the °con₀sta°ble | ₀of the °°**watch**; ₀there°fore, | ₀bear °you | ₀the °lantern. °This ₀is | ₀**your** °charge: You shall °*com₀pre°hend* | all | *vagrom* | °men; ₀you are to bid °any ₀man °stand, | ₀in the °prince's °name.

2*d Watch.* (– –) How if he will not stand?

Dogb. ₀Why, then, | take no °note of him, | but let him °go; and °pres₀ent°ly | call the rest of the watch together, | and °thank ₀God | you are °rid ₀of a °knave.

Verg. ⁂ If he will not stand | when he is °bid₀den, (⁄) he is none (⁄) of the prince's | °sub₀jects.

Dogb. °True, | ₀and they are to °med₀dle | ₀with none | ₀but the °prince's °sub₀jects. You shall also | make no ₀noise | ₀in the °streets; °for, ₀for the °watch to ₀bab°ble ₀and °talk, °is ₀most °*tolerable* | ₀and °not to be | ₀en°dured.

2*d Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, | you speak | ₀like an °an₀cient | and most °quiet °watchman; for I cannot see | how °sleep₀ing should ₀of°fend; °on₀ly, | have a ₀care | ₀that your °bills ₀be not stolen. Well, | you are to °call | ₀at °all ₀the °ale ₀houses, | and bid those that are °drunk | (\) get to bed.

2*d Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. ₀Why, then, | let them alone | till they are °sober; if they make you not °then | the better °an₀swer, | °you ₀may °say, | ₀they are °not ₀the °men | ₀you °took ₀them for.

2*d Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. °If ₀you °meet ₀a °thief, | ₀you may ₀*sus°pect* ₀him, | ₀by virtue of your °of₀fice, | ₀to be | °no °true°man; ₀and, for °such °kind ₀of °men, | the °less ₀you °meddle ₀or °make ₀with °them, | ₀why, | ₀the °more ₀is for your °honesty.

2*d Watch.* (– –) If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. ₀Truly, | by virtue of your °of₀fice, | ₀you °may; ₀but I °think | they that touch °pitch | ₀will be ₀de°filed.

The most °peaceable ₒway for you, | ₒif you °do ₒtake a °thief, | ₒis | to °let him ₒshow ₒhim°self what he ₒis, | and °steal out of your °company.

Verg. ♯ You have been always called | a °merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog | by my will; | much more a man, | (– –) who hath any (\) °honesty in him.

Verg. ♯ If you hear a child cry in the night, | you must call to the nurse, | and bid her °still it.

2d Watch. (– –) How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. ₒWhy, °then, | depart in peace, | and let the child wake her | ₒwith °crying; (/) for the ewe | that will not hear her lamb when it °*baas*, | ₒwill °never answer ₒa °calf | ₒwhen it °*bleats*.

Verg. ♯ 'Tis very true.

Dogb. °This is the ₒend | of your °charge. °You, ₒconstable, | are to present | the prince's own °person; (/) if you meet | ₒthe °prince (/) in the night, | ₒyou may (\) °stay him.

Verg. ♯ Nay, °by 'r lady, | °that, | ₒI °think, | ₒhe ₒcan°not.

Dogb. (\) °Five shillings to one °on't, | with °any man | ₒthat °knows | ₒthe °*statues*, | ₒhe may (\) °stay him. ₒMar°ry, | not without the prince be °willing; for, (/) indeed, | the °watch | ₒought to offend °no ₒman; and it is an ₒof°fence | to °stay ₒa °man | °against his °will.

Verg. ♯ By 'r lady, | I think, it be °*so*.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! °Well, ₒmas°ters, (\) good-night; ₒan' there be any matter of °weight ₒchan°ces, call up °*me*. Keep your fellows' °counsel | and your °own, and (\) °good-night. Come, neighbor.

2d Watch. (– –) Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here | upon the church-bench | till two, | and then | all to bed.

Dogb. [*returning*]. (\) °One word more, ₀honest neighbors; (/) I pray you | watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great °coil ₀to-°night. Adieu; °be vigilant, I ₀be°seech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

LA MUSICA TRIONFANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

In the storm, in the smoke, in the fight I come
To help thee, dear, with my fife and my drum.
My name is Music; and when the bell
Rings for the dead man, I rule the knell.
And whenever the mariner wrecked, through the blast,
Hears the fog-bell sound—it was I who passed.
The poet hath told you how I, a young maid,
Came fresh from the gods to the myrtle shade;
And thence, by a power divine, I stole
To where the waters of the Mincius roll.
Then down by Clitumnus and Arno's vale
I wandered, passionate and pale,
Until I found me at sacred Rome,
Where one of the Medici gave me a home.
Leo—great Leo—he worshipped me,
And the Vatican stairs for my foot were free;
And now I come to your glorious land,
Give me good greeting with open hand.
Remember Beethoven—I gave him his art—
And Sebastian Bach, and superb Mozart:
Join *those* in my worship! and when you go
Wherever their mighty organs blow,
Hear in them Heaven's trumpets to men below.

BEATRICE.

From "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—SHAKESPEARE.

A STUDY OF MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON.

ARGUMENT.—Beatrice, the witty and beautiful niece of Leonato, Governor of Messina, meets Benedick, a wild and witty young lord of Padua, who has vowed never to marry. Each is made to believe the one in love with the other; and, beginning in raillery, they end in true love and marriage.

ACT II., SCENE I.—A room in Leonato's house.

Leonato. Was not Count John at supper?

Antonio. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How (\) °tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him | but I'm °heart-₀burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very (\) °melancholy | ₀disposition.

Beat. He were an ₀ex°cellent man, | that were made just in the °mid₀way, | between him | and (\) °Benedick. ₀The °one | is too like an image, | and says ₀nothing; | and the °other, | too like my lady's eldest son, | °evermore °*tattling*.

Leon. (--) Then | half Signior Benedick's tongue | in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy | in Signior Benedick's face—

Beat. (*q.*) [*laughing*]. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and (\) °money enough (/) ₀in his purse, | such a man | would win °any woman in the world, | (*q.*) if he could [*laughing*] get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue!

Beat. [*sighing*]. (/) For the which ₀bless°ing, | I am at

heaven | upon my knees | every morning | and evening. Lord, I could not en°dure a husband | (\) °with a beard on his face!

Leon. You may light upon a husband | that hath °no ₀beard.

Beat. (\) °What should I do (/) ₀with him? dress him in my apparel, | and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth | is not for me; and he that is less than a man, | °I am not for him.

Ant. [*to Hero*]. Well, niece, I trust *you* will be ruled by your father.

Beat. (\) °Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make [*courtesy*] courtesy, | and say, "Father, [*drawing out the words*] as it please you;" [*cross to the right*] but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a (\) °handsome ₀fellow, | or else make another [*courtesy*] courtesy, and say, "Father, (*q.*) as it please *me*."

Leon. °Well, ₀niece, I hope to see you one day | fitted with a °husband.

Beat. Not till heaven make men of some °other ₀metal | than °earth. Would it not grieve a woman | to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? °To make account of her life | to a clod | of wayward marl? °No, ₀uncle, (\) °I'll none: °Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, (*q.*) I hold it a sin | to match in my kindred. [*Laughing.*]

Leon. Daughter, | remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you | in that kind, you know your answers.

Beat. The fault | will be in the °music, ₀cousin, | if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, | tell him | there is measure in everything, | and so (\) °dance out | the answer. For, (\) °hear me, | **Hero;** | wooing, | wedding, | and repenting, | is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace. The first suit | is hot and

(*q.*) hasty, like a Scotch jig, | and full as fantastical; the wedding, (\) ° mannerly ₒmodest, as a measure full of state | and ancientry; ₒand °then | comes ₒre°pentance, | and with his bad legs, | falls into (*q.*) the cinque-pace | faster and faster, | until he sink | into his grave. [*Shake the head, and cross to the other side.*]

Leon. Cousin, | you apprehend | ₒpassing | °shrewdly.

Beat. [*lightly and high*]. I have a °good °eye, ₒuncle; I can see a | church | [*laughing*] by °day₀light.

[*Exit laughing.*]

THE SEA BIRD'S FATE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame,
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a love-lorn thing;
It brooded all day, and fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives.
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass, where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

PETER GRAY AND LIZIANNY QUERL.*

My song is of a nice young man
Whose name was Peter Gray;
The state where Peter Gray was born
Was Penn-syl-va-ni-ā.

This Peter Gray did fall in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive
Was Lizianny Querl.

When they were going to be wed
Her father he said, "No!"
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the O-hi-ō.

When Peter found his love was lost
He knew not what to say;
He'd half a mind to jump into
The Sus-que-han-ni-ā.

A-trading went he to the west,
For furs and beaver skins,
And there he was in crimson dressed
By bloody In-ji-ins!

When Lizy heard the awful news,
She straightway went—to bed,
And never did get off of it
Until she dī-ĭ-ĕd.

Ye fathers all, a warning take,
Each one as has a girl,
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Lizianny Querl!

*Li-zē-anny Kurl.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

A study from "KING JOHN." — SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.— King John conspired with Hubert, the keeper of young Prince Arthur, to murder the boy, and Hubert employed two ruffians to burn out both of the prince's eyes with red-hot irons. Arthur plead so lovingly with Hubert to spare his eyes, that he relented and concealed him, pretending that he was dead.

ACT IV., SCENE I.—Northampton. A room in the castle. Enter Hubert and executioners.

Hub. (--) ₀Heat me these irons hot; and look | thou stand
Within the arrȃs. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, | rush forth
And bind the boy | ₀which you shall find wi' me |
(\) °Fast to the chair; | be °heed₀fûl; | hence, | and watch.

1st Execu. (*gut.*) I hope your warrant will bear out the *deed.*

Hub. (\) °Uncleanly scruples! (\) °fear not *you;* | look to't. [*Exeunt executioners.*]

°Young lȃd | come forth; I have to (\) °*say* with you.

[*Enter Arthur.*]

Arth. (*p.*) °Good-morrȏw, °Hubert.

Hub. (\) °Good-morrȏw | ₀little prince.

Arth. (*p.*) °As little °prince (\) °as may be.
(\) You are sad.

Hub. ₀Indeed, (\) °I have been ‖ *merrier.*

Arth. (*p.*) (\) °Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but *I.*
Yet I remember when I was in *France,* |
Young gentlemen would be sad | as night |
Only for wantonness. (\) By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, | and kept sheep, |
I should be as *merry* | as the day is long; |
And so I would be *here*, | but that I doubt
My uncle practises °*more* (/) harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I | of °him.
Is it *my* fault | that I was (/) Jeffrey's son? .
No, indeed, | it's not; and I would to heaven |
I were °your ₒson, so you would °love me, °Hubert.

Hub. [*aside*]. ₒIf I *talk* to him, | with his innocent prate,
He will awake my °mercy, ₒwhich lies dead;
Therefore | I will be °sudden and despatch.

Arth. (*p.*) ₒAre you °sick, | °Hubert? You look (\) °pale to-day;
In sooth, | I would you were a little sick, |
That I might sit all night | (\) °and watch with you.
I warrant I love you | more than you do me.

Hub. [*aside*]. ₒHis words | do take possession of my bosom.
(\) °°Read here, | young Arthur. [*Shows a paper.*]
[*Aside.*] ₒHow now, | foolish °rheum?
Turning dispiteous torture | out of door!
I must | be brief, | lest resolution drop |
Out at mine eyes | in tender womanish tears.
°°Can you not ₒread °it? (/) Is it not fair writ?

Arth. (*p.*) (\) Too fairly, Hubert, | for so foul effect.
(\) °Must you | with hot irons | burn out both mine eyes? |

Hub. ₒYoung boy, | I must.

Arth. (*p.*) °And ₒ*will* you?

Hub. °And ₒI °will!

Arth. [*plaintive*]. Have you the heart? When your head did but *ache*,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows, |
ₒThe best I had, | (ₒa °princess (/) ₒwrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight | held your head,

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour, |
Still and anon | cheered up the heavy time
Saying, °What ₒlack °you? and °Where lies your grief?
Or, °What good love | may I perform for you?
Many a *poor* man's son | would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you; |
ₒBut °you, | (/) ₒat your sick service, (\) °had a *prince.*
°Nay, | you may think my love was °*crafty* love,
(\) And call it °cunning; do, an' if you will,
If heaven be pleased | that you must use me ill
°Why, | ₒthen, | you °*must.* (\) Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes | that never did, nor never °shall
So much | as (\) °frown on you?
Hub. ₒₒI have sworn to do it; |
And with hot irons | must I | burn them | out.
Arth. (⌒⌒) Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
ₒThe °iron ₒof itself, tho' heat red-°hot, |
Approaching near these eyes, | would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter | of mine innocence;
Nay, °after °that, | consume away in *rust,*
But for ₒcon°taining ₒfire | to (\) °harm mine eyes.
Are *you* | more stubborn *hard* than hammer'd *iron?*
An' if an °*angel* should ₒhave °come to °me, /
And told me | Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue | but °Hubert's!
Hub. °°Come forth! [*Stamps.*]
[*Re-enter executioners with a cord, irons, etc.*]
Do as I *bid* you.
Arth. [*cries*]. (⌒⌒) °Oh, save me, Hubert, °save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce *looks* of these bloody men.
Hub. (\) °°Give me the iron, | I say, | and °bind him here.
Arth. (⌣⌣) Alas, why need you be so boisterous rough?

(\) °I will not | °struggle, I will stand °stone still.
°For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me °*not* be °bound.
(‡) Nay | °*hear* me | °°Hubert, | °drive these men away |
And I will sit as quiet | (\) as a lamb;
I will not stir, | nor wince, | nor speak a word, |
Nor look upon the iron angerly;
Thrust but these °men ₒa°way, and I'll for°give you |
ₒWhat°ever ₒtorment (– –) you do put me to.

Hub. °°Go stand within; let me (\) °alone with him.

1*st Execu.* (*gut.*) I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt executioners.*]

Arth. ₒAlas, | I then (/) have chid away my °*friend*,
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
°Let him come back, that his compassion may give life to yours.

Hub. °°Come, boy, prepare yourself!

Arth. (⌒) (\) °Is there no remedy?

Hub. °°None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. (⌒) Oh, heaven, | that there were but a °mote | in yours;
A grain, | a dust, | a gnat, | a wandering hair,
°Any annoyance | in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things (/) are °boisterous there,
Your vile intent | must needs seem | °horrible.

Hub. °°Is this (/) ₒyour promise? Go to | (\) °hold your tongue.

Arth. °Hubert, | the utterance of a (\) °brace of tongues
(– –) Must needs want pleading | for a pair of °eyes.
Let me (\) °not hold my tongue, | °let me not, | Hubert;
Or | Hubert, | if you °will, | cut °out ₒmy °tongue,
So I may keep (\) °mine eyes. [*Kneeling.*] O °spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, | but still | to look on °you. (1)

(1) Put out your hand to touch the iron and withdraw it quickly.

[*Surprised.*] Lo, by my troth, | the instrument is °cold, and would not °harm me. [*Rises.*]

Hub. ₀₀I can °heat it, boy.

Arth. (\) °No, | in ₀good sooth; | the °fire (/) ₀is dead wi' °grief,

Being create for °com₀fort, | to be used
In undeserved extremes; see else (\) °yourself.
There is °no ₀malice | in this burning °coal;
The breath of heaven | hath blown his °spirit °out,
And strewed repentant | °ashes on his head.

Hub. ₀₀But with my breath | (\) I can re°vive it, | °boy.

Arth. (/) ₀An' if you do | you will but make it blush |
And glow with °shame | ₀of your (\) °proceedings, | Hubert,
All things that you should °use | to do ₀me °wrong,
(\) °Deny their office; | only °you | do lack
That mercy | which fierce °fire | and (\) °iron ₀extends.

Hub. ₀₀Well, | see | to live. (– –) °I will not touch thine eyes
(– –) For all the treasure | that thine uncle owes.
Yet | am I sworn, | and did °purpose, | ₀boy,
°With this same | °very iron | ₀to burn them out.

Arth. [*joyously*]. O! now | you look like Hubert;
All this while, | you were ₀dis°guised.

Hub. [*tone of secrecy*]. Peace! no more, | adieu!
(– –) ₀Your uncle | must not know | but you are °dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies | with false reports.
And, | ₀pretty °child, | sleep | doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, | for the wealth | of all the °world, | will not offend thee.

Arth. (\) °O heaven! (\) °I thank you, Hubert!

Hub. (*Sh!*) ₀Silence! (*asp.*) No more; (*Sh!*) Go closely in with me.
₀Much °danger (/) do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A lady of San Francisco is said to have occupied several years in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight poets. The names of the authors are given with each line.

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour? *Young.*
Life's a short summer, man a flower; *Dr. Johnson.*
By turn we catch the vital breath and die, *Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh, *Prior.*
To be is better far than not to be, *Sewell.*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; *Spencer.*
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb, *Daniel.*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. *Raleigh.*
Your fate is but the common fate of all; *Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys, here, no man befall. *Southwell.*
Nature to each allots his proper sphere, *Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. *Churchill.*
Custom does not often reason overrule, *Rochester.*
And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool. *Armstrong.*
Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven; *Milton.*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. *Bailey.*
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face; *Trench.*
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place; *Somerville.*
Then keep each passion down, however dear, *Thompson.*
Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear. *Byron.*
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay, *Smollet.*
With craft and skill to ruin and betray. *Crabbe.*
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise, *Massinger.*
We masters grow of all that we despise. *Cowley.*
O then, renounce that impious self-esteem, *Beattie.*
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream. *Cooper.*

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave, *Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Gray.*
What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat, *Willis.*
Only destruction to the brave and great. *Addison.*
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? *Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. *Quarles.*
How long we live, not years, but actions tell; *Watkins.*
That man lives twice who lives the first life well. *Herrick.*
Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend, *Mason.*
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. *Hill.*
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just; *Dana.*
For, live we how we can, yet die we must. *Shakespeare.*

A PIOUS PUNSTER.

To church the two together went,
Both, doubtless, on devotion bent.
The parson preached with fluent ease,
On Pharisees and Sadducees.
And as they homeward slowly walked,
The lovers on the sermon talked,
And he—he deeply loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said:
"Darling, do you think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?"
She flashed on him her bright black eyes
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And thus he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper.
"But, darling, I insist," said he,
"That you are very fair-I-see.
I know you don't care much for me,
And that makes me so sad-you-see."

FOR YOUR OWN SAKES.

A STUDY OF MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

[Adapted from one of her popular lectures.]

THE *du*ties | of hu*man*ity and *mer*cy | *can*not be *de*legated to ˳*oth*ers; the *feel*ing | of *per*sonal re*sponsibil*ity | cannot be °*shirked;* (– –) to look out for the *alms*houses, | county *jails,* | *or*phans, | *out*cast and a*ban*doned women, | belongs to °*you* | (/) ˳and to *me;* and must be *done* | *by* us, | for our *own* sakes | as *well* | as for the *sake* | of those *suf*fering (/) ˳*guil*ty ones.

There *was,* | in *Lon*don | (not many years ago), a *judge* | whose only *daugh*ter had *reach*ed her °ma˳*jor*°ity; *this* day was *cel*ebrated | in a *grand* | and (\) °*prince*ly ˳manner. As the *girl,* | young, | *beau*tiful, | *clothed* in a *dress,* | which °even in °*that* as*sem*bly | was a *won*der to look upon; as she passed along, | you felt °*no* taint | could fall upon °*her* life, | *shield*ed by *love,* | and a °*home* ˳like °*that.*

( ) ˳*Back* of that *el*egant *home,* | in an *al*ley, | *dark,* | *noi*some, | *pes*tilent, | such as you *find* | in *crowd*ed Phila*del*phia, | and °crowded ˳New *York,* | dwelt a girl | *also young* and *beau*tiful | °as ˳*this* °one. She spent *her* time | *stitch*ing the *robes* | of *those* | who dream *not* | ˳of °*want.* This *child* | of *pov*erty and *sor*row, | *stitched* | into that *one* | *lovely robe* | the *seeds* of a *foul* dis*ease,* | which was *des*tined to *carry* | that *cher*ished and *beau*tiful form, | °*twist*ed in a sheet, | ˳to her *sol*itary | and °*loath*some | ˳*bur*ial. (– –)°Was it *nothing* | to the fond *moth*er, | the doting *fa*ther, | what *disease* and *ma*sery | *fes*tered | in ad*ja*cent *al*leys?

(–) ˳For the *sake* of the *moth*er, | whose *son* is brought home | *kill*ed | by an assassin's hand; | °for the *sake* of the

*mer*chant, | whose stately *pile* | is *burn*ed | ˏfor *plun*der, | does not *self*ishness de*mand* | indi*vid*ual *work* | and *per*sonal | re*sponsibil*ity? (– –) Does it make any *dif*ference to the *world*, | *who* does the *work* | so *long* | as it be *done*? °*No*, it makes no *dif*ference | °to the ˏ*world*; °*liv*ing or ˏ*dead*, | the *world* | heeds (/) us *not*. But to *us*, | it makes a *dif*ference | as *great* | as the *dis*tance from *heav*en °to ˏ*hell*, | whether we do the *work* for °our ˏ*selves*; | whether we *feed* our *own souls* | or ˏ*starve* °them. (– –) It does make a difference to *us*, | whether we dis*cov*er and *rec*ognize | the *claims* of *right*eousness | and (\) °uni*ver*sal (/) °*broth*erhood, | or *wheth*er (– –) we *wrap* our *cost*ly | *robes* | about us, | and *dream* ‖ of false *peace* | and °se ˏ*cu*°rity.

Miss Anna Dickinson, an American orator and writer, was born in Philadelphia, October 28, 1842. She was originally a member of the Society of Friends. She gained great distinction during the civil war by her public speeches against slavery and disunion, and became one of the most popular lecturers in the United States. She afterward appeared as an actress. Her principal public writings are: "What Answer?" (1868); "A Paying Investment" (1876); and "A Ragged Register of People, Places and Opinions" (1879).

This extraordinary and gifted lady, as a platform celebrity, was a slender girl of medium size, eloquent, magnetic, and unsurpassed in extemporaneous oratory. Her lithe figure, long arms, and luxuriant dark brown hair, slightly turned at the ends, gave her a dramatic appearance to begin with. Her speech was marked by rising inflections at the end of sentences, the remainder being given in a monotonous tone of voice, with almost rhythmic prolonging of accented syllables (see italicized syllables in the text). Her action was pronounced and also rhythmic or accented. Journeying from right to left of the platform, with a halt or swing on each measured step; pushing back, now and then, her heavy locks; her eyes flashing as she coursed from side to side with defiant, accented stride, her hands clasped behind her; or, standing still and resolute as a Napoleon, and pointing at a wrong, personified and cowering before her—she was the very acme of fiery eloquence, and brought conviction to every heart.

Costume and Rendition.—A plain, rich black or Quaker colored silk dress, demi-train; black boots; a diamond pin and rings. Her costume, at the time of her triumphant career as a lecturer, was remarkable for its Quaker-like simplicity in color and style.

This text is adapted from a lecture by Miss Dickinson, called "For Your Own Sakes." It should be delivered standing and walking, with no desk, no manuscript, and only two chairs in the rear of the platform.

THE SISTERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night | to the sound of rain.

The rush of wind, | the tramp and roar
Of great waves | climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white, |
And looked out | into the storm | and night.

(*p.*) "Hush, and harken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, | sister dear?"

[*Carelessly.*] "I hear the sea, | and the plash of rain, |
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No *good* comes | of watching a storm;

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring | and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat | to miss |
The harbor-lights | on a night like this."

(*p.*) "But I heard a °voice cry out °my name,
Up from the sea | on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice | have I heard it call,
And the voice | is the voice of | Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
[*Impatiently.*] "Hall of the Heron is °*safe*," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, | would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

[*Terror.*] "O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

(') "Annie! Annie! I hear it call,
And the voice | is the voice of | Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"°Thou liest! He never would call °*thy* name!

"If he °did, | I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him °forever from thee | and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a °dreadful °blast;
Like the cry of a dying man | it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears | a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love | in peace.

(*asp.*) "Dearest!" | she whispered, under breath, (²)
"Life was a lie, | but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall °crown me now | in the light of day.

"My ears shall never | to wooer list,
Never | by lover | my lips be kissed.

"°Sacred to °thee | (³) am I °hence°forth,
Thou in heaven | and I | on earth!"

(¹) "Annie" should be prolonged, running up two or three notes and down again, in imitation of the roar of the sea or of wind, and in low, steady tone of voice, minor key. Repeat, letting the sound die out with the exhausted breath.

(²) Hands pressed to the bosom.

(³) Right hand heavenward on "thee."

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
(–·–) "°*Hall of the Heron is dead!*" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more | beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of °thine,
It loved him °not | with a love like mine;

"I, | for °*his* sake, | were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider *thy* | bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble | and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch | in my heart be set.

"But now | my soul with °his soul I wed;
Thine the living | and mine (') the dead!"

AT EVENING.

BY J. T. NEWCOMB.

The sun had kissed the Western wave, and bade the world
good-night,
While in the sky the floating clouds hung blushing at the
sight.

The playful ripples dancing came from out the mighty sea,
And paused a moment on the sands, and kissed them
tenderly.

The gentle evening breezes sighed among the bowlders bare,
And kissed their loneliness away and lingered fondly there.

A youth beside a maiden walked (I tell no wondrous deed)
When twilight shadows kissed the shore he followed
nature's lead.

(') Hands clasped and hanging down limp as in resignation.

LECTURE ON ART.

A STUDY OF OSCAR WILDE.

(– –) Everything made by the hand of man | is either ˌug˚ly | or (/) ˌbeauti˚ful; (– –) and it might as well be beautiful as (/) ˌug˚ly. (– –) Nothing that is made | is ˚too ˌpoor [pooah], | or ˚too (/) ˌtrivi˚al, | (– –) to be made with an idea [ideah], | of pleasing the æsthetic ˌeye.

˚Americans, | ˌas a class, | ˚are not (/) ˌpractical, (– –) though you may laugh | at the (/) ˌassertion. (– –) When I enter [entah] | a room, | I see a carpet of (\) vulgar [vulgah] (/) ˌpattern, | (– –) a cracked plate upon the (/) ˌwall, | (– –) with a peacock feather stuck ˚beˌhind ˚it. (– –) I sit down | upon a badly glued | machine-made (/) ˌchair [chăah], | that creaks | upon being (/) ˌtouched; | (– –) I see | a gaudy gilt horror, | in the shape | of a (/) ˌmirror, | (– –) and a cast-iron monstrosity | for a ˚chandeˌlier. (– –) Everything I see | was made to (/) ˌ*sell*. (– –) I turn to look for the beauties of nature [nātyah] | in (/) vain; | (– –) for I behold only muddy streets | and (\) ugly (/) ˌbuild˚ings; (– –) everything looks (\) second (/) class. (– –) By second class | I mean | that | which constantly *decreases* ˚*in* (/) ˌ*value*. (– –) The old Gothic cathedral is firmer [firmah] and (/) stronger [strongah], | and more [mōah] beautiful ˌ*now* | than it was | years | [yeahs] (/) ˌago. (– –) There is one thing worse | than ˚*no* (/) ˌart | and that is | ˌ*bad* ˚art.

(– –) A good rule to follow | in a house | is to have nothing therein | but what is useful | or (/) ˌbeautiful; | (– –) nothing that is not pleasant to use, | or was not a pleasure | to the one | who (/) ˌmade ˚it. (– –) Allow no machine-made ornaments | in the house | at (/) ˌall.

(– –) Don't paper your [youah] hálls, | but have them (/) ˌwain°scoted, | or provided | with a (/) ˌdado. (– –) Don't hang them with pictures, | as they are only | (/) ˌpassage-ˈways. (– –) Have some definite idea [ideah], | of ˌcolór [culah], (– –) some dominant | key-note | of (/) ˌcolor [culah], (– –) or exquisite graˌdaˈtión, | like the answering calls | in a symphony | of (/) ˌmusic. There are symphonies | of color [culah], | as (\) well as of | (/) ˌsound. I will describe | one of Mr. Whistler's | symphonies in color—(– –) a symphony | in *white*. A picture [pictchah], representing | a gray and white sky [skēī]; a gray sea, flecked with the white crests of (\) °dancing (/) ˌwaves; | a white (/) ˌbalcoˈny | with two little children in white, | leaning over [ovah] the (/) ˌrailˈing, | (– –) plucking | with white (/) ˌfingers [finggahs], | the white petals | of an almond trée | (/) in bloom.

(– –) The truths of art | cannot | (/) be *taught*. (– –) They are revealed | only | to natures [nātyahs] which have made themselves receptive | of all | (\) °beautiful (/) ˌimpressións | by the study, | and the worship of | all | beautiful | (/) ˌthings. (– –) Don't take your [youah] críticˈ | as any súre [shuah] test | of (/) ˌart; for artists, | like the Greek gods, | are only revealed | to one (/) ˌanother [anothah]. The true critic | addresses | °*not* the (/) ˌartist | (/) *ever*, | but the public. *His* work | is with (/) ˌthem. Art | can have no other [othah] aim | but her own °perˌfecˈtion.

(– –) Love art | for its own sake, | and then | all these things | shall be (/) ˌadded °to yóu. (– –) This devotion to beauty | and to the creation of beautiful things, | is the test | of all | great | °civiliˌzaˈtións. (– –) It is what makes the life | of each citizen | a sacrament | and °not | a °specuˌlaˈtión; for beauty | is the only thing | time | cannot hárm. Philosophies may fall away | °like the (/) ˌsand; creeds | follow one °anˌothˈér; | but what is beautiful | is a joy for all seasóns, a possession | for all | °eˌterˈnity.

(– –) National hatreds | are always strongest | where culture [cultchah] | is (/) ₀lowest; but art | is an empire | which a nation's enemies | cannot | take (/) ₀*from* °her.

(– –) We | in our Renaissance | are seeking to create a sovereignty | that shall °still be (/) ₀England's | when her yellow leopards | are weary of wars [wahs], | (– –) and the rose | on her shield | is crimsoned °no (/) ₀more [mōah] | with the blood | of (/) ₀bat°tle. And °you, | ₀too, | (– –) absorbing | into the heart of a great people | this pervading artistic (/) ₀spirit, will create for your- [youah] selves | °such ₀riches | as you have never [nevah] yet | °cre₀a°ted, | though your [youah] land | be a network of (/) ₀railways, | and your [youah] cities | the harbors | of the galleys | of the (/) ₀world.

OSCAR WILDE, an Irish poet, a son of Sir William Wilde, was born in Dublin, October 16, 1856. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1878. He was a pupil of Ruskin, and the friend and travelling companion of Prof. Mahaffy, with whom he visited Greece. After his college days he became noted as an apostle of æstheticism in dress, manners, and literature. He was christened Oscar O'Flahertie Fingal Wills.

COSTUME.—A dark purple velvet sack coat, and knee-breeches; black hose, low shoes with bright buckles; coat lined with lavender satin, a frill of rich lace at the wrists and for tie-ends over a low turn-down collar; hair long, and parted in the middle, or all combed over. Enter with a circular cavalier cloak over the shoulder. The voice is clear, easy, and not forced. Change pose now and then, the head inclining toward the strong foot, and keep a general appearance of repose.

This disciple of true art speaks very deliberately, and his speech is marked by transitions, as marked by the small signs (₀) (°) throughout the text; the closing inflection of a sentence or period is ever upward.

IKE PARTINGTON AFTER THE OPERA.

NOTE.—The following sketch can be made very amusing by imitating the manner of an opera-singer. Suit your own voice as to the manner of rendering it. Tenor, contralto, or basso will do, but not soprano, unless you substitute an opera-mad girl for Ike. Sing softly at first, and vary the style and expression; at the same time increase in action and force to the very last. An anti-climax would spoil it entirely. The more you repeat and trill, or attempt to trill, toward the close, the better.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera, he has been "*non pompous mentus*" through his attempt to imitate the "Opera-tions." The morning after the opera, Ike sang everything he had to say—just as they do in the opera. He handed me his cup, and sang softly:

(*pp.*) "Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

I looked at him in surprise, and he went right on singing:

[*Brilliant.*] "Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating;
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

I gave him the tea, and he stirred it a moment and began again:

[*Recitative.*] "Table-cloths and cups and saucers,
Good white bread and active jaws, sirs,
Tea, Gunpowder and Souchong,
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"Oh, what is the matter," I cried in distress; "what *is* the matter with the boy?"

[*Tenor.*] "All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer;

[*Dramatic.*] I'm not bound by witch or wizzard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But Isaac! Isaac!" I cried. He kept right on—with his eyes fixed on the table:

[*Tenor.*] "What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel, or is it herring?
[*Robust.*] Let me dash upon it, quick;
Ne'er again that fish shall kick.
[*Dramatic.*] Charge upon it, charge, Isaac, charge!"

APOSTROPHE TO THE WATERMELON.

Come to the mortal as he sits
Upon a drygoods box and sips
The nectar from thy juicy lips;
Come to the youngster as he flits
Across the high and peaked fence
And moves with ecstacy intense
Thy charms from off the native vine.

And thou art terrible!
O August-born monstrosity!
Incarnate colicosity!
Beneath thy emerald bosom glow,
Like glittering bubbles in the wine,
The lurid fires of deadly woe,
And from thy fascinations grow
The pain, the cramp, the pang, the throe—
And all we fear or dream or know
Of agony is thine!

AFTER THE WEDDING.

BY WILLIAM L. KEESE.

NOTE.— A lady can make an effective and showy monologue of this poem by being dressed as if just from a wedding, wraps and all, and proceeding (during the recitation) to throw off articles of apparel and ornaments, finally lowering the lights and sinking into a deep revery.

All alone in my room, at last!
I wonder how far they have travelled now?
They'll be far away when the night is past;
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress!
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
Those were roses, too, in the wreath, I guess —
They made the crimson among the curls.

She's good as beautiful, too, they say;
Her heart is as gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him alway —
Dear! I am tearing my new white gloves.
How calm she is, with her saint-like face!
Her eyes are violet — mine are blue;
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
Her hands are whiter, and softer, too.

They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again!
I'm almost afraid to be here so still,
I wish it would thunder, and lighten, and rain!
O no! for some may not be abed,
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon will come instead,
And heaven be starry, and earth all light.

'Tis only a summer that she's been here —
It's been *my* home for seventeen years!

But her name is a testament far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came —
There, at last I have tied my hair —
Her curls and mine were nearly the same,
But hers are longer, and mine less fair.

They're going across the sea, I know;
Across the ocean — will that be far?
Did I have my comb, a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all are.
When ships are wrecked do the people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down,
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good-night, good-night — it is striking one!
Good-night to bride, and good-night to groom.
The light of my candle is almost done —
I wish my bed was in mother's room.
How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day,
They're all too white for me, I'm afraid,—
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.

Dark — all dark! for the light is dead;
Father in heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my weary head,
For this breaking heart in my poor, poor breast!
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray,
O God protect him from change and ill;
And render her worthier every way,
The older the purer, the lovelier still.

There, I knew I was going to cry!
I have kept the tears in my soul too long;
Oh, let me say it or I shall die!
As heaven is witness, I mean no wrong.

He never shall hear from this secret room,
  He never shall know, in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
  Fell dead one night in a moment of tears!

I loved him more than she understands —
  For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with lifted hands,
  To lay at his feet my shattered youth!
I love, I adore him still the same!
  More than father, and mother, and life!
My hope of hopes was to bear his name,
  My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His wife! — O name which the angels breathe,
  Let it not crimson my cheek for shame;
'Tis her great glory, her word to wreathe
  In the princely heart from whose blood it came.
O hush! again I behold them stand,
  As they stood, to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him holding her white-gloved hand,
  I hear his voice in a whisper fall.

I see the minister's silver hair,
  I see him kneel at the altar stone,
I see him rise when the prayer is o'er —
  He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
  The friends are pressing to kiss the bride;
One of those kisses had birthplace here —
  The dew of her lips has not yet dried.

His lips have touched hers before to-night —
  Then I have a grain of his to keep!
This midnight blackness is flecked with light,
  Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.

THE PASSIONS.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

When Mu^sic, heavenly ma^id, | was yo^ung, |
While yet in early Greece she su^ng, |
The Passio^ns oft, | to hear her she^ll,
Thronged around her magic ce^ll—
˳Ex°ulti^ng, tr^embli^ng, (*f.*) ra^gi^ng, (*p.*) fainti^ng—
Possessed beyond the Muse's painti^ng;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
(/) Disturbed, ˳de°lighte^d, °raise^d, °re˳fine^d;
Till o^nce, 'tis said, | when all were fire^d,
Filled with fu^ry, ra^pt, inspire^d, |
(*q.*) From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of so^und;
(\) °And, ˳as they oft had heard apart
(/) Sweet lessons of her forceful a^rt, |
°Ea^ch (for *Madness* ruled the ho^ur)
°Would prove his o^wn | expressive | powe^r.
(¹) First °Fe^ar | °his ˳ha^nd, its skill to tr^y, |
Amid the chords bewildere^d (²) la^id,
And back recoile^d, | he knew °no^t ˳wh^y, (³)
E'en at the sound (\) *himself* had made.
(*f.*) Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In °lightnings owned his secret stings:
(⁴) (<) In one rude clash | he struck the lyre,
And swept | with hurried hand | the strings.

(¹) Fear expressed in aspirate tones.
(²) Hold the *i* in "bewildered."
(³) Let "why" end higher than "not" began.
(⁴) Final explosive stress on the marked words.

(⁵) [*Slow.*] With ˂woful measures | wan ₒDe°spair,
ₒₒLow, sullen sounds his grief beguiled—
(– –) A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
[*Slow.*] 'Twas sad by fits, | (*q.*) by starts | 'twas wild.
[*Gay.*] But °thou, O °Hope, | with eyes °so fair—
What was °*thy* ₒdelightful measure?
(*p.*) [*Slow.*] Still it whispered | promised pleasure,
(/) ₒAnd bade the lovely scenes at °distance | ₒhail!
(– –) Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And | from the rocks, | the woods, | the vale, |
She called on °*Echo* °still, | through all | the song;
And, where her °sweetest °theme she °chose,
(*p.*) °A soft, responsive voice | was heard at every close;
[*Gay.*] And °Hope, ₒen°chanted, | (– –) °˂smiled, and ˂waved
her golden hair.
And °longer had °*she* sung, (– –) but, with a frown,
(\) °°Revenge impatient rose;
(– –) He threw his blood-stained sword | in °˂thunder ₒdown,
And, | with a withering look,
(– –) The war-denouncing trumpet took,
(/) And blew a blast ˂so | ˂loud | and dread,
(– –) ₒWere ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
(⁶) { And, ever and anon, he beat
{ The doubling drum, with furious heat,
(*p.*) °And though sometimes, (/) each dreary pause between,
(/) Dejected Pity, (– –) at his side,
°Her (/) soul-subduing voice applied,
(– –) Yet still he kept his wild, °un°altered °mien,
(*Slac.*) While each strained ball of sight seemed (⁷) °*˂bursting*
‖ from his head.
[*Slow.*] ₒThy numbers, Jealousy, to (\) °*naught* were fixed—

(⁵) Run down five or more notes on "despair," half aspirate.
(⁶) Bring out the accented syllables in rhythmical beats, as in drumming
(⁷) Bring out each accented syllable with explosive force, especially on "bursting."

(– –) ₒSad proof of thy distressful state;
Of °differing themes | the veering song | was mixed;
(*p.*) ₒAnd °now | it courted °Love, (*f.*) now, °raving, | called on Hate.
[*Slow.*] (– –) With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy | sat retired; |
And, | from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made °more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn | her pensive soul;
(*Stac. q p.*) °And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
(– –) [*Slow.*] °Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;

(⁸)(\) Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

(⁹) ₒBut °oh! ₒhow °altered was its °sprightlier °tone |
When (\) °Cheerfulness, a nymph of (¹⁰) °healthiest hue,
(– –) Her bow across her shoulder flung,
(– –) Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an °inspiring air, | that dale and thicket rung —
(– –) The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
(– –) °The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs | and sylvan (¹¹) °boys, ₒwere °seen
Peeping from forth | their alleys green;
ₒBrown °Exercise | rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up | and seized | his beechen spear.
[*Soberly.*] Last came °Joy's ₒecstatic trial:
He, | with viny (/) ₒcrown advancing,
First to the lively °pipe ₒhis hand addressed;

(⁸) In monotone, every line lower and softer to the end.
(⁹) Run five to eight notes down on "oh," "altered," "sprightlier," and up as much on "tone."
(¹⁰) "Healthiest hue," three notes down and three up.
(¹¹) "Boys were seen," run down on "boys," use "were" as a pivot, and swing upward on "seen," making a cradle (⌣) of the three words.

°But soon he saw | the brisk | awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice | he loved the best;
(⁄) They would have thought, who heard the strain,
(– –) They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
(– –) Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied | minstrel | dancing, |
(*Stac.*) While | his flying fingers | (⌣) °kissed the strings, |
Love framed with Mirth | a gay fantastic round:
([12]) °Loose | were her tresses seen, | her zone (⌣) °un°bound;
(⁄) ₀And °he | (⁄) ₀amidst his frolic play, |
As if he would the charming (⌣) °air ₀repay,
Shook (\) °thousand | odors | (– –) from his dewy wings.

(\) °O Music! sphere-descending maid,
°Friend of °Pleasure, | °Wisdom's aid!
(\) °Why, goddess! | why, to °us ₀denied,
(\) °Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre | aside?
(⁄) As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, | O nymph endeared,
Can well re°call | what then it heard; ([13])
°Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, | °Fancy, | Art?
(\) Arise | as in that (\) °elder time,
(⁄) Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime,
Thy wonders, | in that godlike age,
(\) Fill | thy recording ([14]) sister's | page:
(⁄) ₀'Tis °said, ₀and I believe the °tale—
(\) Thy °humblest ₀*reed* | could °more °prevail,
Had more of strength, | diviner rage, |
Than all | which charms this | laggard age.
E'en all at once °together ₀found |
(– –) Cecilia's mingled world of sound.

([12]) The same as above on "unbound."
([13]) "Heard" to rhyme with "endeared."
([14]) Sister, *i. e.*, history.

(\) °Oh, bid our vain endeavors cease,
₀Re°vive | the just designs of Greece;
Return | in all | thy °simple state—
₀Con°firm | the tales | her sons relate.

The student who can properly read this "Ode to the Passions," can read anything well, since all varieties of voice, inflection, rates of speed, etc., are required to render it effectively. It is well worth careful study and continued practice. It can be made for readers and speakers almost as useful as is the scale to musicians.

A SERIES OF TABLEAUX.

To accompany a Reading of "Ode to the Passions."

ARRANGED BY HELEN POTTER.

A series of strong tableaux can be made to accompany the reading of this poem. The stage should be arranged so that the changes can be made quickly and without disturbing the reader. A couple of squares of plank on rollers would, perhaps, be useful, as one figure could be posed while the other is on exhibition; else, side by side, two sets of screens or curtains, to be used alternately. A maroon or very dark crimson throws out a picture better than any other color; hence a background of maroon cloth and screens or curtains of the same color, are an absolute necessity. Arrange them so that they can be quickly and easily closed or opened, by means of strings worked at the side.

Having selected the persons to pose in the tableaux, rehearse and time them, to ascertain how many seconds each one can remain motionless, just as they are posed for exhibition.

The reader advances to a position where he or she will not intercept the views, and begins to read. When he arrives at "Fear," in the second stanza, the curtain should open noiselessly, and reveal the posed figure of "Fear." At the word of the text, gauging his seconds of posing, close the curtain. The subject should still remain in position, but may relax the will, and take a moment of rest.

black skull-cap, with a long red quill stuck upon one side, long-pointed sock-shoes, a belt and breech-cloth. Suit may be all of Jersey cloth.

7. MELANCHOLY.—A young lady; pale, tall, slender and willowy, sloping shoulders and drooping. *Dress.*—A flowing Greek robe, *i. e.*, a sleeveless, loose dress and peplum; or, if preferred, an Empire robe of lavender color, sandals, bracelets, armlets and anklets. *Pose.*—Side view, classical; sitting, one knee over the other, and hands clasped over the knee, with interlacing fingers (the outline showing a curved back and one sandaled foot, elevated); the hair carelessly caught up, and the face upturned, as expressed by the poet: "With eyes upraised as one inspired."
8. CHEERFULNESS.—A young girl; happy and contented, with a bright, cheerful, smiling face. *Dress.*—Greek robe, or Empire gown, of violet or combined shades of heliotrope (physical and mental vigor), and a quiver full of arrows at her back. *Pose.*—Side view, standing on tiptoe; "a bow across her shoulders flung," and two fine young athletes posing near her, "Exercise" and "Sport." They are two handsome young men of excellent model, supple and strong, and dressed in sporting costumes. 1st Athlete, "Exercise," is brown and vigorous. *Dress.*—Red and yellow, or red and some other color. *Pose.*—A graceful gymnastic position, *e. g.*, springing to catch a ball over head, or leaping. 2d Athlete, "Sport," is a blonde of vivacious temperament. *Dress.*—Crimson and gray, or orange, *i. e.*, a costume in which red (physical force) figures conspicuously.*
9. JOY.—A boy; jovial, rosy and vivacious; a brunette. *Dress.*—Yellow, bordering on orange; shapes, trunks, jacket and sandals; upon the head a crown of vine leaves. Expression, gay and laughing. *Pose.*—Standing; playing the violin, while "Love" and "Mirth" pose as dancing to the music. "Love" is represented by a beautiful young girl in yellow; "Mirth" by a boy full of frolic and fun, dressed fantastically in gay colors. For an encore, "Joy" drops the violin and, bow in hand, joins in dancing. Dancing-positions are endless in variety,

* The colors herein set forth to typify the passions accord with the author's understanding of their significance; others may have a different interpretation, and are at liberty to use their own correspondences.

and can be rendered exceedingly graceful, *e. g.*, in a circle, hands up, and one toe just touching the floor, etc.

THE POEM IN ACTION.

In case a full orchestra and full stage arrangements are available, with colored lights, storm-boxes, etc., this poem could be enacted, stanza by stanza, in magnificent style. The primitive, wild forest scene, with an arbor wherein Music dwells, her "instruments of sound" hanging from the branches of the trees, her light or golden harp well defined against a dark background, etc. Also, a distinct sense of the power of color could be produced by means of colored lights, typical of each successive passion: Fear, gray; Anger, red; Despair, black; Hope, light blue; Revenge, crimson; Pity, apple-green; Jealousy, green, with flashes of pink in the darkness for Love and Hate, which alternate in the moods of Jealousy; Melancholy, lavender; Cheerfulness, violet or heliotrope, with flashes of red, orange and purple for Exercise and Sport. Then the storm effects could be applied, lightning to accompany Fear; thunder with Anger and Revenge; whistling wind with Despair, sighing wind with Melancholy, etc.

THE POEM IN MARBLE.

All good, single figures, or groups not too large, could be put into marble, if desired, and a grand gallery of statuary form the chief feature of the recital.

DRESS AND MAKE-UP FOR STATUARY.—Apply a liquid preparation called "Clown's White" to the face, neck, arms and hands. Smooth it evenly over the surface, with the palms and finger-tips, and add a wig made of white cotton, or cotton-wool. The drapery must correspond with the copy. It may be a robe, toga, or cloak, of white, or cream-white cashmere. For temporary service, soft cheese-cloth will answer very well. Remember, however, that the color must be the same throughout, to represent marble; the face, wig, drapery, all alike in color. Stand upon a low pedestal, and let the drapery conceal the feet and fall to the floor or near it.

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SILENT LETTERS.

A Study of Visible Expression.

Appealing to the Eye alone.

Students well trained in physical expression can make a most interesting display by means of prepared, sealed letters, conveying various kinds of news. These letters are to be opened and silently read in presence of the spectators, the contents to be made apparent by attitude and action only; *i. e.*, by physical expression.

EXAMPLES, DISPLAYING VARIOUS EMOTIONS.

1. A dunning letter—Annoyance, contempt, etc.
2. A sad-news letter—Surprise, grief, etc.
3. An insulting letter—Anger, rage, disgust, etc.
4. A funny letter—Mirth, laughter, etc.
5. Of losses, disaster, ruin—Surprise, remorse, despair, etc.
6. A love letter—The gamut of the sentimental.

Suggestions how to read these letters may be of great service to students who have little or no opportunity for proper physical training, and, at the same time, serve as a basis for elaboration by others. Effective action must necessarily partake of the nature of the actor, since the same emotions are expressed in divers manners by divers people. One is explosive, another suppressed, another paralyzed under the same sentiment or feeling, and your action should bear somewhat of your personality. Remember that posture and gesture can be seen much farther than facial expression, the latter, in a large auditorium, being often lost to spectators beyond the first rows; yet avoid exaggeration, otherwise you may appear more the contortionist or clown than the artist.

A Dunning Letter—Annoyance, Etc.

Look at the envelope, turn it over, look again. Examine the post-mark; raise the eyebrows, and open it with a show of indifference. Read it, contract the brows, feel of the pocket, and toss the head with eyebrows up and eyes half closed. Throw the letter over the shoulder upon the floor; tap the foot, and whistle or hum a tune very carelessly.

A Sad-news Letter—Surprise, Grief, Etc.

Sit at the table upon which the letters lie unopened [*normo-mental*]; open the letter and read. [*Surprise.*]

squint; [*astonishment*] rise to your feet; [*stupor*] stare with wide open eyes, brows down, etc.; recover yourself, sigh, awake, and return to the letter; read, winking fast, and turn the head from side to side, as you follow the lines back and forth. [*Conviction.*] Give up and sink down, crushing the letter in the left hand, and swaying the body to and fro. [*Agony and rebellion.*] Writhe, rise, groan, etc. [*Submission.*] Weep, relax all the muscles, and, with face heavenward and right hand uplifted, melt into prayer, and show submission to the Divine will; or, if preferred, kneel, drooping the head and hands, and bend over toward the floor in a state of total abandonment to grief.

AN INSULTING LETTER—ANGER, RAGE, ETC.

[*Indifference.*] Look the letter over, open it, turn to the inside signature, leaning back in the chair, the head turned aside. [*Interest.*] Read the letter, increasing in action; sit up and bring the letter nearer the eyes. [*Surprise.*] Bring down the eyebrows, open wide the eyes and mouth; turn the eyes rapidly from one side of the letter to the other; again look at the signature, date and envelope. [*Anger.*] Read again, frown, set the teeth, bend forward, clench the fist, and tap the foot impatiently. [*Rage.*] Crush the letter, rise, pace the floor to and fro, shake your fists, halt, make a sound of disgust, "ugh," and throwing it violently upon the floor, stamp upon it.

NOTE.—Two or three vocal sounds, during the action of this letter, may add to the effect; an "ugh!" "ha!" "m!" or something of this sort; but repeated too often would seriously mar the performance.

A FUNNY LETTER—SMILES, LAUGHTER, ETC.

This letter can best be read in the performer's own style of mirthfulness; therefore, no full directions will be given. To smile, to press your lips together and explode in laughter, to hold your sides and "ha, ha, ha!" or to titter and giggle and laugh suppressedly, must be a matter of choice and of nature combined. No directions could be given to suit all.

A BAD-NEWS LETTER—RUIN, DISGRACE, ETC.

This varies from the sad-news letter in that remorse, despair, and even insanity may be touched upon in expres-

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A Love Letter—Sentimental.

Look at the envelope on all sides, and with trembling hands open the letter. Sigh and look to the signature at the end of it. Smile, read, and sigh; turn about, holding it close to your heart. Rise, fold it up hastily, look about you as if fearful of discovery, hide it behind you, then open it again and look at the signature; kiss it, fold it, and put it in your bosom.

A Study of Audible Expression.

Appealing to the Ear only.

How much you can express by the voice alone can be tested by reciting a brief selection, poem or speech, while standing behind a screen. Stripped of all the assistance which comes of youth, beauty, grace, artistic attire, or the charm of an agreeable and magnetic presence, your vocal work will undergo a severe test.

The writer experienced a test of this kind when called to entertain an audience of blind people. The impersonations were useless in such a case, for the make-up, dress, wigs, walk, etc., would go for nothing, and plain readings and recitations were substituted in their place. Dressed with due care and something of elaboration, as usual for entertainments elsewhere, the reader was escorted to the hall, where the audience were assembled and awaiting the performance. The usual effect of an entrance was lost, of course; also the opening salutation, the deferential bow, which ordinarily puts the audience *en rapport* with the artist.

As the reader looked upon the expectant, sightless faces around her, and felt the trustful repose of all those intelligent hands which lay so peacefully upon their laps, as if listening and expectant too, the question came to her: "How can I satisfy these waiting souls? Here soul unto soul speaketh; all else is vanity, indeed! Whether I be old or young, awkward or graceful, homely or beautiful, in calico and bare arms, or satin and Paris gloves, is of no

moment to them. The uplifted eyes, the pleading hands, smiles, frowns, hopes, fears, each and every emotion and sentiment must be heard, for none can see! The tears must be in the voice, all, *all in the voice!* May the Great Spirit abide with me, and dwell in every tone, every word, every sentence I utter this night!"

Indeed, no better test of your voice-work can be made than to read or recite to an intelligent blind person. If he is satisfied, you have succeeded well. In reading dialogues, see that the characters are kept distinct, each from the other, in quality and movement of voice. Emulate Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, who could keep six or eight characters individual and distinct, so that any one could tell at any time which is speaking. If you can do this, then you can read well.

Tripartite Expression.

Appealing to the Ear, Eye and Feeling.

Three renderings of the same story, if well done, is a most curious and interesting performance. Select a short story or poem, one that can be clearly told by gesture or pantomime, and commit it thoroughly.

(1) Tell the story without gesture, or emotion, or any physical action not strictly necessary; behind a screen if preferred.

(2) Tell the same story in pantomime, without words.

(3) Recite the poem with all the embellishments and oratorical effects, voice, action, feeling, etc., and with a musical accompaniment or background.

A comical effect can be produced by two persons, one to recite, the other to pantomime at the same time, the recitationist apparently unconscious of the pantomimic display. If available, a party of pantomimists can perform in unison, and keep time by silent dancing or occasional light gymnastics, in the rear of the speaker.

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OTHELLO.

A STUDY OF TOMMASO SALVINI.

[Text from his acting copy of SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO.)

ARGUMENT.—Othello, the Moor, was commander of the Venetian army. Iago was his ensign or ancient. Desdemona, the daughter of Brabantio, the senator, fell in love with the Moor, and he married her; but Iago, by insinuation, falsehood, and villainy, wrought a thread of circumstantial evidence against the innocent wife, so that Othello, aroused to jealousy, smothered her with a pillow, and then killed himself.

ACT I., SCENE I.—A dark street. SCENE II.—Council Chamber.

When in Act I. Othello is set upon by the venerable Brabantio and his party, for stealing his daughter, he coolly advises them to put up, or rather

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more
Command with *years*, than with your weapons.

They call him names, taunt and abuse him, saying he must be subdued; conscious of his superior strength, he replies:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter.

And adds in a most conciliatory tone and manner:

Where will you that I go, | to answer this charge?

They answer rudely:

To prison, till fit time of law call thee to answer.

Then, in his answering question, the officer and diplomat appear:

What if I do °o°bey?
How may the °*Duke* | be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers | are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the °state,
To bring me to °*him*?

The court is convened, and awaits the coming of the Moor. The Duke and the senators are stationed on the right; the guard, in armor, at the rear; while Brabantio, Cassio, Iago, and others enter

from the left, and await the issue. Brabantio makes the charge, and Othello is called upon to answer. Then comes the Moor's famous plea, beginning with: "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors." Othello steps forward, and with dignity addresses the court. He makes few gestures, and no display of oratory; but proceeds to narrate the circumstances of his acquaintance with Desdemona, and of their mutual attachment. The mighty warrior is cool and pacific, both in speech and manner:

Othello. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year | to year,—the battles, | sieges, | °fortunes,
That I had passed.
I ran it through, | even from my °boyish days, |
To the very moment | he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake | of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents | by flood and field, |
Of hair-breadth 'scapes | i' the imminent deadly breach, |
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my ₒre°demption | thence.
My story being done |
She gave me for my pains a (\) °world of sighs.
°She swore, ₒin faith, 'twas strange, 'twas °passing ₒstrange;
'Twas (\) °pitiful, 'twas (\) °wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me;
And bade me, ₒif I had a friend (/) that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell °my ₒstory,
(/) And that | would °woo her. Upon °this ₒhint |
I spake.
She (\) °loved me | for the °dangers | I had passed, |
(/) And I loved °her | ₒthat she did °pity ₒthem;
(\) This only | is the (\) °witchcraft | I have used.

Othello steps back and puts out his hand.

(/) Here comes the °lady; (\) °let her witness it.

All turn to look at Desdemona, as she enters. Her father, standing by the senators, and near to the front of the stage, addresses her:

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Good signior, you shall more
Command with *years*, than with your weapons.

They call him names, taunt and abuse him, saying he must be subdued; conscious of his superior strength, he replies:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter.

And adds in a most conciliatory tone and manner:

Where will you that I go, | to answer this charge?

They answer rudely:

To prison, till fit time of law call thee to answer.

Then, in his answering question, the officer and diplomat appear:

What if I do °o°bey?
How may the °*Duke* | be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers | are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the °state,
To bring me to °*him*?

The court is convened, and awaits the coming of the Moor. The Duke and the senators are stationed on the right; the guard, in armor, at the rear; while Brabantio, Cassio, Iago, and others enter

from the left, and await the issue. Brabantio makes the charge, and Othello is called upon to answer. Then comes the Moor's famous plea, beginning with: "Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors." Othello steps forward, and with dignity addresses the court. He makes few gestures, and no display of oratory; but proceeds to narrate the circumstances of his acquaintance with Desdemona, and of their mutual attachment. The mighty warrior is cool and pacific, both in speech and manner:

Othello. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year | to year,—the battles, | sieges, | °fortunes,
That I had passed.
I ran it through, | even from my °boyish days, |
To the very moment | he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake | of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents | by flood and field, |
Of hair-breadth 'scapes | i' the imminent deadly breach, |
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my ₒre°demption | thence.
My story being done |
She gave me for my pains a (\) °world of sighs.
°She swore, ₒin faith, 'twas strange, 'twas °passing ₒstrange;
'Twas (\) °pitiful, 'twas (\) °wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me;
And bade me, ₒif I had a friend (/) that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell °my ₒstory,
(/) And that | would °woo her. Upon °this ₒhint |
I spake.
She (\) °loved me | for the °dangers | I had passed, |
(/) And I loved °her | ₒthat she did °pity ₒthem;
(\) This only | is the (\) °witchcraft | I have used.

Othello steps back and puts out his hand.

(/) Here comes the °lady; (\) °let her witness it.

All turn to look at Desdemona, as she enters. Her father, standing by the senators, and near to the front of the stage, addresses her:

Brab. (\) °Come hither, ₒgentle mistress;
(– –) Do you perceive | in all this noble company
Where °most | (\) °you owe obedience?

Desdemona advances to the front near her father, and answers:

Des. My noble father,
(/) I do perceive here | a °divided ₒduty.
My life and education | °both (/) do learn me
(\) °How to respect you; you are the lord of duty.

Othello advances and listens eagerly.

(/) I am hitherto | °your daughter;

She pauses, looks back, and pointing to Othello, adds:

but here's || ₒmy °husband.

Othello turns and, pressing his clasped hands to his breast, nods to Iago, as to say: "See, she is mine, of her own free choice, and you see she loves me! ah, how sweet, how beautiful she is!" As she continues her speech, he turns his head from side to side, smiling and admiring her, looking excessively proud and happy, and so sure of her that every one unconsciously smiles too, in an outburst of human sympathy. Brabantio speaks in a kindly tone, which Othello welcomes as a harbinger of peace and good-will.

Brab. (\) °God be with you! ₒI have done.
(\) °Come hither, Moor. [*Othello advances.*]
I here do give thee that | with all my heart,

Othello throws up his hands in gratitude, and impulsively holds them out toward Brabantio.

°Which, ₒbut that thou hast already, °with all my heart, ||
(*f. q.*) °°I would keep FROM thee!

At this sudden and violent turn of manner, Othello starts back, overwhelmed with surprise and disappointment; but he soon becomes severe and reserved. Then follows the Duke's order. A military expedition must be undertaken at once, and Othello must go and leave Desdemona behind. Now comes struggle, keen and swift, between his duty as commander of an army, and his duty to this beautiful, new-found treasure, who needs his protection and tender care. Her father is angry and cruel; she must not go to him. To entrust her to strangers, alas! that would never do. So he begs the court to provide for her as becomes her station. Desdemona, upon her knees, now implores permission to go with him to the wars. Othello tenderly raises her and, with his arm about her, assures the court that he will not prove remiss in his duty to the state if Desdemona be permitted to have her way. The request being granted, he

consigns his beloved wife to the care of his friend, "honest Iago," to escort her to camp, while he attends to important matters necessary to the expedition. The court adjourns, and as they pass out (*centre*) all bow to Othello and Desdemona. When, last of all, Brabantio passes them, Desdemona rushes toward him with extended hands, mutely imploring forgiveness. Brabantio pauses and, without noticing her, addresses Othello in words that sting, like a poisoned arrow, projecting the last one with unutterable cruelty, accompanied by a grand flourish of the hand:

(\) °Look to her, Moor, | if thou hast eyes to see;
(/) She has deceived her °*father*, | and *may* ‖ °°THEE!

Then with long strides he makes his exit, pursued by the infuriated Moor. Suddenly Othello pauses; the thought seems to come to him: "If I smite her father, I smite her." He reels with emotion, hurries to her side, wraps his cloak about her trembling form, and moves swiftly away with her (*left*).

ACT II., SCENE I.—A fortified town on the Island of Cyprus.

In front of the castle, Montano and several officers are discovered. Enter Desdemona, with Emilia, Iago, and others. Being assured that this beautiful lady is the wife of the General, they kneel to do her honor. She inquires after her lord, and some light conversation follows; during this time Cassio takes her hand and speaks to her in a low voice. Iago notes this for after use, to excite the Moor to jealousy. At this point Othello is announced. He comes upon the scene with impetuous speed, seeking his bride. Radiant with delight, she runs joyfully forward and meets him half way. At sight of her he pauses, throws up his hands and, with a quick glance to heaven, exclaims, in tones of deep gratitude:

(\) °Oh, my fair warrior!

They embrace and, slowly moving forward to the centre of the scene, his eyes still fixed upon her face, he continues his rhapsody:

Oth. (\) °Oh, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest | come °such ₒcalms,
May the winds blow | till they have °wakened ₒdeath!
(/) And let the laboring barque | climb hills of seas
(/) Olympus-high, | and duck again | as low
As °hell's from ₒheaven! If it were now | to die, |
'Twere now | to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content °so (/) ₒabsolute,
(– –) That not another comfort | like to this, |
ₒSuc°ceeds | in (\) °unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts | should ₒin°crease
(\)Even as our days do grow!
Oth. °Amen ₒto °that, °sweet ₒpowers!
(\) I cannot speak | ₒe°nough | of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

He strokes her hair and holds her close, with his hand on her head; turns her face up toward his, and moves his head right and left, as if drinking from her soul's beauty; then kisses her tenderly, and moves forward with her.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
[*To Des.*] ₒHoney, you shall be well desired | in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them.
(\) °O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine (\) own comforts. I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.
ₒCome, Desdemona.

Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo, and the scene darkens; it is night. Iago now contrives to get up a drunken brawl in the street, which ends in a fight. Othello, disturbed in his slumbers, rushes excitedly forth in his dressing-gown, with a red cloak over his shoulders.

Oth. °What is the matter here? °°Hold | for your lives!
°For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies | upon his motion.
ₒHonest Iago, | that lookst dead with grieving,
Speak, | (\) °who began this?

Othello stands haughtily, and glares from one to the other of the rioters. Iago's answer exonerates himself, and injures those he desires to ruin.

Oth. °What! and in a town of war,
The people's hearts | °brimful ₒof fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrels!
(*aut.*) ₒ'Tis °monstrous!

Desdemona, hearing the uproar, and fearful lest something serious has happened to her lord, rushes upon the scene in dishabille. At sight of his frightened wife, Othello again becomes incensed at the affair, and, in angry tones, orders them away. Then taking off his cloak he wraps it about her, and hurries her away (*right*).

ACT III., SCENE III.—Cyprus. A room in the castle.

This scene opens with an interview between Cassio, who has been deposed on account of the street-brawl, and Desdemona. Emilia, her attendant, is also present. Cassio implores her on his knees to intercede with the Moor, in his behalf; and, pitying him, she promises to do everything in her power to restore him to position and favor with her lord. Othello and Iago enter in time to see Cassio depart.

Iago. °Hà! (\) °I like not thât.

Oth. What dost thou sây?

Iago. Nothing, my lôrd; I know not whât.

Iago says this as if he had thought aloud and would conceal it.

Oth. ₀Was not that Cássio | parted from my wîfe?

Iago. Cássio, my lôrd! Nô, | sûre, | [*halting*] I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so (\) °guilty-like,
Seeing yôu cóming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he [*with lowering brows*].

Des. [*advancing*]. ₀How °now, | ₀my °lôrd!

I have been talking with a °suitor ₀hêre;
A man that languishes | in your displeasure.

Oth. ₀Who °is it | you meân?

Des. °Whŷ, | your lieutenânt, °Cássio. (/) Good, my lord,
[*Othello bends an inquiring look upon her*]
If °I | have any grace or power to move yôu,
His present reconciliation °takê;
For if he be not ône | ₀that °trûly ₀loves yôu,
That errs in ignorance, | and nôt in cunning,
I have °no ₀judgmênt, | (\) in an honest face.

Oth. Went he hence nôw?

Des. °Ây, ₀sôoth; ₀so ᶜhum₀blêd [*her hand on his arm*]
That he hath left °pârt ₀of his °grief | (\) with me,
₀To suffer with him. °Good ₀lôve, | (\) °call him back.

Oth. °Not ₒnow, ₒsweet Desdemóna; (\) °some other time. [*He puts his arm about her affectionately.*]

Des. °But shall 't be ₒshórtly?

Oth. The °sooner, ₒsweet, | ₒfor °you.

Des. (/) Shall 't be to-night, | ₒat °supper?

Oth. °No, ₒnot ₒto-°night.

Des. To-morrow, °dinner, ₒthen?

Oth. [*restless*]. (/) I shall not | ₒdine at °home;
I meet the °captains, | at the °citadel.

Moves away from her annoyed; she follows.

Des. ₒWhy, °then, | to-morrow night, | or Tuesday morn;
Or °Tuesday ₒnoon, or night; or (\) °Wednesday morn.
I pr'ythee °name the ₒtime; but let it not
Exceed three days; °in ₒfaith, | he's °penitent.
(\) °When shall he come?
ₒTell me, ₒOthello. [*He moves about uncomfortable, but not angry.*] (\) °I wonder | in my soul,
What °you ₒcould ask °me, || that I should deny,
Or stand so (\) °mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a °wooing ₒwith you; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath °ta'en ₒyour °part, to have so °much ₒto °do
To bring | him | in! (\) Trust me, (\) °I could do | °much—

Oth. [*takes her to his side and speaks kindly*]. Pr'ythee, no more; ₒlet him (\) °come when he will;
(/) I will deny thee | °nothing.

Des. [*surprised*]. °Why, (\) this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you | wear your gloves,
Or | feed on nourishing dishes, | or | keep you warm,
Or sue you | to do a peculiar profit
To your own person. ₒNay, when °I ₒhave a °suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love, | ₒindeed
It shall be full of °poise | and °difficult weight,
ₒAnd fearful | to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee | nothing.

He takes her white face between his brown hands and gazes searchingly into her eyes; then, melting into tenderness, he kisses her twice upon the forehead.

Whereon I do beseech ˌthee, (\) °grant me this.
(- -) To leave me | but a little | to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? ˌNo. (\) °Farewell, my lord.
[*He accompanies her to the door.*]

Oth. °Fareˌwell, my ˌDesdemona; I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. [*To Othello.*] Be | as your fancies teach you.
What(\)°e'er you be, | °I am o°bedient.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. (*gut.*) ˌPer°dition °catch ˌmy soul,
(- -) But I do | love | thee! | and when I °love ˌthee °not,
(\) °Chaos | ˌis °come | ˌagain.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. [*starting, and angry at being overheard*]. What dost say, Iago?

Iago [*insinuating*]. Did | Michael Cassio, | when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. ˌHe °did, from °first °to ˌlast. Why dost thou °ask?

Iago. (\) °But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Oth. (\) °Why of thy thought, ˌIago?

Iago. I did not | think | he had been | ˌacquainted with her.

Oth. Oh, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, ˌin°deed; discernst thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. °Honest, ˌmy lord!

Oth. °Honest, ay, °honest.

Iago. My lord, | for aught I know.

Oth. (/) ˌWhat dost thou °think?

Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. [*impatient*]. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he °echoes me,
As if | there were some °monster | in his thought,
Too hideous | to be shown. [*To Iago.*] Thou dost °mean
something.
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,
(– –) When Cassio left my wife. (\) °What didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing, | thou criedst "*indeed!*"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. (\) If thou dost love me,
(\) °Show me | thy °thought. [*Rises.*]
Iago. My lord, | you know | I love you.

Both move to the centre of the scene, and Othello takes Iago's hand.

Oth. (/) I think thou °dost;
And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weighst thy words before thou giv'st them breath—
°There°fore, these stops of thine | fright me the °more.
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of cus°tom; but in a man that's just,
They're closed re°lations, working from the heart,
That °pas°sion | cannot °rule.

Iago continues to mystify and excite mistrust, and makes the famous speech:

Who steals my purse | steals trash; || 'tis
Something, | nothing. (/) 'Twas mine, (\) 'tis his, ||
And has been the slave to °thousands.
But he that filches from me | my good name, |
Robs me of that | which (\) °not enriches him, |
(/) And makes °me | poor | indeed.

Othello vibrates from love to jealousy; from confidence to doubt. Iago departs, and Desdemona enters. To account for his agitation, Othello claims to suffer much pain in his head. She endeavors to bind her handkerchief about his brow, but he flings it upon the floor,

and they pass out together. Emilia enters and picks up the handkerchief, delighted because her husband, Iago, has often importuned her to steal it for him. He enters and takes it away from her.

Iago stands afar and unobserved. Othello enters (*right*) in great distress of mind, and talking to himself. Iago speaks, and the Moor is filled with disgust and rage at having been overheard; with increasing vehemence he addresses Iago.

Oth. (*gut.*) If thou dost slander her, | and torture me, |
(– –) Never | pray | more; abandon °°all remorse.
On horror's head, | °°horrors accumulate,
Do deeds | to make °heaven ₒweep, all °earth ₒamazed;
For °nothing | °canst ₒthou | to ₒdam°nation add
(– –) Greater than that!

During this speech he becomes furious. He pursues the cowering Iago to the extreme (*left*) front of the stage; seizes him by the collar and crushes him to the ground. Not satisfied with that, he takes him by the top of his head and flings him over, flat upon his back, and raises his foot, like an infuriated Samson, to stamp upon him. Suddenly he pauses and staggers back, crying, in fearful tones: "No, no, no!" Then he returns, reaches down and takes him by the hand, and pulls him upon his feet. No sooner is Iago upon his feet, than Othello sends him spinning from him with the intensest loathing and disgust. After having exhausted his rage, he listens to Iago, and once more trusts him. Then, in confidence, Iago tells how Cassio has Desdemona's handkerchief; how he talks of her in his sleep, and of love, until Othello is convinced of her guilt, and, upon bended knee, swears vengeance upon them both. Iago is now happy; he will succeed in his villainy.

ACT III.—Scene, a room in the castle at Cyprus.

This act opens with a scene between Desdemona and Emilia, concerning a lost handkerchief.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse,
Full of cruzadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he °not ₒjealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be called to him. [*Enter Othello.*]
How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] Oh, hardness to dissemble!
Give me your hand.

He takes her hand and looks at the palm, places his other hand over it, and discourses upon its qualities and their significance, and finally asks her to lend him her handkerchief.

Oth. ˌLend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, ˌmy °lord. [*He returns it.*]

Oth. (\) That which I gave you. [*She hesitates.*]

Des. (\) I have it not | ˌa°bout ˌme.

Oth. °No?

Des. No, (\) indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a °fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian | to my mother give.
She was a charmer, | and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, | while she kept it,
ˌ'Twould make her °amiable, | and ˌsub°due my ˌfather
Entirely | to her love; | but || if she °lost it, ||
Or made | a gift of it, || my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, | and his spirits should hunt
After °new ˌfancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bade me, | when fate would have me wive, |
To give it *her*. ˌI °did so; (/) and, take heed on 't,
Make it a darling | like your precious eye;
To lose | or give 't away | ˌwere °such (/) ˌperdition
(– –) As nothing else could match.

Des. °Is 't ˌpossible? [*Wringing her hands.*]

Oth. 'Tis true; ˌthere's °magic | in the °web of it.

Des. Then would to heaven | that I | had never seen it.

Oth. [*starting*]. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so °startlingly | and rash?

Oth. [*fiercely*]. Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. (\) °Heaven bless us!

Oth. Speak!
Des. It is °not lost; (\) but what an' if it °were?
Oth. Ha! how?
Des. I say, | it is °not °lost.
Oth. °°Fetch 't; let me see it.
Des. [*starts to go for it*]. Why, so I can, sir, [*pauses*] but I will not now. [*Returns.*]
(\) This is a °trick | to put me from my °suit.
Pray you, let Cassio be re°ceived again.
Oth. [*pacing to and fro in anger*]. (\) °Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come. [*Failing to understand.*]
(\) You'll never meet | a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. I pray, | (\) talk me of | °Cassio.
Oth. The °handkerchief,—
Des. A man that all the time
Hath founded his °good fortunes | on your love;
°Shared dangers with you—
Oth. [*pacing up and down*]. (*asp.*) The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth you are to blame [*approaches him*].
Oth. [*throws her from him*]. °Away! [*Exit Othello in rage.*]
[*Enter Emilia.*]
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I °ne'er saw this | be°fore.
Sure, there's some °wonder | in this handkerchief.
I am most °un°happy | (/) in the loss of it.
(– –) Something sure, of state, hath puddled his clear spirit.
Emil. Pray heaven it be °state matters, as you think,
And no jealous toy concerning you.
Des. (\) °Alas the day! (/) I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls | will not be (\) °answer'd so.
They are not °ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous | for they are °jealous; 'tis a monster,
Begot upon it°self, °born on itself.

Des. [*sadly*]. Heaven keep that monster | from Othello's mind!

Emil. °Lady, ₀amen! [*Exeunt.*]

In the fourth act, Desdemona is abused, and in great grief. Still ignorant of the true cause of her lord's strange conduct, she unconsciously continues to add fuel to the fire of his jealousy. At last, overcome by his feelings, he falls, face down, upon a sofa, and sobs aloud. After this outburst, she is made acquainted with the charges brought against her. Then follow such protestations of innocence, such deep grief, as should move a heart of adamant; but he is not convinced, and with both hands to his bowed head, and groaning in agony, he strides away, and she is left upon her knees, still weeping bitterly.

ACT V., Scene, Desdemona's bed-chamber.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia. They go to the dressing-table, which is on the right.

Des. (*p.*) °He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, | good Emilia,
Give me my night-wearing, and adieu;
(\) We must not ₀now ₀dis°please him. [*Sits.*]

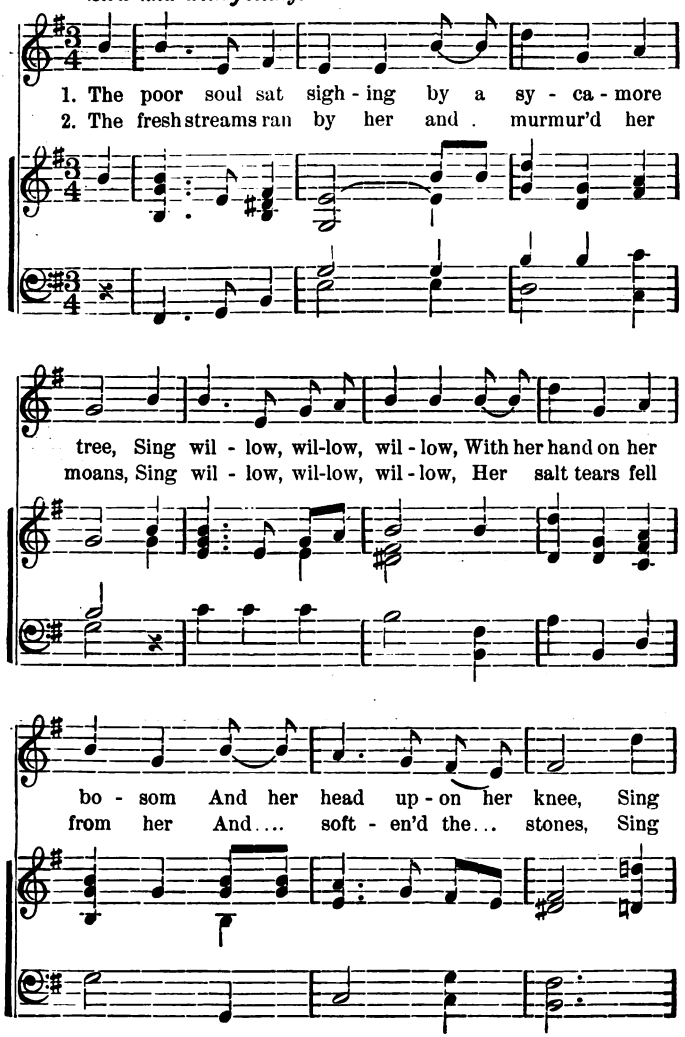
Emil. I would you had never °seen ₀him!

Des. (\) °So would not | °I; my love doth °so ₀approve him,
(/) That even °his | ₀stubbornness, | his °checks, his °frowns,
₀Have °grace and °favor | ₀in them.
[*Sighing.*] My mother had a maid °called | ₀Barbara;
She was in °love, and °he she °loved (\) °proved mad,
And did ₀for°sake ₀her. She had a song | of "Willow."
An old thing 'twas, | but it expressed her °for₀tune,
(/) And she died | singing it. °That song | to-night
Will not go from my mind. I have °much | ₀to °do
(*p.*) (~) °But to go hang my head | all at one side,
And sing it, | like poor ₀Barbara. [*Sighs.*] Pr'ythee dispatch.

Emil. Shall I fetch your nightgown?

Des. Nó, unpin me | ₒhere. [*Emilia takes down her hair while she sings.*]

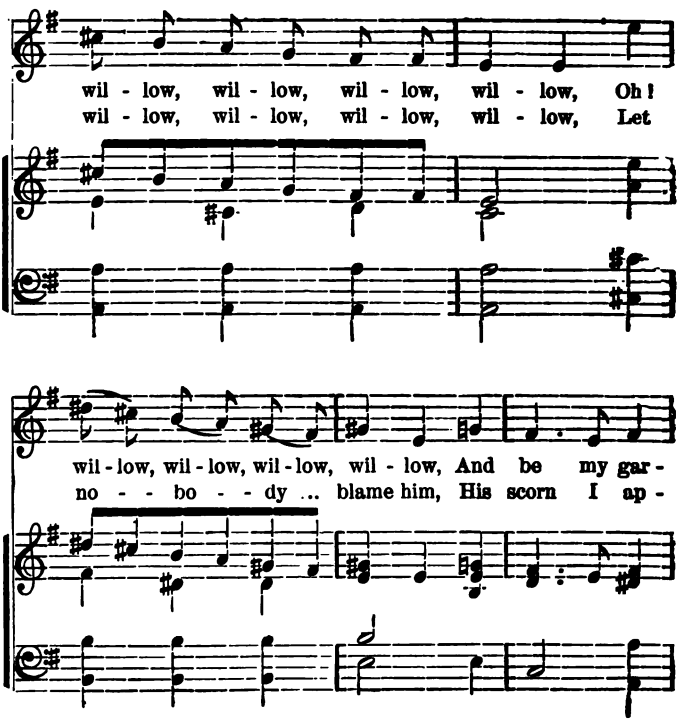
Slow and with feeling.



[*Speaks:*]

Lay by these [*taking jewels from her ears*].

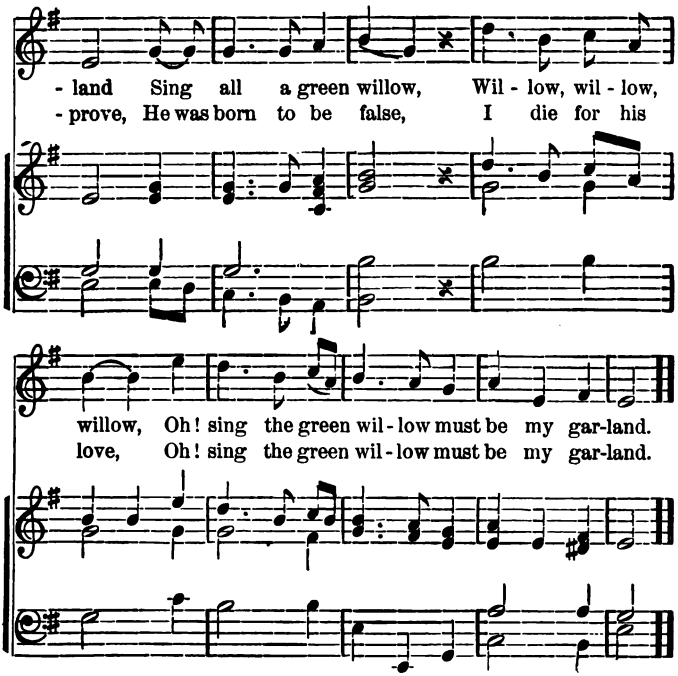
[*Sings:*]



[*Speaks:*]

Pr'ythee, hie; he'll come anon.

[*Sings:*]



Nay, that's not next. [*Starts.*] Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. "*I called my love false love; but what said he then? Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.*"

(\) Get thee gone; °good-ₒnight. [*Kisses her.*]
Mine eyes do itch; doth that bode weeping? [*Rises.*]
I have heard it said so. (\) °O these men, (\) °these ₒmen!
Dost thou in conscience think, [*places her hands on Emilia's shoulders, and looks sadly into her eyes*] tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. (\) °There be some such, | ₒno °question.

Des. [*sighing*]. I do not think there is any | such | woman.
Emil. °Yes, ₒa °dozen.
Des. °Good-ₒnight, °good-ₒnight; °heaven help me. [*Sings as she passes across the stage, and behind the curtains at the rear. Exit Emil.*]

" *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow," etc.

Darkness now creeps over the scene, and an ominous silence follows. Cautiously, Othello enters and slowly closes the door, and, like a statue, stands some moments in silence; then, throwing off his red cloak, he goes quickly to the curtain and looks in upon Desdemona. He returns to the door, tries the knob, crosses over, sits before her dressing-table, and talks aloud to himself.

Oth. It is the cause, | it is the cause, | my soul!
ₒLet me not (\) °name it to you, | ₒye chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I'll °not shed her °blood,
Nor scar that (\) °whiter skin of hers | than snow,
(– –) And smooth as monumental alabaster.
(– –) Yet | she must | die.
(/) ₒPut out the light, | ₒand °then—ₒput out | *the light*!
If I quench *thee*, thou flaming minister [*to the lamp*],
I can again | thy former light °restore,
(/) ₒShould I repent me; but once put out °*thy* ₒlight,
(– –) Thou cunning pattern | of excelling nature,
I know not °where | is that Promethean heat
ₒThat can °reₒlume. When I have plucked the rose,
(– –) I cannot give it vital growth again.
It must needs °wither. ₒI'll smell it | on the tree.

He goes to the curtain, enters, and comes forth with both arms over his bowed head, hands clasped, and sobbing aloud.

O balmy breath | that dost persuade
Justice herself | ₒto break | her sword!
One more, | one more!

He looks again; it thunders and lightens, and Desdemona moans in her sleep; he pauses.

Be thus | when thou art dead, | and I will kill thee,
(/) And love thee | °after. One more, | and the last.

He goes to her yet once again, and comes quickly forth, exclaiming:

She wakes.

Des. [*opens the curtain with one arm up, and the other down in graceful pose*]. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. (\) °Will you come to ₒbed, | (/) °my lord?

Oth. Have you prayed | to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, | my lord.

Oth. If you bethink you | of any crime
Unreconciled as yet | to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it | straight.

Des. [*coming forward*]. Alas, | my lord, | (\) °what do you mean by that?

Oth. ₒWell, °do it, | ₒand be brief.
(– –) I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
°No, ₒHeaven forfend! I would not kill thy °soul. [*He paces a circle (right) and she follows.*]

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do!

Des. Then °Heaven have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, | I hope you will °not ₒkill °me.

Oth. Hum! [*He walks to the extreme right and stands with his back toward her; she follows.*]

Des. And yet I fear you, | for you're °fatal °then
When your eyes °roll so. °Why I should fear | I know not,
Since (\) °guilt I know not; yet I feel | °I fear.

Oth. [*turns savagely*]. ₒThink on thy sins!

Des. They are °loves I bear | ₒto °you.

Oth. Ay, and for that | thou diest! [*Walks to and fro.*]

Des. That death 's °unnatural | that kills for ₒloving.
Alas! why gnaw you so | your nether lip?
Some bloody passion | shakes your very frame;
These are portents; but yet I hope, | ₒI °hope,
(\) °They do not point | ₒon °me.

Oth. Peace, | and be still!
Des. (\) I will so. (⌣) °What's the ₒmatter?
[*He grasps with both hands her left arm.*]
Oth. (*q.*) The handkerchief of which I so loved and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio!
Des. °No, by my life and °soul!
°Send for the man, | and °ask ₒhim.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. °Ay, but not yet to die!
Oth. Yes, | immediately;
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin:
Thou art to die!
Des. [*kneeling*]. Then Lord have mercy on me!
And have you mercy, too! I °never did
ₒOffend you | in my life; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I °might ₒlove. I °never ₒgave him ₒto°ken.
Oth. I saw the handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart.
Des. He found it then;
I °never (/) ₒgave it him; send for him °hither,
And let him confess a °truth.
Oth. He °hath ₒconfessed.
Des. He will °not ₒsay so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopped.
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Des. What, is he °dead? [*Rising.*]
Alas! he is betrayed, | and I | °undone! [***Trembling.***]
Oth. Weepst thou for him to my face?
Des. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. [*grasps her hand*]. Down, false woman!
Des. °Kill me to-morrow; °let me live | to-night!
Oth. [*dragging her along*]. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. °But half an hour—
But while I say °one prayer! [*She strives to break away from him.*]
Oth. It is too late!

They disappear behind the curtains; then moans are heard, each softer than the one before, and silence follows. Loud, quick raps are heard at the outer door!

Emil. ₀My °lord̂! ₀my °°lord̂!

Othello hastily thrusts his head outside the curtain, revealing a face of terror, demoniac and horrible to behold. The curtains are pressed close about the head, revealing no other part of his person, and he mutters in a deep voice, agitated by intense fear.

Oth. What noise is this?

He disappears, and the rapping is repeated.

Emil. [*calling*]. My lord̂! my lord̂! I'd speak a word with you!

Othello comes hurriedly out, and running to the door, listens.

Oth. °°Who's there? [*To himself.*] ₀Yes—'tis Emilia.
[*Aloud.*] °°By-and-by. [*To himself.*] ₀She's dead.
(– –) ₀'Tis like she comes | to speak of Cassio's death;
(– –) The noise was high! [*Goes back to look at Desdemona.*]
₀Ha! no more moving!
₀Still as the grave! [*Returns to the door.*] Shall she come in?
Were 't good? [*Three times essays to unlock the door.*]
I think she stirs again. [*Listens for Desdemona again.*] No!
What's best to do?
If she comes in | she'll sure to speak to my wife.
[*Stares vacantly.*] ₀My wife! | my °wife! (\) °I have no wife!
[*In the broken voice of sorrow.*] Oh, insupportable! oh, heavy hour!
Methinks it should now be a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
₀Should yawn | at alteration.
Emil. [*calling*]. °I do beseech you
That I may speak with you. °O ₀good, ₀my °lord̂!
Oth. [*taking a full breath, unlocks the door*]. ₀I had forgot them. °O (\) °come in, Emilia.

[*Opens the door.*] (\) °What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. [*enters left*]. °Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murthur done.

°Cassio, ₒmy lord, °hath killed a young Venetian,
Called Roderigo.

Oth. Oh, come! what now? [*Desdemona groans; he paces up and down, and spats his hands to drown her moans; but Emilia hears her.*]

Emil. Alas, what °cry is that?

Des. [*voice afar*]. Oh! falsely, falsely murthured!

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.

[*Emilia runs behind the curtain and calls aloud.*]

Help, help! ₒoh, °help! O lady, speak again!
(\) °Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, °speak!

Des. [*faintly*]. A guiltless death I die.

Emilia pushes the curtain aside, revealing the sadly tumbled bed, and Desdemona lying diagonally across it, her head to the front, the pillow on the floor, all denoting her vain struggle for life.

Emil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. [*in a weak voice to save Othello*]. °Nobody; ‖ I myself; ‖ ₒfarewell!

Oth. Why, how should she be °murthured?

Emil. [*advancing*]. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, | it was not I.

Emil. ₒShe °said ₒso.

Oth. She's like a liar | gone to burning hell;
ₒ'Twas °I ₒthat killed her.

Emil. Oh, the more °angel °she, and °you | the blacker ₒdevil!

Oth. She was false | as water.

Emil. Oh, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Thy °husband | knew it all.

Emil. °My ₒhusband?

Oth. Thy husband. Ay, 'twas he | that told me first.

Emil. °My ₒhus°band?

Oth. What needs this °itterance, | ₒwoman? I say thy °husband.
Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy °husₒband, honest, (\) °honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, | ₒmay his pernicious soul
Rot | half a grain a day! He °lies | to the heart;
She was too fond | of her filthy bargain.
Oth. [*rises to stab her*]. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine | is no more worthy °heaven
Than °thou | (/) wast worthy °her.
O gull! O dolt! as ignorant as dirt!
Thou hast done a deed. [*Othello advances upon her with his sword.*] I care not for thy sword;
I'll make thee known tho' I lost twenty lives.
°°Help! help, ho! help!
°The Moor hath killed my mistress! °°Murthur! °°murthur!

Enter Gratiano, Ludovico, Iago, and others. Here follows a discussion which reveals Iago's true character, and proves Desdemona innocent. Othello falls moaning into a chair, overwhelmed by remorse.

Oth. O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! oh, oh, oh!

He goes to her bed, falls upon his knees, and, with arms across her dead body and his face buried in the bed by her side, gives vent to such grief and remorse as only a great, passionate, and impulsive being like the Moor could feel. After the storm, he rises, draws his scimeter and wounds Iago.

Cassio. Dear General! (\) °I never gave you cause—
Oth. [*interrupting him*]. That's he that °*was* ₒOthello.
[*To Cassio.*] I do believe it, and ask your pardon.
Soft; | a word or two | before you go.
I have done the state °some ₒservice, | and they know it;
(– –) No more of that. °I pray you, | in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me | (\) as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down naught | in malice. °Then must you speak
Of one that loved °not ₒwisely, | but °too well;

Of one not easily jealous, | but, °being wrought,
Perplexed | in the extreme; of one | whose hand,
Like the base Judean, | threw a °pearl ₒaway
°Richer | ₒthan all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast | as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. (\) °Set you down this;
And °say, ₒbesides, that in Aleppo once,
(– –) Where a malignant | and turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, | and traduced the state,
I took by the throat | the circumcised dog
(/) ₒAnd smote him— || °thus !

[*He drives the scimeter into his throat, reels heavily to the floor, and dies.*]

Signor Tommaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, is a hale and hearty man of fifty years or more, who has won universal praise for his extraordinary representation of Othello, Samson, and other powerful personages who figure in history and literature. It is doubtful if the Othello of this great tragedian has ever been equalled. It is his own; he presents effectively, and in quick succession, the noble Moor and the brave officer; the proud, tender lover and the jealous, cruel husband; the enraged friend; the terrible murderer; the frenzied mourner filled with remorse; and, finally, the broken-hearted suicide.

His voice is a basso profundo, of great power. It can strike terror to the heart of an adversary, or melt into tenderness; and ring all the changes of grief, remorse and despair.

Stage-settings, Costumes, etc.—For Act I., Scene I., a full stage, dark street; a large house, with a balcony upon the left. For Scene II., a council chamber; Duke and senators in red robes; tables draped to the floor in red cloth; the Duke (in a deep ermine cape) upon an elevated seat, between two long tables, which extend along the entire right of the stage. The guard stand inside the rear door, clad in bright armor, with tall spears planted firmly before them, two in advance of the line. At the left are seen Gratiano, Ludovico, and others. This is the scene when the curtain rises. Othello enters left, in white cloak and turban, and halts near the centre of the stage. As he stands there motionless, with his full, erect figure draped in white, his brown face surmounted with the great white turban, he looks like a grand statue of marble and bronze. The effect is instantaneous, and the magnificent voice does not detract from, but rather heightens the first impression.

Othello's costume is Moorish throughout. For Act I., a tunic, similar to the one worn in Act III. (see below), but open down the front instead of at the side, and without the elaborate embroidery; an under garment, quite like Zouave skirt or trousers, viz., full, reaching to the garters, and sewn together at the bottom, save at the extreme right and left, where the legs pass through; leggins of gobelin blue and embroidered in gold, extending from garter to instep, and meeting the Moorish shoes of buff leather, with their canoe-shaped toes; a red cap wound around with the great white turban; an ample white cloak which drapes the remainder of the figure, or is carried upon the left arm; about the neck a string of metal beads, and a huge, jeweled scimeter-hilt protruding from the bosom of the tunic.

For Act II., a coat of mail; full armor and a red cloak.

For Act III., a tunic and trousers of oriental or gobelin blue (a color of medium depth and tinged with green). The tunic is fashioned very much like the Chinese outer garment, but with short sleeves (above the elbow). It is buttoned from the shoulder-seam to a point a little below the waist-line, on the right, and hangs free and open below that point. The bosom, corners, and close undersleeves are embroidered with gold braid to match the border, and a pyramid is wrought from the middle of the tunic behind each way; one from the bottom upward, and, inversely, one from the neck downward. A crimson sash is tied in long loops on the left side, and the curved scimeter is thrust under it in front.

For Act V., a tunic of yellow broadcloth, open in front, with six large circular buttons or ornaments of the yellow cloth, pinked about the edges, and each set with a sparkling stone, three buttons for each side. Under the tunic is a white shirt or blouse, covering the arms to the wrists, and showing at the throat; over the whole a red cloak, to be thrown off during the first part of the action.

Signor Salvini (as did also Mme. Ristori when playing in this country) gave the text belonging to him in his own tongue (Italian), while the rest of the company spoke in English. Therefore, the peculiar power of his elocution is much diminished by translation. A single word in one language may express more than a dozen words of another language. The costumes, action, expression and general effects of passion and elocution are available; the rest is only approximate, not absolute.

RECITATIONS WITH MUSICAL OR OTHER EFFECTS.

inging, Dancing, Instrumental Music, Bird-Notes, Cries of Animals, etc., etc.

READ FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY, ALSO DIRECTIONS GIVEN ON PAGE 2 OF THIS CATALOGUE.

—One star (*) means that the effects must be introduced in order properly to render the selection.

—Two stars (**) mean that music or musical background is suggested for the selection; that the music is not given with the selection, but comes separate and extra at the price given in parentheses ( ).

—Selections not marked with stars may, if the reader desires, have the effects omitted and the selection given in the ordinary way.

—Where a selection is known by another title, the other title is quoted and placed in parentheses.

—When the music is printed with the selection, the description so states.

—Certain of the music pieces are published in different keys. Mention which key is preferred. In case music is published in one key only, we will send that key.

—In ordering, be sure to name author and price of piece wanted, so that if there are more than one piece by the same title, we shall send right piece.

After the Ball. 35c. Romantic verse monologue. Waltz and lanciers music. WR27.

After the Ball: Her Reflections. 35c. Comedy monologue. Piano, singing. WR32.

After the Ball: His Reflections. 35c. Comedy monologue. Music, dance effects. WR32.

Aline's Love Song. 15c. Romantic. Singing. Words and music given. mar86.

Alviro. 35c. Dramatic tragic verse. Singing with unseen accompaniment. marg8.

***America to Great Britain. 35c.** Patriotic verse address. "My Country 'tis of Thee." WR10.

ngelina. 35c. Comedy negro dialect verse recital. Fiddling, dancing. WR29.

nn Jane's Mother at Classical Concert. 35c. Comedy Yankee dialect monologue. Song, piano, violin. WR15.

Annie Laurie. 35c. Romantic, sentimental. julyo1. "Annie Laurie" song (15c).

***Annunciata. 35c.** Dramatic, romantic, tragic character sketch recital. 10 min. Girl. Chiming of bells, singing of hymns, dancing. WR22.

***Anthem. 25c.** Serio-comic country dialect verse recital. Singing "We Shall be Changed." junego.

Ariel's Songs. 35c. Verse. Dog barking, chanticleer crowing, bell ding-donging. octoo.

***As the Pigeon Flies. 35c.** Dramatic. Train "puff, puff," "z-z-z-z-z-"; cries along route, "scream," "hiss," "roar," "shake." WR3.

At the Concert. 35c. Sentimental Yankee dialect. Wagnerian music and song "Mary of Argyle" (35c). WR15.

Aunt Deborah Hears "The Messiah." 35c. Comedy Yankee dialect recital. "Messiah" music (80c). WR25.

***Aunt Mime at the Circus. 35c.** Comedy negro dialect recital. Singing "Rocky My Soul." Music given. febo2.

****Aunt Sophronia Tabor at the Opera. 35c.** Comedy Yankee dialect monologue. Orchestra playing, opera singing, ballet dancing. WR32.

***Automatic Woman. 35c.** Comedy Irish dialect recital. Automatic movements to music. Music and directions given. WR15.

***Aux Italiens. 30c.** Dramatic romantic verse recital. Singing "Non ti scordar di me" (40c). Hatch's. Same piece as musical recitation in sheet music form 60c.

***Ave Maria. 30c.** Dramatic tragic pathos verse. Singing "Ave Maria." Pictures lily sprouting. DQ18.

***Average Boy. 35c.** Comedy country dialect character sketch verse recital. Banjo and bones effects of "Pink-a-pank! Pink-a-pank-pank! Clickety-clickety-click!" WR21.

***Baby's Bedtime. 35c.** Sentimental. Music "This little pig went to market" given. may99.

***Ballad of Oriana. 30c.** Dramatic, tragic, romantic pathos verse. Repetition "Oriana." DQ14.

****Ballad of Sweet P. 35c.** ("Mistress Penelope Penwick.") Patriotic verse recital. Minuet dancing. WR22.

***Barnyard Melodies. 35c.** Comedy descriptive verse recital. Dog, hen, rooster, duck, turkey, pig, calf, lamb, crow, coboss cries, ploughboy calls, farmer whistling "Yankee Doodle" (30c). WR30.

****Battle Hymn of the Republic. 50c.** War patriotic verse. Sheet music and words given. Words recited to the music.

****Battle of Manila. 35c.** Dramatic patriotic verse. WR24.

****Battle of Tippecanoe. 35c.** Patriotic verse. WR10.

Bee's Mission. 25c. Comedy romantic verse. Bee-buzzing. feb93.

Beggar at the Opera. 25c. Dramatic verse. Music of "La Somnambula" (complete $1., airs 35c to 75c). mar96.

Belfrey of Bruges. 35c. Verse. Chimes. jano1.

Bell of Atri. 30c. Serio-comic verse. Bell ringing. DQ10.

Bell of Innisfare. $1.25. Sentimental legendary verse recital. Bell playing. Del.

***Bells. 35c.** Verse recital. E. A. Poe. Bell effects. aploo.

Bells of Lynn. 30c. Dramatic, sentimental, retrospective, tragic verse. Bell ringing. DQ28p132.

Bianca Among the Nightingales. 35c. Dramatic, tragic, romantic verse recital. Nightingale singing. may98.

***Billy 'n' Benny 'n' Me. 25c.** Pathos verse recital. Repetition "Jes' Billy 'n' Benny 'n' me." spt95.

***"Bijah's Liza." 25c.** Pathos negro dialect. Chanting "Lift up your heads, O ye gates" (6c). oct96.

Bird Among the Blooms. $1.25. Verse. Bobolink singing. Del.

***Bird Medley. 35c.** Verse. Singing of owl, bobolink, robin, winter-wren, hermit, thrush, red bird, eagle, bluebird. apl99.

***Birds' Convention. 35c.** Sin owl, parrot, blue jay, chat, titmouse, sandpiper, meadow lark, mocking-bir link. All may be omitted except link. WR15.

Birds' Departure. 35c. Verse. of Lincoln" singing. WR4.

***Bivouac by the Rappahannock.** Patriotic verse. Singing of "Star-S Banner," "Hail Columbia," "My land," "Dixie," "Home, Sweet Hon songs for 75c); "Girl I Left Behir (30c); "Yankee Doodle" (40c). W

***Black Ankle Breakdown. 35c.** atic comedy negro dialect recital. dancing. Words and music of so dance given. oct99.

****Blessing on the Dance. 30c.** comic verse negro dialect prayer. with dancing or music. DQ14.

Bob White. 35c. Verse. Quail WR22.

***Bobby Shaftoe. 35c.** Dramatic tragic. Singing "Bobby Shaftoe." given. 5 photographs.

Bobolink's Song. 35c. Verse. singing. WR7.

***Bolivar and Buenavista. 25c.** Sweet Home.") Serio-comic. Wa "Home, Sweet Home" (35c) to Lady cries while singing. july92.

***Bon Jour, Bon Soir. 35c.** verse. Musical play on "Good-day," eve." WR1.

***Boum-Boum. 35c.** Pathos. "Boum calls. WR4.

****Breath of Song. 25c.** Verse. Handel, Chopin, Beethoven organ may90.

Brer Rabbit and the Little Girl. Negro dialect. Song about birds an WR7.

****Bridge. 30c.** Sentimental verse.

***Bundle of Letters. 25c.** Retro sentimental verse. Singing of "Ol Joe" (music given) and humming.

***Bundle of Loves. 35c.** Gipsy cital. Singing "Who'll buy? Who'l WR4.

Burgomaster's Death. 35c. tragic monologue. Revelers' song.

***But Then. 35c.** Comedy country verse recital. After each stanza re "But he didn't. He says 'at t mornin' at ten he has a notion t again—but then." febo2.

***Buy Your Cherries. 35c.** pathos temperance verse. Intonin your cherries." WR14.

***By the Turret Stair. 30c.** verse monologue. Play on "Rur little page!" Hatch's.

***Caller Herrin'.** **35c.** Scotch dialect verse monologue. Fisherwoman singing call. Music given. WR21.

Canary at the Farm. **35c.** Comedy Yankee dialect verse recital. Canary singing. WR2.

***Carcasonne.** **30c.** Dramatic pathos verse. Refrain never having seen "Carcasonne." DQ14.

Cardinal's Protegee. **25c.** Verse. Child singing and woman singing classic music. aug92.

***Cataract of Lodore.** **30c.** Descriptive verse study of "ong," "ing," etc. DQ18.

***Cats.** **35c.** Comedy verse recital. Cat cries and calls. WR14.

Cause for Complaint. **35c.** Verse. Small boy crying. WR12.

***'Ceptin' Ike.** **35c.** Patriotic verse Yankee dialect recital. Repetition "'Ceptin' Ike." WR24.

Chant of the Cross-Bearing Child. **35c.** Pathos verse negro dialect recital. Chanting. WR30.

***Charity For Our Own.** **35c.** Serio-comic verse. Musical play on "Pay, pay, pay." mayoo.

****Charter Oak.** **35c.** Dramatic patriotic verse address. WR10.

Chickadee-dee. **25c.** Verse. Chickadee singing. ap193.

***Child Lost.** **30c.** Dramatic pathos verse. Cries "Child lost! blue eyes, curly hair, pink dress." DQ16.

***Children of the Lord's Supper.** **35c.** Dramatic religious verse. Organ music and singing "O Holy Lamb of God." Music given. WR12.

***Chinese Sketch.** **35c.** Dramatic Chinese character sketch verse. Pictures trials, difficulties and perils of Chinese woman trying to cross dangerous flood in frail boat. Music for reciting also for singing. WR27.

***Christ-Child.** **35c.** Pathos. Singing "Praise be Christ our Saviour." WR6.

****Christmas Carol.** **35c.** Verse. WR26.

Christmas Chimes. **35c.** Descriptive. Church bells. dec99.

***Christmas Eve Redemption.** **35c.** Verse. Singing "Hark! the Herald Angels sing" (8c). WR16.

Christmas Experience. **35c.** Dramatic pathos. Organ music and singing Christmas hymns. WR25

Christmas Gift. **35c.** Dramatic pathos verse. Sleighbell ringing. WR30.

Christmas Greens. **35c.** Romantic monologue. Introduces singing "Sigh no more ladies." WR32.

****Christmas Hymn.** **35c.** Religious verse. WR25.

***Christmas in Camp.** **35c.** War verse. "Dixie" (35c), "Her Bright Smile" (35c), and "Home Sweet Home" (35c) sung or played. nov97.

***Christmas Night in the Quarters.** **30c.** Comedy descriptive negro dialect verse recital with prayer. Fiddle tuning and playing, dance calls, dancing, banjo, singing "Noah and the ark." DQ20.

Church Reveries. **30c.** ("New Bonnet.") Comedy verse reveries. Organ, choir and congregation singing. DQ29.

***Cleopatra.** **35c.** Dramatic tragic verse recital. Singing. febo1.

***Co' Bossy.** **25c.** Verse. Singing calls for cow. may90.

***Coming Out of Miss Cummings.** **25c.** Comedy monologue. French phrases; Delsarte movements; bowing, boxing; singing "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl," "Ben Bolt" (35c), "I want yer, Ma Honey" (50c), "El Capitan March" (50c); Indian war whoops; horse riding and calls; bell-ringing; humming; minuet dancing; violin effects.

****Como.** **30c.** Dramatic tragic verse recital. Dance music. DQ16. Same piece with full lesson-talk by Henry Gaines Hawn, $1.25. WSEL.

Concert in the Woods. **35c.** Verse. Singing of lark, cuckoo, finch, linnet, blackcap, nightingale, blackbird, thrush. WR4.

***Conjure Woman.** **35c.** Serio-comic negro dialect verse recital. Musical play on "Ya-ap'm! Dat's so!" WR25.

***Considering the Lilies.** **35c.** Comedy verse. Satire on modern quartet hymn singing. Music 30c. WR20.

***Coon's Lullaby.** **35c.** Comedy negro dialect verse monologue. Crooning "Po' lamb" and "Yes, you!" WR22.

***Country Dancing.** **$1.25.** Comedy verse monologue. Fiddler calls square dance figures. Banks.

***Cowboys' Christmas Ball.** **35c.** Comedy Texan dialect verse recital. Dance calls. nov97.

***Crack-Mouthed Family.** **35c.** Comedy recital. Different effects with mouth while trying to blow out candle. WR16.

Cricket. **35c.** Verse recital. Cricket singing. WR25.

Cricket. **25c.** Verse. Tree-toad, catbird, cricket, grasshopper, katydid, mice, bee effects. nov92.

***Cruel, Heartless, Lying Posy.** **35c.** Romantic monologue. "Daisy Duet." Words and music given. may99.

****Cuban Rally Song.** **35c.** Patriotic verse. june98.

***Cupid's Victim; or, The Timid Man.** **25c.** Comedy romantic monologue. Sing-

ing "Sally in our Alley" (35c), "Bean Porridge Hot." may91.

Dad's Little Fiddle. 35c. Comedy verse recital. Violin. WR12.

***Dan's Wife. 30c.** Dramatic pathos verse. Play on "Smart woman, Dan's wife," "shattered woman, Dan's wife." DQ19.

***Dance at the Ranch. 35c.** Comedy verse. Dance music and calls. julyoo.

***Dancing in Flat Creek Quarters. 35c.** Comedy negro dialect verse monologue. Square dance calls. WR7.

Death of Cleopatra. 35c. Dramatic tragic verse monologue. Dance or dance music. WR8.

***Desolation. $1.25.** Comedy verse recital. Piano playing "Do, re, mi, mi, re, do." Del.

***Diamond Cut Diamond. 15c.** Romantic verse. Singing "Twickenham Ferry." Words and music given.

***Didn't You, Charlie?" 25c.** ("Willie's Complaint.") Comedy child dialect verse monologue. Repetition "Don't we, Charlie?" "Didn't she, Charlie?" "Couldn't we, Charlie?" "Don't they, Charlie?" aug94.

***Different Ways of Saying Yes. 35c.** Comedy romantic dialogue. "Yup," "Yaw," "Yeah," "Faix ma'am, yis," "A-er," "A-us," "Yes." WR3.

***Difficult Composition. 25c.** Comedy verse. Street-vender cries. aug96.

***Difficult Love-Making. 35c.** Romantic-comic verse dialogue. Street cries disturb lovers. WR3.

Disciplin' Sistah Brown. 25c. Comedy negro dialect verse recital. Banjo, dancing. jan96.

***Doll's Lullaby. 35c.** Child verse. Singing "By-lo-baby-by." WR17.

Down in the Strawberry Bed. 35c. Serio-comic verse. Various birds sing. WR6.

***Dream. 35c.** Comedy. Musical repetition "Scuttle came along and gave it a whack," like work old nursery-rhyme woman had to get home. julyo2.

***Dream of Sister Agnes. 35c.** Tragic dream verse recital. Chimes and invisible chorus of "Christ is born" (10c). WR30.

***Drill Poem. 35c.** English vowels and consonants. dec96.

Drummer Boy of Kent. 35c. Dramatic patriotic verse. Drum. WR6.

Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge. 35c. Patriotic verse recital. Drum. WR4.

***Dutch Lullaby. $1.25.** Comedy verse. Crooning effects. Del.

Easter in a Hospital Bed. 35c. Tragic. Beat of bell in A minor. WR30.

***Echo. 35c.** Verse. Echo effects. aug99.

***Echo and the Ferry. 35c.** Romantic retrospective verse recital. Calls and echo WR1.

***Elam Chase's Fiddle. 25c.** Sentimental verse recital. Virginia reel calls and fiddling. Dance steps. junego.

***Elf-Child. 35c.** ("Orphant Annie.") Comedy child dialect verse recital. Sing-singing "Ef you don't watch out." WR31.

***Emma Dunning Banks's Medley. 15c** Comedy verse recital. Laughing, bird notes, baby cries, charcoal calls, dialects dancing.

Empty Nest. 30c. Pathos verse. Bird singing. DQ10.

En Masque. 25c. Comedy sentimental monologue. Scene II. opens with dancing

***Encouragement. 35c.** Serio-comic romantic negro dialect verse monologue Play on "Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.' WR29.

English As She Is Sung. 35c. Musical comedy. 1 act. 1m, 1f. Travesty on operatic singing; recitative, duet, solo; pictures up-to-date proposal. oct98.

****Erl-König. 35c.** Dramatic tragic verse In German and English. WR30. Music 60c.

***Ever So Far Away. $1.25.** Comedy German dialect recital. Children songs: "All I want is a nice young man," "Awaiting for a partner," "Green gravel." Del.

***Fable of the Rainbow. 35c.** At Aurora's wish Rainbow becomes a rose. Music and directions given. "Fairy Revel."

***Fall of the Pemberton Mill. 30c.** Dramatic romantic pathos tragic. Singing "we're going home to die no more." DQ10.

Family Drum Corps. 35c. Comedy verse. Drum. WR4.

***Farmer's Song-Bird. 35c.** Comedy sentimental verse. Rooster calls. WR12.

Farmer's Welcome to the Birds. 35c. E. M. Powers. Children's verse entertainment. 25 min. 5f. As farmer wonders where birds are, they enter, dance and sing about coming in spring. Farmer sings his welcome. Each bird talks about itself and may give bird-notes. Birds present are: Bluebird, woodpecker, song-sparrow, blackbird. mar01.

***Fashionable Singing. 30c.** Comedy descriptive verse. Up-to-date singing "When the moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-ahm-ing," etc. DQ14.

***Fate of Mackay. 35c.** Comedy romantic verse. Play on "Hooch ay." WR30.

***Father's Way. 35c.** Verse recital. Whistling. Music given. WR4.

***Felinaphone, The. 35c.** Comedy address. Cat mews to piano. WR3.

Fiddle Told. 25c. Dramatic pathos narrative. Violin. july96.

iddler. 25c. Comedy verse. Violin. sept96.

Fifer and Drummer of Scituate. 35c. Dramatic patriotic verse. Playing of "Yankee Doodle" (40c), "Hail Columbia" (35c), "Rogue's March" (10c). WR10.

iles-on-Parade. 35c. Dramatic tragic English cockney verse. Band plays dead march (20c), and quickstep (30c). WR16.

inding of the Lyre. 35c. Verse. Lyre playing. jan01.

ire-Bells. 35c. Dramatic verse. Fire-bells. WR12.

Fleeting Show of Hen. 35c. Comedy. Hen talk. WR20.

lute Solo. 25c. Comedy monologue with flute. He starts to play, but is called off every time.

For Christmas Day. 35c. Dream verse. Singing "Glory in the highest" (12c). WR5.

For Slumber Islands, Ho! $1.25. Fairylike verse. Intoning. Music given. Banks.

Forest Fire. 30c. Dramatic tragic verse. Singing "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" (60c), and "On the Rock of Living Faith." DQ28p97.

ranz. 35c. Dramatic pathos. Band music, singing, or violin. WR22.

French With a Master. 35c. Comedy romantic verse monologue. Repetition "Aimer, aimer; c'est a vivre." WR2.

rightened Birds. 35c. Pathos verse. Brown-thrush singing. WR17.

Frog Story. 35c. Recital to child. Frog cries. WR15.

Gamut of Merry Momus. 35c. Comedy address. Different laughs. WR23.

Giddy Girl. 35c. Comedy verse. Waltz and redowa music. jan01.

Gipsy Bride. 35c. Dramatic romantic verse recital. Singing "Buy a Broom" (30c). WR19.

ipsy Flower Girl. 15c. ("Zingarella.") Dramatic romantic verse monologue. Singing, tambourine playing, tambourine dance. Same piece with lesson-talk in collection of recitations 35c. Directions for tambourine dance (manuscript) $1.

irl I Lef' Be'ind Me. 35c. Comedy romantic English cockney dialect verse recital. Singing "Ta-ra-rara- rara" (40c), and "The girl I lef' be'hind me" (30c). maroo.

***Girl That I Didn't Get. 35c.** Romantic verse recital. Sentimental music. WR7.

Goin' Fur the Cows. 30c. Descriptive verse. Calling "Co-boss—co-boss!" DQ29.

Going Home. 30c. Sentimental verse. Repetition "Heimgang." DQ23.

Grandma at the Masquerade. 15c. Comedy verse recital. Reel dancing to "Money Musk" music. Music and business given.

Grandmother. 25c. Dramatic pathos monologue. Lullaby singing. augpo.

Grandmother's Hour With the Hymns. 35c. Sentimental verse recital. Medley of old-fashioned hymns. WR14.

Great Bell of Pekin. 35c. Verse recital. Bell tones. WR12.

***Great Big By-and-By. 25c.** Serio-comic Yankee dialect verse. Repetition "Fer after all, it's only their gold what makes sassiety high," "In the great, big by-and-by." june91.

***Green Gravel. 25c.** Romantic verse recital. Singing "Green gravel." jan93.

***Green Grow the Rushes O. 35c.** Romantic Yankee dialect verse recital. Singing "Green grow the rushes, O." novoo.

***Hallelujah. 30c.** Dramatic religious war verse. Shouting "Hallelujah!" army answering, echoes. DQ18.

***Hamlet. 35c.** Grave Diggers' scene. Grave diggers' song. Music given. WR27.

***Happy Farmer. 35c.** Sentimental farm life verse recital. Bird, fowl, cow, sheep, pig effects; man giving orders. WR14.

***Haunted By a Song. $1.25.** Serio-comic action monologue. Tune humming. Music given. Del.

***Hayseed's Impression of the Snap-Shot Man. 35c.** Comedy country dialect verse recital. Musical play on "Snap-Shot-Man." WR23.

***Her Folks an' Hiz'n. 35c.** Comedy country dialect character sketch verse recital. Repetition "So her folks an'. hiz'n, er hiz'n an' her'n, never spoke to each other." febo2.

***Her Laugh in Four Fits. 35c.** Comedy verse. Different laughs, "Haw, haw, haw," "Ha, ha, ha," "He, he, he," "Who, who, who." WR2.

Her Violin. 35c. Romantic verse recital. Violin. octoo.

***Hess. 35c.** Romantic verse recital. Musical call and answer. Music given. WR23.

***Higher Culture in Dixie. $1.25.** Dramatic comedy negro dialect monologue. Singing "Baptist, baptist is my name." Music and business given. WSEL.

***How Dot Heard "The Messiah." 35c.** Dramatic pathos. Organ, singing parts of oratorio. WR16.

How Mr. Simonson Took Care of the Baby. 25c. Comedy. Baby cries.

How Persimmons Took Care of the Baby. 35c. Negro dialect verse. Singing. WR26.

the Church Was Built at ›e's Bar. 35c. Dramatic. Singing s, lover of my soul." WR29.

he Organ Was Paid For. 35c. ‹sgiving dramatic verse. Organ. WR4.

Uncle Mose Counts Eggs. 35c. dy negro dialect monologue. Intro- counting. WR32.

g Song. 35c. Verse. Intoning ısic. WR15.

an Be By Her. 35c. Romantic ıering dialect verse monologue. Stam- g effects. WR32.

ırtington After the Opera. 35c. :al recital. Singing, conversation.

n the Hilltop. 25c. Comedy ro- : verse dialogue. Yodel effects, "Hoh- i-oh-li-oh." may96.

ıity of Soul. 35c. Comedy verse l. Choir singing "In amity of soul" ;an. WR3.

ohemia. 35c. Verse. Julyo1.

lemory of the Pilgrims. 35c. ıtic verse. Harp. WR10.

in. 25c. Comedy verse. Begins ›pera music, closing with "Old Black (5oc). may91.

nt of the Johnstown Flood. 5. Dramatic pathos verse. Singing ;, lover of my soul" (8c). Del.

ın Warrior's Last Song. 35c. tic verse. Indian music. WR10. of Indian music $1.25.

ıant Polly-Wog. 35c. Comedy tic verse. Polly-wog effects. WR2.

Mintry. 25c. Comedy verse. Mu- repetition "Intry, mintry, cutrey corn, seed and apple thorn, etc." dec92.

ıs a Dream." 35c. Comedy med- f song-titles. Airs from songs men- . WR29.

w of Rheims. 30c. Dramatic Jackdaw talk. DQ10.

nese Lullaby. 35c. Verse mono- to child. Dreamy music. WR16.

gourd's Christmas Eve. 35c. ıtic romantic verse. Singing and harp of early Norse period. WR8.

:. 35c. Romantic verse recital. on "Jennie, Jennie, Jennie," and /, many, many." WR2.

ig, Jig. 35c. Child comedy verse. ıg "jig, jig, jig." juneoo.

›owker. 35c. Comedy country dia- ‹erse recital. Sing-songing "It may ›een so; I dunno; Jest so it might have Then ag'in——," jan99.

Bug. 35c. Comedy child dialect "Bumpetty-whiz!" "Zip-a-ka-boom!" p" effects. juneoo.

Just Commonplace. 25c. Dramatic tragic patriotic recital. Fifing "Star-Spangled Banner" (35c).

***Just Like One of the Family. 25c.** Comedy monologue. Baby talk and cries; lullabies; imitations of steam-engine, bell, cat, parrot, dog, thunder, piano, violin, firecries.

***Keep a-Goin'. 35c.** Moralistic verse recital. Repetition "Keep-a-goin'." WR32.

Keyboard. 25c. Verse recitation about piano keyboard. Fine piano playing. May96.

King and the Nightingales. 35c. ("Religion in Song.") Dramatic pathos moralistic verse. Nightingale singing, priests singing "De Profundis." WR1.

King's Bell. 35c. Legendary. Bell effects. WR6.

King's Joy-Bells. 35c. Dramatic moralistic verse. Mournful bell sounds. WR6.

Kitchen Clock. $1.25. Romantic verse. Clock ticking. Del.

Knitting. 35c. Verse. Dreamy music. WR4.

****Lady of Shalott. 30c.** Dramatic tragic legendary verse. DQ24.

Lake Mahopac Saturday Night. 25c. Romantic pathos verse monologue. Music, dancing. mar96.

****Land of Nod. 35c.** Recitation to children. Dreamy music. WR15.

Last Spring. 35c. Dramatic tragic verse. Violin. WR2.

***Laughing and Crying. 35c.** Serio-comic monologues. Crying and laughing effects. WR32.

***Laughing Philosopher. 35c.** Verse recital. Laughing, "Ha-ha!" and "Ho-ho-ho! He-he!" WR20.

***Laureame: The Marble Dream. 15c.** Dramatic statue verse recital. Piano.

Leah, the Forsaken. 35c. Dramatic pathos monologue. "Wedding March" (Lohengrin, 5oc) organ music. 12 photographs.

***Legend of Bubble-Land. 15c.** Comedy romantic verse. Musical effects on "Oh."

***Legend of the Autumn Wind. 25c.** Verse recital. Effects on "ing." oct95.

Legend of the Organ Builder. 35c. Dramatic romantic tragic verse recital. Organ. maro1.

Lie for a Life. 35c. Dramatic Catholic Latin anthem. WR24.

***Life's Day. 35c.** Tableau. Singing "I hear the happy Christmas bells." Music given. WR6.

***Limitations of Youth. 25c.** Comedy verse child dialect recital. Repetition "If I darst, but I darsen't!" sept96.

****List to the Voice. 25c.** Inspiring verse. Organ music. june91.

***Literary Nightmare. 30c.** Serio-comic recital. Repetition jingling rhymes "Punch in presence of passenjare." DQ10.

Little Advice. 35c. Dramatic verse. Yellow-bird singing. WR14.

Little Bird Prisoner. 35c. Oriole singing. aploo.

***Little Highland Shepherdess. 35c.** Romantic verse. Dancing. WR25.

Little Girl's Wish. 35c. Comedy verse recital. Martial and religious music. WR17.

***Little Mark's Lullaby. 30c.** Dramatic pathos religious verse. Singing "Jesus died for me." DQ19.

***Little Nig. 35c.** ("Pickaninny.") Comedy child negro dialect. Frog calls "Little nig! little nig! little nig." WR7.

***Little Teacher. 35c.** Comedy verse monologue spelling "c-a-t," "d-o-g," "b-o-w," dog barking. WR17.

***Little Tim Tummer. 25c.** Comedy verse. Drum, play on "Tummer, drummer, drum, gun, hummer." EMcD.

***Long Ago. 35c.** Comedy child dialect verse recital. Sing-songing "Long ago, long, l-o-n-g ago." WR6.

***Lorraine. 30c.** Dramatic tragic verse recital. Circus band, humming "Barum-Barum-Barum-Barum," etc. DQ20.

***Love in Lent. 35c.** Romantic verse. Play on "'Tis Lent." WR32.

Lowden Sabbath Morn. 25c. Descriptive Scotch dialect verse. Church bells. july92.

Lullabies From All Lands. 25c. Verse. Lullabies of Denmark, China, Spain, Arabia, Zululand, Norway, Sweden, Germany. feb96.

***Lullaby of the Angels. 25c.** ("Rizpah.") Dramatic tragic verse. Singing or violin playing of lullaby. apl96.

***Making an Orator. 35c.** Comedy. Ringing changes on "Half a league." WR29.

***Mammy Crittie and Baby Suzon. 15c.** Negro dialect verse. Crooning lullaby.

***Mammy's Li'l' Boy. $1.25.** Serio-comic negro dialect verse monologue. Crooning or chanting. Del.

***Mammy's Pickanin'. 35c.** Comedy negro dialect verse monologue. Lullaby. Music given. july01.

***Maniac. 35c.** Dramatic pathos verse monologue. Maniac's laugh and saying "Will it never stop? That drop, drop?" WR19.

***March to Moscow. 25c.** Dramatic serio-comic verse. Repetition "Morbleu!" and "Parbleu!" and Russian names. may95.

Marguerite. 35c. Dramatic romantic tragic verse. Robin singing. WR5.

Marriage of the Flowers. $1.25. Verse recital. Bird singing. Del. Music (in "Messages in Many Voices") 50c.

***Marsh Symphony. 35c.** Comedy verse. Frog notes. WR20.

Mary Jane and I. $1.25. Romantic Yankee dialect character sketch verse recital. 10 min. Farmer's widow, hearing whip-poor-will sing, recalls her own courtship and married life, and decides to stop opposing son's marriage. Bird-notes may be introduced. Del.

Mary's Singing Lesson. 35c Comedy verse recital. Girl and bird singing—yellow bird, bobolink, titmouse, sparrow, and chorus. WR2.

****Masquerade. 30c.** Comedy romantic verse. Dancing. DQ20.

***Massacre of Zoroaster. $1.25.** Dramatic. Chant "Praise we the all-wise God." Words and music given. Del.

Master's Cup. 35c. Dramatic horse-racing. Bugle and whistling. jano1.

***May-Pole. 35c.** Comedy verse. May-pole dance; violin; repetition of "jig it, jig it, jig it." WR1.

****Mayflower. 35c.** Patriotic verse. WR10.

Mazurka of Chopin's. 35c. Dramatic tragic. Chopin's mazurka. WR2.

***Me an' Jim. 35c.** Romantic verse recital. Repetition "Did me an' Jim." WR7.

***Meg Merrilies. 35c.** Dramatic dialogue. Singing "Oh, rest thee, babe." Music given. WR27.

Memorial Day. 25c. Patriotic verse address to dead soldiers. Repetition "Red, white, blue." may91.

Message. 35c. Romantic verse recital. Harp or violin. nov97.

***Miss Kate Penoyia. 35c.** ("A Sad Mistake.") Comedy romantic. Singing "Miss Kate Penoyia" to tune "Sweet Evelina" (40c). WR29.

***Miss Montpielyier's Rehearsal. 25c.** Comedy musical vaudeville monologue. Singing, "Carmen" castanet scene dance, door-bell ringing.

***Mrs. Brindle's Music Lesson. 35c.** Comedy. Singing of numbers. WR4.

Mocking-Bird. 35c. Legendary verse. Mocking-bird singing. WR9.

***Molly. $1.25.** Romantic verse recital. Voice call effects. Del.

***Money Musk. $1.25.** Retrospective verse recital. Violin music, dancing and calling of dance figures. Music given. Banks.

***Monks' Magnificat. 35c.** Dramatic verse. Organ and chanting. Music given. WR6.

Morning Concert in July. 35c. Comedy nature. Rooster, frog, clock, yellow-headed sparrow, robin, blackbird, crow, thrush, and chorus. aploo.

***Morning in Birdland. $1.00.** Verse recitation with bird singing. Singing of robin, bluebird, pewee, nuthatch, woodthrush, song sparrow, thrush, grass finch, dove, oriole, wren, quail, bobolink, blackbird, canary. Music for different birds given. Rhyg.

***Morning Voices. 35c.** Romantic verse. Cows, cow-bells, bird singing, lover whistling, echos, mother calling, humming old refrain. WR29.

****Mother. 25c.** Dramatic weird verse recital of dead mother. Singing of lullaby. may91.

Mother's Hymns. 35c. Retrospective sentimental verse recital. Medley of old-time hymns. WR6.

***Mother's Lullaby. 35c.** Sentimental verse recital. Singing "Bye O baby, go to sleepy." WR2.

***Mp—Ta—Ta: A Boarding House Idyl. 35c** Comedy verse recital. Piano, humming, waltzing. WR23.

Mr. Harris's Comic Song. 35c. Comedy. Singing, piano. WR9.

***Music Teacher. 15c.** Comedy monologue. Piano. "Dearest spot on earth to me," "Home, sweet home" (35c), "Lohengrin wedding march" (50c).

Musical Instrument. 35c. Legendary verse. Reed playing by Pan. maro1.

****Musical Neighborhood. 25c.** Comedy verse recital. Banjo, trombone, flute, quartet singing, piano, accordion. oct96.

Musical Recitations. See Special list on p. 3 of this catalogue.

****Musical Romance. 25c.** Comedy romantic verse. feb92.

My Fiddle. 35c. Sentimental verse monologue. Fiddling "Old fat gal," "Ryestraw," "My sailor's on the sea." WR2.

***My Kate. 25c.** Retrospective pathos sentimental verse recital. Repetition "My Kate." july96.

***My Soldier Lover. 35c.** Dramatic verse recital. Piano or violin; dancing, singing; Rustic reel for dance call; drum beating Dead March music; singing "Nearer my God to thee" (40c). june98.

My Violin. 25c. Retrospective verse recital. Violin. oct95.

***Nearer—There. 35c.** Dramatic tragic patriotic verse. Invisible chorus "Nearer, my God to Thee" (40c). mayoo.

****Needles and Pins. 25c.** Comedy romantic verse. jan96.

***New-Fashioned Singing. 35c.** Comedy verse Yankee dialect recital. Strains of "Dennis," "Old Silver Street," "Endearing young charms" (35c), "Robin Gray" (35c), closing with outlandish Italian love song. WR4.

***New Organ. 35c.** Serio-comic country dialect. Organ "Nearer, my God, to Thee" (40c). julyoo.

***Night Wind. 35c.** Verse. Wind effects. WR25.

Nightingale. 35c. Verse. Nightingale singing. WR6.

****Nightingale's Nest. 25c.** Dramatic tragic beautiful legendary narrative. Duet and singing of nightingales. june87.

No Time Like To-day. 25c. Comedy romantic verse. Bird singing. may96.

****O Captain! My Captain! 25c.** Dramatic tragic verse monologue. Whitman's apostrophe to Lincoln. may96.

O Love of Long Ago. 40c. Romantic pathos ballad for soprano or tenor. May be recited to music. Sheet music.

***"Oh, Yeh-Yes." 35c.** Comedy verse. Drawl "Oh, yeh-yes!" WR29.

Obliging His Landlady. 35c. Comedy monologue. Baby cries, bell ring. WR24.

****Ode to a Skylark. 35c.** Skylark singing may begin and end recitation. WR7.

Of Course They Met. 35c. Romantic verse recital. Bird and girl singing; girl and young man singing. WR8.

***Old Bell Ringer. 35c.** Dramatic Easter. Bell-ringing and singing "Christ is risen" (5c). mar99.

***Old Cradle. 35c.** Cradle verse monologue. Singing "Rock-a-by baby" (50c), etc. Cradle talk. WR4.

Old Man Sings. 25c. Sentimental pathos verse. Fiddle. mar92.

***Old Man's Ship Comes Home. 35c.** Dramatic tragic verse. Calls and bell effects. WR24.

***Old Musician. 35c.** Dramatic. Violin "Carnival de Venice." Song a cavatina from "La Belle Blanche," and trio from "William Tell." WR25.

***Old, Old Story. $1.25.** Verse. Singing "Glory to God in the highest" (8c) Banks.

****Old Story. 35c.** Romantic pathos verse recital. WR20.

***Old Sweet Song. 25c.** Retrospective verse. Dreamy music background or singing "The old log hut" (35c). mar93.

****Old Sweetheart of Mine. 35c** Romantic retrospective verse monologue Dreamy music. WR4.

***Ole Mistis. 35c.** Comedy negro dialect horse race descriptive recital. Singing "Possum up the gum stump," and "Jay-bird took de hoopin' cough." julyo1.

Ole Bull's Christmas. 35c. Dramatic pathos verse recital. Violin "Home, sweet

home" (35c); background classic violin music. WR22.

One Beneath Old Glory. 35c. Dramatic patriotic verse recital. Band medley North and South patriotic airs. june98.

***One, Two, Three. 25c.** Verse. Play on "One, Two, Three." mar93.

***Only an Irish Washerwoman. 35c.** Comedy Irish dialect monologue. Needs fine piano playing. sep98.

***Opening of the Piano. 30c.** Retrospective verse recital. Piano, singing "Vesper hymn," "Jubilate." DQ23.

***Ophelia Flower Scene. 35c.** Dramatic pathos musical monologue. Singing "How should I your true love know," "White his shroud as the mountain snow," "Good morrow," "'Tis St. Valentine's Day," "They bore him bare-faced on the bier," and "Will he not come again." Music given. WR27.

***Orchard Romance. 15c.** Romantic verse. Bird singing "In love, chee wit, chee wee! p-r-r-link, p-r-r-chee!"

Orchestra. 35c. Verse recital. Different birds sing according to names of musical instruments mentioned. maro1.

Organist. $1.25. Dramatic romantic tragic verse. Organ. Business given. WSEL.

***Ormolu's Tenement House. 30c.** Dramatic tragic verse. Fire-bells counting "One, two, three, four." DQ23.

***Othello. Bed-Chamber Scene. 35c.** Singing "The poor soul sat sighing," "Willow, willow, willow." Music given. Text of Salvini's acting "Othello" with business given in this book. WR27.

***Our Little Evangelist. 25c.** Verse recital. Singing "Come ye sinners poor and needy." mar90.

Our Soldiers' Song. 35c. Dramatic patriotic verse recital. Invisible chorus "Star-spangled banner" (35c). Sep98.

Our Thursdays. 25c. Comedy verse. Waltz, lanciers and "Home, sweet home" (35c) music. mar90.

Overheard at a Wedding. 35c. Comedy. Piano or organ wedding march. WR29.

Paddy Dunbar. 35c. Romantic verse Irish dialect. Dance and jig music. WR13.

Paganini. 35c. Dramatic pathos verse narrative. One-string violin playing. mar98p50.

***Parson's Cradle. 35c.** Serio-comic verse. Whirring, whizzing, crashing sounds, singing "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber." WR30.

***Passing Away. 30c.** Retrospective verse. Singing "Passing away! Passing away!" DQ19.

Passing Show. 35c. Verse. Bird singing. WR4.

***Pat's Confederate Pig. 35c.** Comedy verse recital. Pig grunts and squeals. octoo.

***Peleg Plunkett's Political S 25c.** Comedy address. Farm-ya and calls. oct96.

Phantom Ball. 35c. Dramatic verse recital. Old-time dance mu wild fandango. WR30.

***Piano Music. $1.25.** Verse mo Speaker plays on piano things spc Del.

***Piano Tuner. 35c.** Serio-comi logue. Striking notes while tunin playing on and finally banging WR32.

***Pickaninny. 35c.** ("Little Nig." edy child negro dialect. Frog calls nig! little nig! little nig." WR7.

Pied Piper of Hamelin. $1.25. atic tragic verse. Pipe music. given. WSEL.

***Pig's Tail. 35c.** Child verse. Pi and squeals. septoo.

Plantation Christmas. 35c. verse. Violin, dancing. WR28.

***Polly's Guitar. 35c.** Comedy cital. Guitar. oct99.

***Popping. 25c.** Comedy roman recital. "Home, sweet home" (35c jan96.

***Practising Song. 35c.** Come monologue. Singing, scale piano piano jig music. june99.

***Preciosa, the Spanish Dancer.** Romantic monologue. Serenade ' Madrid" (35c), watchman calls. dance with tambourine. Full d (manuscript) for dancing Spanish rine dance $1.00. Music for da Serenata" (60c) and "Fantella" (6

Princess Imra and the Goather Romantic verse. Goat bells.

***Rag Babies. 35c.** Verse. Singi rag baby," etc. (25c). WR17.

***Ragpicker. 35c.** Dramatic path recital. Cries "Rags, any rags."

***Rain Storm. 35c.** Pathos verse Repetition "Drip, drip, drip." aug

***Raven. 35c.** E. A. Poe. verse recital. Play on "Nothing mor evermore," "nevermore." aploo.

Rejoicin' at de Co'ners. 25c. edy sentimental negro dialect vers logue. Sleighbells, horn, banjo, ribbon waving, organ wedding july92.

***Remember the Maine. 35c.** atic patriotic verse. Repetition "R the Maine." june98.

Reproach. 35c. Romantic vers Dance music. WR4.

***Rescue of Gavin. 35c.** Singing "The Lord's my Shepher WR19.

Rescue of Lucknow. 25c. Dramatic patriotic verse. Bagpipes play "Annie Laurie" (15c). june90.

***Retrospective. 25c.** Pathos verse. Singing "Only to-night." apl92.

Rizpah. 25c. ("Lullaby of the Angels.") Dramatic tragic verse. Lullaby singing. 8 photographs.

***Robert of Lincoln. 30c.** Verse recital. Bobolink singing. DQ19.

****Rock Me to Sleep. 40c.** Dramatic pathos verse recital. Sheet music and words given. Same song pantomimed (10 photographs from life—no music) 35c. decoo.

***"Rock of Ages." 35c.** F. L. Stanton. Moralistic verse. Singing "Rock of ages" (6c). WR7.

***Romance of a Year. $1.25** Romantic verse. Old provençal melody. Words and music given. Del.

****Romance of the Ganges. 25c.** Romantic verse. 14 photographs.

****Rosary of My Years. 30c.** Religious reverie verse recital. DQ19.

***Russian Soldier, Rest! 35c.** Comedy verse. Musical effects on Russian and Turkish names. WR27.

Saint Anthony. 35c. Semi-dramatic verse. Singing and bell tones. WR6.

****Saint Cecilia 35c.** Verse. WR2.

St. Patrick's Day. 35c. Sentimental Irish dialect verse recital. Harp medley of "Killarney" (30c), "Kathleen Mavourneen" (35c), "Noreen Maureen," "St. Patrick's Day" (25c), "Wearin' of the green" (35c). mar98.

***St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Day. $1.25.** Romantic verse. Girl intones to violin "I'll be your valentine." Banks.

St. Valentine's Day. 35c. Verse. Singing of peewee, quail, catbird, blackbird, partridge, woodpecker, rain-crow, sugar-bird, horn-owl, wood-dove, whip-poor-will, jay, crow, bobolink. WR12.

***Sad Mistake. 35c.** ("Miss Kate Penoyia"). Comedy romantic. Singing "Miss Kate Penoyia" to tune "Sweet Evelina" (40c). WR29.

Salome. 35c. Dramatic tragic verse narrative recital. Zither, lyre, dancing. feb98.

***Sambo's Lullaby. 35c.** Negro dialect verse. Singing "Hush-a-bye" (50c). june99.

***Sands of Dee. 25c.** Tragic verse. Calling of cattle. Music given. sept95.

Santiago. 35c. Dramatic patriotic verse. Drum. mar99.

****Scottish Ballad. 35c.** Tragic romantic Scotch dialect verse recital. WR4.

She Danced With Washington. 35c. Verse. Old-fashioned dance and minuet music. jan01.

****Sherman's March to the Sea. 25** Dramatic patriotic verse recital. "Marchi 'thro Georgia" (40c) as background. may

***Sick Rooster. 35c.** Comedy ver Rooster calls. WR20.

***Siege of Belgrade. 35c.** Alliterat verse enunciation study. julyoo.

Siege of Lucknow. 35c. Drama verse recital. Bagpipe playing "Campbe are coming" (25c). WR13.

****Singer. 25c.** Dramatic romantic ver Classical music. june90.

***Singing Baby. 35c.** Tragic. Ba voice sings "In the sweet bye and by (40c). WR19.

****Sissy Hawkins. 25c.** Comedy co try dialect monologue. Harmonica play and country dancing. Businesss given. photographs.

Skylark. 35c. Pathos verse. Skyl singing. WR2.

***Sleigh-Bells' Medley. 25c.** Com verse. Different sleighbell sounds. feb

Sleigh Ride. 35c. Descriptive ver Sleigh bells. WR17.

***Slumber Song. 35c.** Verse recital child, intoning "Sleep, my bonny o sleep!" WR4.

***Soldier's Joy. 15c.** Romantic verse cital. Virginia reel dancing and da calls. Music given.

Solomon and the Sparrow. 3 Dramatic comedy verse. Sparrow singi WR2.

****Song for St. Cecilia's Day. 3** Verse. WR11.

****Song of Cuba. 35c.** Dramatic tra patriotic verse recital. Singing. june98

***Song of Luddy-Dud. 35c.** Verse cital to child with crooning or intoni oct99.

Song of Songs. 25c. Sentimental Y kee dialect verse recital. Background " Hundred" (8c), "Sweet Hour of Pray (10c), singing of kettle, wedding mu may96.

***Song of the Armor. 25c.** Se comic negro dialect verse. Musical eff on "Away-y-y-y-y ovah dar." may92.

***Song of the Drum. 35c.** Ve Drum plays "Long roll," "Raw recru "Tramp, tramp, tramp" (40c), "Yan Doodle" (40c), "Hail Columbia" (3 "Girl I left behind me" (30c), "Fun march" (40c), "Marching thro' Georg (40c), "Auld lang syne" (35c). juneoo

Song of the Market-Place. 3 Dramatic sentimental verse. Tenor v cradle song. WR8.

***Song of the Spinning-Wheel. 3** Verse recital. Spinning-wheel eff "Round and round, round and round," WR4.

***Song of the Wind. 35c.** Verse monologue to children. Wind sounds. WR6.

***Songs My Mother Sung. 35c.** Religious retrospective verse. Singing old-time hymns and songs. WR7.

Songs of Labor. 25c. Verse. Sounds of forges, oxen, scythes, mill. oct92.

Soul of the Violin. 35c. Dramatic pathos tragic monologue. Violin tuning and fine playing. Business given. 9 photographs.

***Spelling-Match at Grande Pointe. 35c.** Serio-comic. Spelling effects. WR25.

***Spinning-Wheel Song. $1.25.** Romantic verse. Spinning-wheel effects and singing. Music given. Banks.

Spring Song. 35c. Verse recital. Bird singing. may99.

***S'prise Pa'ty, De. 25c.** Comedy negro dialect verse monologue. Banjo, dancing, calling of figures. may96.

"Stabat Mater." 35c. Dramatic inspiring. Classic organ music. WR29.

Stanzas to Eternity. $1.25. Dramatic verse, by Delsarte. Singing. Del.

***Star-Spangled Banner. $1.25.** Dramatic patriotic verse monologue. Singing "Star Spangled Banner" (35c). Del.

***Stately Minuet. $1.25** Verse. Curtsy and dance music. May have tableaux. Music given. Del.

***Storm. 25c.** Dramatic verse. Chanting "Misere Domine." dec92.

Story of a Short Life. 35c. Pathos narrative prose. Invisible chorus. "Tug-of-War hymn" or band accompaniment. WR9.

***Street Cries. 35c.** Comedy verse. Cries "Horse Red-dee-ee-eech," "Wash-tubs to mend," "Tinware to mend," "Ripe peach—," "O—ranges," "Glasstoputin." WR3.

Study. 25c. Verse letter E study. feb92.

***Studying German. 35c.** Comedy monologue. Introduces different parts of "Ich habe, du hast, gehabt," etc. WR32.

***Stuttering Lover. 35c.** Serio-comic romantic character sketch verse monologue. Stuttering effects. WR32.

Summer Night's Song. 25c. Verse. Singing of black-bird, throstle, lark, sparrow. sept92p282.

Swan Song. 35c. Dramatic. Violin. WR29.

Swineherd. 30c. Romantic. Nightingale singing, bells, rattle, singing. DQ29.

****Swinging on a Birch-Tree. 35c.** Verse. "See-Saw Waltzes." novoo.

***Swiss Good Night. 35c.** Verse. Alpine or trumpet horn. Music given. janoo.

****Tam O'Shanter. 35c.** Dramatic weird verse Scotch dialect recital. WR18. Music (60c).

Tell Her So. 35c. Romantic verse. Nightingale singing. WR2.

***Tellin' What Baby Did. 25c.** Sentimental country dialect verse recital. Repetition "Tellin' what baby did." may91.

Ten Little Songsters. 35c. Verse. Birds. WR7.

***Thanksgiving Day at Grandma's. 35c.** Comedy child dialect verse recital. Calls to horse. nov97.

***Thanksgiving Philosophy. 35c.** Comedy verse. Goose, duck, turkey cries. Thcel.

That Parrot. 25c. Comedy verse. Parrot talk. feb96.

***"The Jefful." 35c.** Serio-comic. Baby talk. WR30.

***There's a Rogue in the Breast o' Your Coat. 25c.** Comedy romantic verse. Repetition "Go away, Barney, Get along wid yer blarney, There's a rogue in the breast o' your coat." july92.

****Three Cheers For the Old Flag. 35c.** Patriotic verse recital. "Dixie" (40c) background. june98.

***Three Little Chestnuts. 35c.** Comedy verse. Squealing "Ee! ain't it cold," "Ee! ain't it hot," "Ee! ain't it dark." mar99.

Three Little Kittens. 35c. Verse. Kitten talk. WR6.

***Three Thunderbolts. 30c.** Comedy negro dialect. Sermon and church service. Singing "Sheep knows dey shepherd's voice," etc. DQ16.

***Tiger Bay. 30c.** Dramatic tragic verse recital. Play on "Mark! mark!" and "Hark! hark!" DQ20.

***Tintamarre. 35c.** Spirited verse. Refrain "Ho-ra-o! Jean-Jean-not Dieu pardoint au Comte Thibant!" Music given. WR6.

****To Barbary Land. 35c.** Romantic verse recital. Lullaby. WR14.

To-Morrow at Ten. 30c. Romantic verse monologue. Band Strauss airs. Hatch's.

Tramp Musician. 35c. Dramatic pathos verse. Artistic piano playing. julyo1.

***Twilight Pastoral. 35c.** Romantic verse. Musical calling of cows. WR3.

****Two Bells. 35c.** Religious verse recital. Bell tones. Christmas hymns. WR30.

***Two Orphans. 35c.** Comedy verse recital. Repetition "Didn't we, Jim!" WR14.

Two Songs. 25c. Verse. Robin singing and shepherd piping. mar93.

Two Thanksgiving Dances. 15c. Romantic verse recital. Violin, piano. Different dance music. Music given of square dance and Virginia reel "Come, Haste to the Wedding."

***Umbrellas to Mend. 35c.** Verse. Umbrella-man cries. WR20.

***Uncle Dick's Version. 35c.** Comedy negro dialect recital. Cooing, barking, lowing, bleating, goat talking, bird singing, crowing. WR2.

***Une Marquise. 30c.** Romantic verse address. Musical play on "Belle Marquise." Hatch's.

***Unfinished Love-Song. 25c.** Romantic pathos patriotic verse. Singing "Art thou thinking of me in my absence, love?" aug96.

***Unfinished Song. 35c.** Dramatic tragic verse. Singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" (40c). apl98.

***Up-to-date Love Song. 35c.** Comedy romantic verse recital. Repetition "He told me so." may98.

***Veronica. 35c.** Visionary verse. Musical accompaniment at end. WR1.

Vesper Bell. 35c. Verse. Bell music. WR6.

Victor of Marengo. 25c. Dramatic patriotic. Drum. may95.

Victoria Regina. 35c. Dramatic tragic patriotic verse. Bell tolling. apl01.

Violin Fantasy. 35c. Dramatic tragic. Violin. WR12.

***Vision of Handel. 35c.** Dramatic verse singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Music given. WR6.

***Vision of Poets. 35c.** Verse. Organ. WR1.

****Voice of the People. 35c.** Sentimental verse. WR30.

Voices of the Night. 25c. Comedy monologue. Bret Harte. Songs "Ever of Thee" (35c), "Star of the Evening" (35c), also serenade music. nov90.

Voices of the Wildwood. $1.25. Pathos verse recital. Meadow-lark, frog, wood-dove, squirrel, brown-bird. Music of meadow-lark and brown-bird given. Del.

Volunteer Organist. $1.25. Country dialect verse recital. Organ. Del.

***Waitin' fer the Cat to Die. 35c.** Comedy retrospective sentimental Yankee dialect verse recital. Intoning "Waitin' fer the cat to die." WR2.

***Wake of Tim O'Hara. 30c.** Serio-comic verse. Repetition "At wake of Tim O'Hara." DQ18.

Waltz-Quadrille. 35c. Verse recital. Band music. WR26.

***Waltz of von Weber's. 25c.** Romantic verse recital. Harp, horn and hand organ music of Von Weber's waltz. Music of waltz and business given.

***Wanted—A Minister's Wife. 25c.** Serio-comic verse. Repetition "Wanted, a minister's wife." mar93.

Way Down Souf in Georgy. 35c. Negro dialect verse recital. Plantation melodies ($1). WR23.

Way to Sleeptown. 25c. Comedy verse. Lullaby chanting. aug90.

***Wearyin' for You. 25c.** Pathos sentimental verse recital. Repetition "Jest a-wearyin' for you." oct92.

What an Anthem is. 25c. Comedy. Up-to-date method. Anthem singing. july95.

What an Old Spinning-Wheel Said to Me. 25c. Verse recital. Spinning-wheel effects. aug96.

***What Echo Said. 35c.** Verse. Echo effects. WR6.

What the Bells Say. 25c. Comedy verse. Bells. apl92.

****When George the Third was King. 35c.** Verse. WR22. Sheet music 50c.

***When Jack Comes Late. 15c.** Romantic verse monologue. Banjo tuning, singing "I'll marry the man in the moon" (50c); waltz steps.

When Josiah Plays the Fiddle. 35c. Comedy Yankee dialect verse. Singing, violin playing "Nellie Gray" (40c). feb99.

When Malindy Sings. 35c. Comedy verse negro dialect. Singing "Come to Jesus," "Rock of Ages" (6c), "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"; dog barking. feb01.

***When the Hammock Swings. 35c.** Verse recital. "Swing-swong, Swingity-swo" effects. WR4.

***Where the Lilies Bloom. 35c.** Dramatic pathos verse recital. Guitar, songs "Come ye disconsolate" (8c), "Where the Lilies Bloom" (music given). WR23.

Whip-Poor Will. 35c. Serio-comic verse. Whip-poor-will singing. WR4.

***Whistling Regiment. 25c.** Dramatic romantic verse. Singing from "Annie Laurie" (words and music given).

White Lily. $1.25. Dramatic pathos. Singing. WSEL.

***Who Broke up de Meetin'? 25c.** Comedy negro dialect recital. Rooster singing and crowing. aug96.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest? 25c. Serio-comic verse. Yellow-breast, cow, bob-olink, dog, dove, sheep, crow, hen. aug96.

***Who'll Buy My Love Knots? 35c.** Comedy verse. Musical calls "Who'll buy my love-knots." WR11.

*"**Wish't I Wuz a Girl.**" **35c.** Comedy verse recital. Repetition "Wish't I wuz a girl." 2968.

Wood Notes Wild. $2.00. Account of birds and their ways, with the songs of all our favorite birds.

Zingarella. 15c. ("Gipsy Flower Girl"). Dramatic romantic verse monologue. Singing, tambourine playing, tambourine dance. Same piece with lesson-talk in collection of recitations 35c. Directions for tambourine dance (manuscript) $1.

OTHER RECITATIONS WITH VARIOUS EFFECTS.

All in Sheet Music Form.

Bow-Legged Boy. 40c. Words by E. Field. Comedy child character song. Musical recitation. Some artists recite, and sing beginning "What a cute little boy," etc.

Daddy's Picaninny Boy. 60c. Negro dialect character song. May be recited and chorus droned.

December and May. 40c. ("Mollie Newell.") Comedy romantic song. Musical recitation, or recited with chorus.

Dream on While You May. 50c. Marion Short. Cradle monologue song. May be recited and refrain sung.

Here's a Toast. 50c. Drinking recital song for man. Suitable for clubs, societies, dinners, etc. Effective when man recites and whole company join in chorus.

Hiawatha's Wooing. $1. Longfellow's poem set to musical background by R. G. Cole. Pictures Indian's love and courtship. A musical recitation.

Home Song. 40c. ("Look to that Old Spot.") Chauncey Olcott. Sentimental recital song and chorus. Effective when recited and chorus sung.

How'd Yer Like ter be a Dorg? 50c. Street gamin dialect verse action song. Given as musical recitation.

Hush! Now, Don't You Wake Him. 40c. Character monologue lullaby song for woman. All words except "Hush! now, don't you wake him," should be spoken.

Keep Away From My Baby. 50c. Romantic negro dialect character monologue song for man. May be recited, chorus accompanied by music.

Ki-Yo. 50c. Romantic Indian dialect character recital song. Used as recitation with singing of chorus only.

Lazy, Daisy, Maisey. 60c. Comedy romantic negro dialect character recital song for man. Or may be given by quartet. Effective when recited, refrain sung, and end refrain with dance.

Listen to my Tale of Woe. 40c. ("Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue.") Serio-comic song with play on "Listen to my tale of woe." Effective when recited and chorus spoken or sung to musical background.

Little Tin Soldier. 35c. Comedy romantic verse with musical accompaniment; or may be sung.

Lost Chord. 40c. Sentimental inspiring recital song. Words may be recited to music.

Low-Backed Car. 35c. Romantic verse recital with musical accompaniment, or may be sung.

My Girl is a Different Kind. 40c. Comedy romantic recital song for men. Words may be recited to music with chorus.

My Japanese Cherry Blossom. 50c. Romantic comedy Japanese dialect character recital song for girl. Effective when recited and "I love you my Japanese Cherry blossom," etc., sung in imitation of man's proposal.

My Little Red Umbrella. 40c. Romantic comedy recital song and dance for girl. Effective when recited with or without music; each stanza ends with dance.

Open the Door. 40c. ("Little Beggar Girls' Pleading.") Pathos recital song for two girls. First stanza may be recited by one girl, the second by both and the third by one. Both sing chorus.

Since Birdie Commenced Her Delsarte. 40c. Comedy verse recital song. Given as recitation with music.

Stay in Your Own Back Yard. 50c. Dramatic pathos negro dialect monologue song. May be recited and chorus sung.

Swinging in the Grapevine Swing. 40c. Sentimental recital song for men. May be given as musical recitation or words spoken and chorus sung.

Tin Gee-Gee. 50c. ("Girl never looks at twenty-nine, with a possible sixty-three.") May be recited to music or sung.

Too Late, Too Late. 30c. Dramatic pathos concert recital song. Several may sing or recite to musical accompaniment.

Where the Birdies Go. 50c. Bird day song. Good recitation with musical accompaniment to be given before children.

You'se Just a Little Nigger, Still You'se Mine, All Mine. 50c. Negro mammy action lullaby. Generally recited and chorus sung.

SICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

:tas, Cantatas, Musical Plays and Scenes, Enter-ainments with Music, Action Songs, Entertainment Songs etc., etc.

or the Wonderful Lamp.
H. E. Hard. Juvenile play. 1 hour. mber. Specialties may be introsinging, dancing, pantomiming and The well-known story of Aladdin magical lamp. novoo. Japanese nd "Mikado" music may be intro-("Mikado" music $1.)

Songs and Their History.
. B. Faxon. Lecture recital. 50 nging of "Tenting To-night" (40c), Bolt" (35c). Reciting of "Star ," "Maryland, My Maryland," nd Gray," "Woodman, Spare that 'Home, Sweet Home." All recita-ven. julyo1.

Plea to the Fairies. 25c.
's Dream.") Children operetta. . Singing of "Slumber Song;" of fairies; musical recitation, "Pro- Cruel Jackie's Doom." Music of ven. Dog, cat, donkey, bird effects. appeal to Fairy Queen against cruel Queen suspends punishment one boy's promise to mend. Begins ses with fairy dance. 3 photo-

Day Entertainment. 35c.
ard. 1 hour. Any number. Arbor rcises suggests songs "Worship of "Down in the Grass," "Beautiful (all three 50c). Tableaux repreirth, Death and Resurrection of the " Poems "Voice of Spring," "Song Grass," "Fall of the Oak." maroo.

ay Program. 35c. S. Schell. and State musical entertainment. . Any number. Consists of Bible is, New York State Arbor Day law, and Use of Arbor Day" (oration), ant Forest Reserves" (speech), "The Leaf's Work" (recitation), "Our ree" (address), "Come to the Oak (song or dance for 12 or more), Match" (an entertainment for 17 or Quotations; "Choosing our Nation-wer" (international entertainment leaux for any number), "Choosing e Flower" (a flower festival for 15 use of Flowers" (recitation), Plant-ree (participated in by whole school), usic mentioned is in "Songs of Life" (50c) and in "Franklin Song Collection No. 1" (75c).

Model. 25c. T. B. Aldrich. romantic play. 1m, 1 f. 25 min. Singing of duet "They met by chance, the usual way." Music and business given. Artist working on picture of Anne Boleyn, lays work aside to love and kiss model. nov90.

At the Golden Gates. $1. Father Ryan. Religious song. 10 min. May be sung and acted by one person or whole class. Sheet music. Song and pantomime; 23 photographs.

Bird-Day Exercises. 35c. 1 hour. Exercises consist of quotations, recitations, monologue, song, dialogue. Any number of songs may be introduced. "Songs of Nature" (50c). febo2.

Birds and Their Wings. 35c. Action recitation for any number. Business given. aploo.

Blind Girl of Castle-Cuille. 25c. Poem by Longfellow, ar. by M. M. Morton. Reading with singing behind scenes and tableaux. 30 mon. Any number. Singing of "Road Should Blossom." Girl deserted because she has become blind, appears at wedding of untrue lover and falls dead before she stabs herself. Music and business given. 7 descriptive tableaux.

Bobby Shaftoe. 35c. Children's romantic action song. 10 min. 1m, 2f. Words, music and business given. 5 photographs.

Blue Beard's Bride. 25c. ("Last Leap Year in Fairyland.") A. K. Moody. Serio-comic fairy play. 1 hour. 15m, 12f or more. Singing of "Blue Beard, blue beard," "Old Friends, old loves, old sweethearts" (music of last song given). Blue Beard seeks another bride. Enraptured maidens meet at Mother Goose's at reception to Blue Beard, but maidens' lovers confront Blue Beard with his gruesome closet.

Boys' Literary Conference. 25c. Margaret Rumple. School play for 6 boys. 20 min. All may sing or recite in concert Kipling's "Mandalay" (words given; music 50c extra).

Ceres. 15c. M. N. Crumpton. Musical mythological play. 3 acts. 30 min. 2m, 12f and nymphs. Singing of "Praise, O Praise Diana," "Lost, Lost," "Fair Ceres;" dancing to tune of "La, la, la." Gods hold council for good of mortals who learn that agriculture is honorable. Fable tells origin of summer and winter. Music given.

Children's Day Program. 35c. S. Schell. Sunday School entertainment. 1 hour. Any number. Consists of children pieces; address, recitations, songs "Dare to do Right," "Rose is Queen among Flowers," "God

Bless Little Children" all 3 for 50c), and suggested reading and choruses. mayoo.

Children's Day Program. 35c. C. B. Faxon. Entertainment. 1 hour. Any number. All children recitations, songs "God Bless Little Children," "Praise June," "Oh, Scatter Kind Words," "(all 3 for 50c), dialogues; acrostic "God is Love;" banner exercise—teaching Cheerfulness, Hope, Faith, Courage, Obedience, Perseverance. aplo1.

Children's Flag Drill. 25c. L. K. Rogers. Action song and drill. 10 min. Any number. Music of "Welcome, Welcome," given. june91.

Christmas Cantata. 35c. S. Schell. Tragic romantic musical play. 1 hour. 5m, 3f. Songs introduced: "Ah! Love," "I Try Not to Own," "Those Endearing Young Charms," "How Can I Leave Thee," "Of Love Like This, How Vainly," "Toreador, E'er Watchful Be," "Heart Bowed Down," "Lonely on Earth Abiding," "O Night of Rapture," Glad Christmas Bells." Music or airs given. Father imprisons daughter and poor lover to prevent eloping. Rich lover, favored by father, tries to get poison for rival and love potion for girl from witch, who poisons him, bestowing wealth on loving pair and reconciling father. dec99.

Christmas Exercises. 35c. G. B. Faxon. 30 min. Any number. Program of recitations, dialogues, acrostic "Merry Christmas," songs. WR26.

Christmas in Peril. 25c. A. E. Freeman. Musical comedy-pathos children's play. 1 hour. Any number. Children accused of not being good, are in danger of losing Christmas gifts. Some characters represent misused toys who appear against children. While Kris Kringle is upbraiding children, Santa Claus overhears their refusal to displace him, so they get their presents. nov92.

Cinderella. 15c. A. Henley. Musical verse children's play. 25 min. 3m, 6f. Dance music, dance of minuet, waltzing, march music, fancy dance. May close with singing and dancing. Fairy godmother takes little girl to a ball whither her sisters have gone, leaving her home to drudge. Hers is the only foot small enough to wear a slipper that is found. She dances with and marries prince.

Columbia. 25c. B. T. Speed. Dramatic verse patriotic play. 1 act. 45 min. 31f. Music for drill "Columbia," "Red, White and Blue" (35c). Queen and maids assemble to honor Columbus and a successful republic. Each says something about army, navy, or principles of freedom; then all drill and recite "Sail on, oh, ship of state."

Columbia's Floral Emblem. 25c. E. S. Cummins. Musical patriotic play. 30 min. 24 or more m and f. Singing of "Chorus of Flowers" and playing of "Bugle Call" on bugle. Floral festival and school entertainment for awakening interest in a national flower. Music and business given.

Columbus-Day Program. 35c. Historical exercises for Oct. 12, consisting of songs "America," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," "Hail Columbia," (4 songs for 75c); entertainment "Poet's History of America" in verse (12 persons); essay; reading, recitation and reading with ten tableaux. julyo1.

Coming of Summer. 35c. N. D. Cooper. Musical entertainment. 25 min. 2m, 5f and supes. Nature, Winter, Spring, Summer, March, April and May are personified—some have speaking, singing or dancing parts, while others have pantomime parts; the whole scheme being to picture changing of Winter into Summer. Singing of "Mother Nature" (music given), "On Yonder Rock Reclining" ("Fra Diavolo," 30c), "Approach of Spring" (25c). Tableau lights, $1.25 a lb., 65c half lb., 35c quarter lb. may99.

Crowning of Easter. 15c. L. H. Carpenter. Religious musical entertainment. 20 min. 5f. Singing "We will give Thanks," "Welcome, Welcome to our Merry Christmas Day," "On Calvary's Brow my Saviour Died," "Hallelujah to the Risen Lord." Days observed by Christian churches convene to honor Easter. Intended for girls, yet two boys may take part. Music given.

Different Ways of Saying Yes. 35c. Comedy romantic duologue. 1m, 1f, and several children. Introduces ways of saying "Yes." WR3.

Difficult Love Making. 35c. Farcical duologue. 2m, 1f. Voices. Street cries interrupt and make farcical gushing love scene. WR3.

Donation Pahty Fo' de Pastor. 35c. H. T. Upton and E. Gillmer. Negro farce. 1 hour. 11m, 9f. May be expanded by specialties (dancing, singing, speech making, recitations); those who have no speaking parts may eat refreshments and contribute to the fun, as boisterous as taste of audience will permit. janoo.

Dream of Fair Women and Brave Men. 25c. M. L. Gaddess. Verse entertainment with tableaux vivants. 45 min. Any number m and f. Singing "Warrior Bold" (music given), "Jephtha's Daughter," "Meg Merrilies." Words may be spoken by each character or read by reader. Opportunity for staging and costumes contrasting various nations. Impersonations of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Hector and Andromache, Jephtha's Daughter, Naomi, Ruth and Orpha, Queen Katharine, Portia and Jessica, Hafed and Hinda, Blind Minstrel King James and Lady of the Lake, Meg Merrilies, Amy Robsart and Earl of Leicester, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid Guinevere, Elaine, Hiawatha, and Minnehaha.

[redacted] Patriotic fairy can- number. Words by St. sic by H. W. Loomis. m jubilee at close of Sheet music.

Rainbow Tableau. Musical entertainment bleaux and musical reci- ıy number. All costume roses concealed, which ıyed as bunch of roses y Revel" song picture m, sleeping flowers and ries to revel, the stars mortals discover them; e of Aurora, form rain- ı, to musical accompani- : of the Rainbow," pic- for a change from rain- bow is transformed into

Action song. 10 min. tells what occurs in and music given. augoo.

ıisies. 25c. S. Schell. nt. 30 min. 12 or more music given are: "There 'hat Does Daisy See?" " "When Grandma Says l," "Daisy Time" (air). Children show faces nted on curtain. Girls, ng to hear them speak, sing, recite, drill, etc.

d. 40c. A. E. Allen. mber small and large Music and business for en: "Just Waking Up" eet Violets," "Guess" Daisies' Secret," "Wel- Quarrel of the Butter- the Poppies," "Farewell eting to Easter," "Con- Fairy of flowers invites rland to learn to keep ul from sleep. She calls blossom. Flowers sing ts expressed.

ns. 25c. ("Trooping S. Schell. Musical patri- entertainment. 2 hours. :h nation sings, speaks, ills, or marches until All pose in tableau r national music, songs ;ested. Business given.

. Weird verse recital. 8 lancing and singing "we are the shadows of :ing may be done by ınd gnomes and later by : was Elsie."

n. 35c. S. Schell. ıent. 1 hour. Recita- ations, suggested songs, We supply material men- tioned in program: "American Flag," musical recitation (75c); "Songs of the Nation" (75c); "Franklin Square Song Collection No. 1." (75c). may99.

From the Old World to the New. 35c. L. M. Hadley. 1 hour. 6 scenes. Any number. Patriotic historical Columbus play, introducing singing of "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "We are Little Sailor Boys," "Sleep, Mortals, Sleep." Pictures Columbus as boy at school and his trials and successes from boyhood to discovery of America. WR10.

Ginger and the Preacher. 35c. Negro verse comedy. 20 min. 1 act. 3m, 2f. Pictures Ginger and family and argument of Ginger with pastor on wickedness of fiddling. Pastor finally fiddles and all sing "Don' Be Shy," pastor finishing with prayer. WR14.

Good Night Drill and Songs. 25c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 20 min. Children, in nightgowns and caps carrying dollies and candles, march and sing "My Dolly," "Eight Little Children," "Bye-lo-Land," "Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes," "Good Night, Good Night." (Music—except "Georgia Lullaby (50c)—and directions for singing given.) Children disappear one at a time until one only is left and she lazily goes to bed.

Gossips, The. 35c. E. E. Wilcox. Children fairy play. 20 min. 1m, 10f. Characters are fairy, flowers and bees. Waltzing introduced. Bee declares Rose loveliest flower. WR17.

Hallowe'en Program. 35c. S. Schell. Entertainment. Recitations, play "Macbeth's Fortune," ghostly pantomime, songs, suggestive refreshments and order of serving, fortune slips, games, etc. WR31.

Hamlet. Grave Diggers' Scene. 35c. Shakespeare. 15 min. 3m. Singing of grave diggers. Music given. WR27.

Hannele, Scene from. 35c. G. Hauptmann. Dramatic tragic scene. 15 min. 9m, 7f. Singing of "Jesus, O I trust in Thee," "Conscience from All Trouble Free," and angel chorus. Pictures death chamber scene visited by Saviour who restores dead girl. Business given. WR13.

Harvest Home. 35c. Harvest song service. 1 hour. Any number. Recitations and songs. Songs with music given of "Oh! Bounteous God," "Lo! The Winter is Past," "See the Golden Hues of Spring-Time," "Sing We Now the Happy Story," "Give Us Thy Grace," "Everywhere the Flowers are Growing," "Earth with Autumn's Fruit," "Grain is Ripe," "Oh, Grant, Eternal Lord," "While the Earth Remaineth," "Let Everything That Hath Breath," "Praise to the Holiest." Suitable for church, school, harvest festival, etc. Pictures passing of Winter, coming of Spring, sowing, growing, coming of autumn, ripening grain, harvesting, etc. 20 pages of music. thcel.

Hiawatha. 35c. Musical drama. Longfellow's poem dramatized by S. Schell. 5 acts. 2 hours. Any number. Singing of "Ewa-Yea! My Little Owlet," "Wah-wah-Taysee, Little Firefly." "Death of Minnehaha." Music of these given. Many other songs and dances are suggested. Book of Indian music supplied for $1.25.

Hiawatha Entertainments. 35c. Longfellow's poem arranged by S. Schell. Book contains "Hiawatha: a Pantomimed Reading;" "Hiawatha, a Drama in Five Acts;" "Hiawatha Battling with His Father;" "The Famine; a Pantomime," "Indian Costumes and Make-up." Full descriptions of each part. Illustrations of Hiawatha, Minnehaha, headdress, peace-pipe, moccasins, tomahawk, bow and arrows. Music given and suggested. Music supplied in one book for $1.25.

Hiawatha: Pantomimed Reading. 35c. Longfellow's poem pantomimed by S. Schell. 2 parts. 1 hour. Any number. Singing of "Look Up," "Love Song;" dancing of "Beggars' Dance." Music given.

Highland Lovers. 25c. M. L. Gaddess. Character duet song. 10 min. 1m, 1f. Bugle blowing; singing and acting of song. Music and business given. may92.

His Secret. 25c. H. Robertson. Romantic verse dialogue. 8 min. 1m, 1f. Dance music. Man, having taken girl to conservatory to hear his love secret, is laughed at and called dishonest by her because everybody knows he loves her. She will keep his secret as she "returns" it. Dance music played. ap96.

Humanaphone. 15c. Musical entertainment. 10 to 25 min. 8 of either sex. Music staff is painted on curtain with holes in for notes and faces of singers appear through holes, singers being back of the curtain. Leader stands before curtain directing singing.

Idyl of the Seasons. 35c. S. E. W. Jocelyn. Musical entertainment. 30 min. Any number. Words and music given of "Song of the Flowers," "Come, Dance Away, Ye Fairies Gay," "O Rest, Sweet Queen." Introduces flower and fairy characters. Scene 1: "Passing of Winter;" Scene 2: "Coming of Goldenrod;" Scene 3: "Autumn." feb02.

Ilka on the Hilltop. 25c. H. H. Boyesen. Comedy romantic verse duologue. 10 min. 1m, 1f. Music of call and answer given. Alpine mountain yodel calls. may96.

Independence Day Program. 35c. S. Schell. Patriotic entertainment. 1½ hours. Any number. Full program outlined, with "Independence Day" (address), suggestive "Historical American Tableaux," "The National Ensign" (oration), "Old Glory" (chorus), "My Country" (recitation); songs suggested: "Ha "Star-Spangled Banner," "My of Thee." (3 songs in one juneoo.

Irishman's Panorama. 30 Irish dialect character sketch With panorama pictures. with turning of crank and pipes. Irishman discusses Limerick, Killarney, Cork, and what he saw in these plac

Ivy Queen. 15c. M. L. G etta. 30 min. 4m, 4f or all Words and music given of "W Offer?" "Come, Come, Come, of the Year." Music of bug A queen is chosen and crow whose merits surpass jewels other gifts. Singing, marchi ings introduced. Particularly sonic entertainments and Art

Jean Noel. 35c. R. Gow scenes. 1½ hours. 3m, 5 Christmas in France. Peasan turned out of home because th rent, are aided by landlord's s ter; son impersonates "Jean gel), sings a Christmas hymn with them, and slips out h money. WR24

King Henry VIII., Scene Shakespeare. Dramatic. 2 number m and several f. T Katharine (1) In court, (2) ment. Song with lute. WR

Lady in Comus. 35c. M dramatic play. 1 act. 15 mi spirits. Wild wood scene. from brothers, is taken by chanted castle but is rescue Singing introduced. WR1.

Last Race. 15c. F. McM play. 1 act. 20 min. 1m, "Sally in our alley." Jock race, and told by sweetheart marry a rival, gives spirited last great race and dies.

Life's Day. 35c. M. L. tertainment with tableau and min. 12f. Costumes accordi months. Pictures, in verse, day by day and introduces Hear the Happy Christma "Peace on Earth." WR6.

Little Grandmas in Gran 35c. S. Schell. Musical 1 hour. Any number childre floating drill, recitations, danc dren tell of and float to G where little grandmas recite, sip, dance, etc. Directions dancing "Minuet" and "V ("Pop Goes the Weasel"); mann's "Slumber Song" giv lustrates different styles of tumes. 2 group photograp dance.

lartha Washington. 35c. ristol. Comedy action poem char- ɛtch verse recital. Old-fashioned ıntroduced. julyo1.

ıthers. 35c. Comedy dialogue. 3 little girls discuss training of Singing of "Rock-a-by" (50c), and Sleep" to dolls. WR17.

grants. 25c. H. H. Gregg. 2 hour. 3m, 16f. Words and music given: "Come Friends Let's All be Ah, Me, My Story Sad," "'Tis ıere and Cockels there," "Home for ilands," "Hark, the Bells are Ring- ın the Highway," "All the Sorrow ver." Searching for children stolen s, a lady is arrested for spy, while are taken for vagrants. Music ɔm "Olivette," "Carmen," "Il Tro- and "Chimes of Normandy." Busi- ɛn.

15c. A. Henley. Children's ɔlay. 20 min. 10m, and f, or 10f. ɛ many specialties as drill, dance, . King's daughter, driven by wick- other into forest, gets magic potion ry and marries fairy prince, receiv- ɛnts from spirits of earth and air. played when fairies enter, dance or aying of horn and flute.

rilies. 35c. Scott. Dramatic 3 min. 1m, 2f. Singing "O Rest y Babe" (music given). Charlotte 's great piece. Meg reveals birth ship of man stolen when a child by WR27.

l Day Entertainment. 35c. rd. 1½ hours. Any number. Pro- tlined with recitations "Meaning of ɔn Day," "Gray Sleeve," "Union and South," "Columbia's Memorial Snapping Drill" (patriotic drill for girls), quotations, songs suggested.

l Day Program. 35c. Exer- nsist of recitations, dialogue, sug- ongs (75c), etc. may99.

e in a Schoolroom. 25c. t. Children's musical play. Any Music played between acts and hing. Each of various animals in ie may make its own peculiar cry.

s in Many Voices. 50c. s and S. Schnell. Operetta. 1¼ Any number. Words and music of iven: "We are Waiting for the " "Hither We Come," "Be Like ets," "Buttercups," "She's a Little "Heigh Ho," "She is Queen of the "Water Lilies," "We Thank weet Fern," "Come to the Old Oak Bird singing—Robin, bluebird, nut- pewee, wood thrush, bobolink, a Wedding in the Orchard," "Hap- ," "The Wind," "Follow Me," "We ries from the Woodland," "The are A-Nodding," "Away! Away!" Pictures children's longing for and welcome to messages they imagine are in fairies, flowers, birds, wind, cloud, spring and earth. Introduces solos, choruses, bird-notes, pantomime, and song of "Marriage of the Flowers," "Wedding March of the Flowers," "Homage to the Flowers"; a floral and scarf drill; "Fairy Dance and Song"; "Lohengrin Wedding March," etc. Diagrams, music and directions given. Costumes described.

Mexic Drill and Pantomime. 25c. M. Hardwicke. Musical entertainment. 20 min. Dance of Montezuma Cotillon, Mexican drill, pantomime "Angels of Buena Vista." Music for dance, 15c. Songs used are: "I See Thee Again" (50c), "Over the Waves" (75c), "La Golondrina" (50c). All Mexican music. Full directions. All music sent for $1.10.

Midsummer Night's Dream. 15c. Shakespeare. Comedy play with song. 3 acts. 2 hours. Any number. Expurgated, condensed and arranged for school and lawn production. Music of fairy queen given. Music of complete background and songs that may be introduced 50c.

Old Maids' Conference. 35c. S. Schell. Musical burlesque. 2 acts. 1¼ hours. Any number. At meeting of Sewing Society announcement is made that miners have advertised for wives, so women resolve to hold conference and buy men at auction. Minute directions are given for everything, also following music: "Association Chorus," "When I was a Girl of Eighteen," "A Bird in Hand," "'Twas Surely Fate," also the recitations, "Sale of Old Bachelors," "There is a Chappy Land," "A Bachelor's Growl," "Four Score and Ten of Us," "Why Don't the Girls Propose?" Song "My Grandma's Advise" (35c).

Othello. 35c. Shakespeare. Tragic play. 2 hours. Any number m, 1f. Gives the tragedy of Desdemona and Othello as played by Salvini. Singing of "Poor Soul Sat Sighing." Music given. WR27.

Peep Into the Children's World. 15c. A. R. Morgenroth. 1 hour. Musical tableaux. Music suggested: "Charlie over the Water," "Farmer in the Dell," "I don't want to play in your back yard" (50c), "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree" (35c), "Mosquito Parade" (50c); Solo, "Angel's Serenade" (75c); "Chorus," "I'm nothing but a big wax doll," "Hush, hush, here comes the bogie-man" (40c), "A Little peach in an orchard grew," "Oh, I don't know" (40c), "Hush, Little girl, don't cry," "Good Night song."

Postman's Drill and Song. 35c. Action song and drill. 15 min. Any number of boys up to 24. As action song boys may sing song as they work. Pictures in song and action whole gamut of postman's life while delivering mail. Music given.

Princess. 25c. Tennyson. Verse classical play. 1 act. 1½ hours. 5m, 5f or all f. Singing "Where is Another Sweet as My Sweet" (50c), "Sweet and Low" (35c), "O Swallow, Swallow" (50c), "Home they Brought Her Warrior Dead" (35c), "Tears, Idle Tears" (40c). All five songs for $1.15. Exterior and interior scenes. A princess, engaged early in life to a prince, becomes a "new woman" and founds a university from which men are excluded on pain of death. The prince and friends disguised as women gain entrance; there are trouble and war, but the princess finally learns that she loves the prince. This play is unusually suitable for young ladies' schools.

Prometheus Bound. 35c. Æschylus, translated by E. B. Browning. Mythical tragic play. 1 hour. Several m and f and chorus. Expurgated, condensed and arranged for schools. Greek costumes. God Prometheus is bound to rock because he has helped mortals. Chorus of ocean nymphs throughout play. With play is given history of Greek theatre and criticism of Æschylus. aplo1.

Prophets, The. 15c. M. Morrow. Musical religious play. 20 min. Any number. Singing and dancing with timbrels. Pictures dividing of Red Sea and crossing of Israelites; prophesying of prophets, introducing Moses, Pharaoh, Joshua, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Jonah, Micah, etc.; also Miriam, dancing-girls, etc.

Pumpkin Pie Makers. 35c. S. Schell. Entertainment. 10 min. Several m and f. Singing "Ten Little Maids from School," "We Will Have a Pumpkin Pie." Entertainment consists in each child taking part in making pumpkin pie. THCEL.

Real Thanksgiving. 35c. S. Schell. Comedy romantic play. 1 hour. Any number. Dancing, singing, tableaux. After five years' absence runaway lovers return and are forgiven by wife's parents, who are host and hostess of huskin' bee. oct99.

Reuben and Rachel. 35c. Comedy Quaker romantic dialogue character song. 10 min. 1m, 1f. Music and directions given.

Reuben and Rachel Drill and Pantomime. 35c. S. Schell. 30 min. Any number couples. Music and directions given.

Revels of Queen of May. 15c. M. L. Gaddess. Floral operetta. 30 min. 1m, 45f. Singing "Joyous Springtime," "Beautiful May," "Beautiful May is Queen of the Year," "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring," "For-get-me-not." Homage is paid to Queen of May. Maypole dance introduced. Directions and music given.

River. 35c. Action song. 10 min. Pictures meeting of two streams to form a river; meeting of river to form a lake; flowing of lake into the sea, thus accomplishing stream's desire. Music given. febo2.

Rory O'More. 35c. S. Lover. Comedy romantic pantomime. 10 min. 1m, 1f and reader. Musical background and illustrated tableaux vivants. Music given. 6 photographs.

St. Valentine's Day Program. 35c. H. C. Waterhouse. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. Any number. Contains words and music of songs: "The Rose," "Maid of Athens," "Douglas, Tender and True," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" (gestures given). "Janet's Choice;" and declamation "Origin of St. Valentine's Day;" recitations: "Agnes, I Love Thee," "Love's Test," "Sending a Valentine;" dialogues: "Lovers' Quarrel," "Sam Weller's Valentine."

Sailors' Entertainment. 25c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. Any number m and guests. Ship deck scene. Oars, ropes, barrels, horns required. Each of the 3 scenes may be given separately. Includes drills, marches, hornpipes, solos, recitations. Music of "Sailors' Hornpipe" given. Contains poem "Demon Ship," and list of pieces suitable for sailors' entertainments. Full business. Music necessary for songs (50c).

Santa Claus. 40c. W. C. Ellis. Children's operetta. 2 scenes. 1¼ hours. 1 adult, 7 children, fairies. In Scene 1 children learn of Santa Claus and write him their wants. Scene 2 opens with chorus followed by fairy dance, and appearance of Santa who tells whence he came, and fills stockings. Fairy hides all stockings except one, which children try to destroy, until second Fairy appears and gets them to promise to be good. Following songs are given: "Santa Claus," "What I should like to be," "Here we hang our stockings," "Night is come," "I come from the lands," "Now, isn't it strange and queer," "Morning is breaking," "Just jumped out of our warm little beds," "Santa Claus has stolen each stocking," "A little fairy am I," "So now we're happy as the birds." Business and music given.

Santa Claus's Reception. 35c. J. Halifax. Christmas play international entertainment. 1¼ hours. 19m, 14f. Pictures meeting of Santa Claus with delegates from all nations to discuss origin of Christmas tree, of custom of decorating churches with holly and ivy, of hanging up stockings, of Christmas cards, of Yule log, of Christmas pudding, and celebration of Christmas in different countries. Gives singing "God Rest Ye, Merrie, Gentlemen," and "Christmas Bells." WR17.

Seeing Nellie Home. 25c. Musical tableau mouvant. 10 min. 1m, 1f and singer. Singing "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" (50c) during tableau. feb92.

Shades of Shakespeare's Women. 25c. A. L. West. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. 2m, 11f. Singing "They Bore Him Barefaced," "And Will He Not Come Again?" "For Bonny Sweet Robin," "Where

the Bee Sucks," "Come unto These Yellow Sands," "Hark, Hark the Watchdog Barks." Introduces Ariel, Portia, Juliet, Katharine the Shrew, Lady Macbeth, Miranda, Desdemona, Cordelia, Ophelia and witches. Music and business given.

Temple of Fame. 35c. Allegorical play with singing. 40 min. Any number. Singing "Under the Greenwood Tree," and Macbeth Witches' Chorus. Tenor and soprano solos introduced. Wood and temple scenes. Genius, Fancy, Fame, and attendant spirits, together with noted Shakespearean characters, meet to proclaim Shakespeare "Poet King." maro1.

Ten Little Nigger Boys. 25c. Comedy negro drill and action song. 10 min. Music and business given.

Thanksgiving Celebrations. 35c. Contains two musical entertainments: (1) "Thanksgiving Entertainment;" (2) "Harvest Home." For description see separate titles.

Thanksgiving Dream. 15c. M. Morrow. Musical comedy play. 1 act. 45 min. 17m, 9f. Singing "O, You Little Glutton," "Oh, Dear Oh, Dear," "Powders and pills," "Oh, pitty! oh, pitty!" "Oh. I say, it is outrageous!" "We'll away," "Oh, we twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," "Heigh ho! Heigh ho!" Grumbling boy falls asleep after Thanksgiving dinner, and is visited by fairies, flowers, and stars who change his ungrateful character.

Thanksgiving Entertainment. 35c. Historical and musical entertainment. 45 min. Any number. Exercises tell of birth of Thanksgiving and story of Pilgrims, in prose, verse and song. Everything, including music, is given. Various unique features introduced, including pretended making of pumpkin-pie. Songs given are: "God bless our native land," "Landing of the Pilgrims," "Heigh Ho! For Thanksgiving Day," "Pie Song," "Thanksgiving Turkey." Thcel.

Theseus. 15c. M. N. Crumpton. Musical mythology play. 5 acts. 1¼ hours. 16m, 17f, and minor characters. Greek costumes, interior and exterior scenes. King's son in search for father joins victims sent annually to Cretan king whose daughter Ariadne falls in love with young man and gives him thread that enables him to get out of labyrinth. Their eloping honeymoon is interrupted by Minerva, who forces him to fight Amazons, one of whom he brings back as wife. Songs given are: "With peace and beauty bright," "O, praise the great Apollo," "The ties of years are sundered," "Sing we a song of woe to-day," "Now praise the Hero," "Here are fresh blooming flowers," "Ariadne," "Maidens fairest," "O mighty Jove," "O Maiden fair," "We'll Stay with Thee," "We will follow leaders brave," "Great is thy fame." Music and business given.

Three Missions. 35c. Musical entertainment. 20 min. Three girls personate Morning Star, Evening Star, Moonlight. Fleecy gauze costumes. "Gloria in Excelsis" is spelt in large gilt letters. Each character tells of herself and work. Stars crown Moonlight Queen of Night and praise her, but she tells them not she but God is ruler and that His praises are to be sung. All sing "Gloria in Excelsis." Music and directions given. WR6.

Two Runaways. 35c. W. Edwards. Comedy pathos fairy play. 2 scenes. 30 min. 1m, 1 boy and any number girls as fairies. Two children, tired of study, having run to the woods, are soon tired, hungry and greatly terrified, and wish themselves home. Fairies appear. Fairy Queen sings and fairies dance. Children tell their story and promise never to run away again. Fairy Queen teaches them that "duty comes first and pleasure after," and takes them home. WR17.

Uncle Sam's New Scholars. 35c. R. A. Bristol. Patriotic comedy play. 1 act. 30 min. 1m, 1f, 8 boys and 1 girl and any number of children. Hawaiians, Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos given their first lesson in American citizenship, with Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia as teachers. Introduces song "Yankee Dewey" (to tune of "Yankee Doodle"), also soldier drill and tableau finale. june99.

Under the Greenwood Tree. 25c. C. E. Huse. Christmas operetta. 1 act. 30 min. 15 children. Wizard, who tries to do away with Christmas, is bewitched by elves and cannot rise until he consents to let Christmas alone. Jack Frost and Snowflake make weather for sledding and skating. Songs are: "Hail! Christmas Morning," "We dance in the sunlight's golden gleam," "Loot ta la i la," "Shivering Chorus," "Softly, softly falls the snow." Music and business given.

Ursula of Brittany. 25c. Ursulines of St. Teresa's. Legendary play. 3 acts. 1½ hours. 8m, 15f and supes or all f. Singing "Veni Sponsa," also various choruses. Ursula consents to marry Prince Conon if he will be converted and if she can take 11,000 virgins on a pilgrimage, but at Cologne they are massacred by Attila and the Huns.

Vagabond Prince. 25c. Ed. McDowell. Verse tragedy monologue. 15 min. 1m, any number m and f supes for dancing and singing. Tambourine and castanet playing, dancing and singing. 15th century gipsy costume. Gipsy camp scene. To be near gipsy girl Spanish nobleman turns gipsy and meets in combat man girl prefers. Just as he is to end his rival girl shoots an arrow which knocks sword out of his hand, and then pierces her lover's heart. She runs herself through with lover's sword. Spanish prince turns demented and wandering vagabond. Music "La Serenata" (60c). Manuscript directions for dancing Spanish Dance ($1).

Valley Forge. 15c. E. S. Lovejoy. Patriotic tragic Revolutionary War play. 1 act. 1 hour. Any number m, 1f or all m. Male quartet singing "Yankee Doodle," or some Revolutionary song, child singing, whistling, bugle call, drum roll, tramping of soldiers, etc. Wretched camp scene. Soldier uniforms. Recitation "With Washington on the Delaware," and "Address of Washington to His Men at Valley Forge." Pictures life of our army at Valley Forge; suffering of soldiers; punishing of spies; how food was got; camp entertainments. Washington is one of the characters.

Visit From Mother Goose and Her Family. 25c. A. Hunt. Comedy nursery rhyme musical entertainment, pantomime and tableaux. 1 hour. Any number. Opportunities for music, marching, dancing and other specialties. Can be acted by children or grown persons. Introduces well-known characters like Old Mother Hubbard, Old King Cole, Little Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Little Bo-Peep, Humpty-Dumpty, Little Jack Horner, etc. Pantomiming of famous nursery rhymes, Mother Goose introducing characters and reciting text, c march and tableau.

Where Are You Going, M Maid? 35c. Comedy rom dialogue song and pantomime. directions given. 7 photograph

Where was Elsie? 15c. Fairies.") R. H. Walworth. 1 act. 1 hour. Any numbe fairy songs, reciting and dan Dance. Fairy girl returns to f Christmas, marries fairy prince. to earth long enough to relieve ents' distress over mysterious a to assure them of aid in case o

Which—Song or Recitatio Comedy dialogue. 10 min. 2 b or one of each. Singing "Col of the Ocean," and reciting Night." Dispute as to which the stage, singer or reciter. se

Won't You Tell Me Why, 35c. M. L. Gaddess. Chara song with music. 8 min. 1m, answers girl's inquiry why he is embracing her. Music given.

OTHER MUSICAL ENTERTAINMEN

Action and Kindergarten Songs.

Ball of the Birdies. 50c. M. Loesch.

Boy and Girl. 50c. C. H. Lewis. Duet.

Broomstick Brigade. 25c. R. Hardman.

Bumblebee. 30c. A. Percival.

Busy Little Workers. 25c. R. Hardman.

Captive Sunbeam. 50c. Shannon & Cary.

Carol. 40c. Holland & Thomas.

Chase. 50c. Bingham & Mattei. Hunting song.

Chickens. 30c. A. Percival.

Chinese Umbrella. 50c. C. H. Lewis. With umbrella drill.

Crafty Old Spider. 40c. J. Wiegand.

Creep-Mouse. 50c. Therese & Macy.

Cricket. 40c. C. W. Krogmann.

Dew. 40c. K. P. Douglas.

Dog and Cakes. 40c. V. Hammerel.

Dolly, Dolly. 30c. W. S. Roddie.

Drummer Boy. 50c. Smith & Kupper.

Dumb-Bell Exercise. 50c. V. Hammerel.

Dwarfs. 30c. C. H. Lewis. Topsy-Turvy song with optical illusions.

Fairy Bells Are Ringing at Dawn of Day. 40c. H. H. Donald. With bells and triangle.

Ferry to Shadow-Town. 3 Bliss.

Fete in Flowerland. 40c. A Has following action songs with tions: "Just Waking Up" ("Sweet Violet," "Guess" (for "Daisies Sweet," "Welcome to Jur "Quarrel of the Buttercups," " the Poppies," "Farewell to "Greeting to Easter," "Consider

Five Little Tone Picture Words. 75c. C. W. Krogma

Flag We Love. 25c. R. Hard march.

Flower in the Crannied Wa A. H. Street.

Flowery Garlands. 50c. C.

Fond Little Mothers. 25c. R

Four Action Songs. 50c. (" makers," "Ride a Cock-Horse," "I flake," "The Marionettes.")

Four Action Songs. 30c. (May is Blooming," "Fan Dril "Farmyard," "Little Fishers.")

Frogs Are a Funny Lot of 30c. T. E. Scott.

German Band. 50c. M. John

Gipsies' Camp. 35c. P. Jackr

Good Night! 40c. C. W. K

Good Night Drill and Songs. 25c. S. Schell. Has the following action songs with full directions: "My Dolly," "Bye-Lo-Land," "Golden Slumbers."

Good Umbrella. 50c. C. H. Lewis.

Hear Me Say My A B C's. 35c. St. George.

Heroes. 75c. F. L. Bristow. Marching.

Hey Diddle Diddle. 40c. V. Hammerel.

Housemaids and Cooks. 25c. R. Hardman.

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MUSICAL RECITATIONS

an Flag. 75c. Poem, by J. R. ; music by S. Salter. Well-known beginning "When Freedom from Her tain Height," etc.

aliens. 60c. Poem by Owen Mere- music by Verdi. Man at opera with ughty, high-born betrothed, imagines es his dead first love, and is so over- ed that he decides to remain true to

ction. 70c. Poem by F. Coppee, by E. S. Place. Vivid description ge of Saragossa, where troops shoot monks, finally shooting old priest at giving benediction.

sion. 35c. Music by A. C. Mac- . Young man confesses that it is ack of gold, nor coldness of sweet- but a "confounded cucumber," that sses him. WMjan01.

y Sleighing. 50c. Poem by E. edman, music by J. J. Wootton. Des- on of old-time country sleigh-ride. king and jolly, with sleigh-bell effects.

ep. 75c. Poem by E. C. Stedman, by H. L. Brainard. Dainty romance ung man seeing girl home from meet-

f the Rainbow. 35c. In "Fairy and Rainbow Tableau."

Hill. $1. Cantata. Words by St. e Tucker (written 1781, now first hed), music by H. W. Loomis. Fair- ld a jubilee over winning of freedom se of Revolutionary War. Scene on lkill river.

es. 40c. Poem by Shelley, music chumann. Newly-made wife leaves nd and flees with lover. Terrible keeps enraged father and baffled hus- from pursuing. Lovers escape in spite rses and storm.

We Kept the Day. 75c. Poem ill Carleton, music by W. E. G. Evans. king and popular 4th of July piece, ucing martial music effects and pa- airs like "Dixie's Land," "Swanee ," "Marching through Georgia," "My ry 'Tis of Thee," "John Brown's ," "Star Spangled Banner," "Johnny our Gun," "Home, Sweet Home."

n. 50c. Poem by D. Williams, by J. J. Wootton. In fancy a person the here with the hereafter, the living the "glorified;" the beauty and hap- of the hereafter is foreshadowed, and omfort is reached that "no child of dear love shall be forgot." Specially le for church and Sunday-school occa-

Idyl of an Orchard. $1.50 (net $1). Poem by G. A. Brown, music by N. A. Brown. A lover, about to go to American Revolutionary war, takes leave of betrothed in apple orchard when trees are in bloom. The heart-sorrow of parting has for environment apple blossoms' perfume and birds. He dies in battle and she sinks into early grave. Bird-song introduced.

King Robert of Sicily. $1.50. Poem by Longfellow, music by J. J. Wootton. A king, boastful and arrogant, is taught humility by being transformed into a court fool, while an angel sits on his throne, to which king is restored after he becomes repentant and humble. The Magnificat may be chanted.

Last Hymn. 50c. Poem by M. Farningham, music by P. Giorza. Sabbath service is broken up by discovery of shipwreck. Man, clinging to spar without hope of rescue, is heard to sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," his voice ceasing only when he sinks out of sight.

Madonna at Palos. 60c. Poem by M. E. Hughes, music by S. Salter. Unknown painter, old and infirm, comes to temple and begs permission to paint a Madonna. His prayer that it may draw some wanderer back to the fold is met with wondrous radiance. A heart-broken mother prays to the Virgin, and, years afterward, her wayward son is brought to kneel there. Hymns introduced that may be sung by unseen singers. A beautiful religio-esthetic poem, suitable for religious and other occasions.

Magdalena, or the Spanish Duel. $1.50. Music by S. Salter. Englishman's love-making to a lady of Sevilla is rudely interrupted by sudden appearance of Spanish nobleman with interminably long name. They fight and Englishman escapes. Introduces Spanish song.

Monks' Magnificat. 35c. Monks bemoan inability to sing and beg a brother in another abbey to come and sing on Christmas eve. At night the abbot is reproved by an angel who tells him that singing is always acceptable to God if in true worship. WR6.

Music on the Rappahannock. 50c. Poem by C. C. Somerville, music by G. C. Bell. Non-sectional piece suitable for North and South. Northern and Southern armies are encamped on banks of river so near that each can hear other's band. When one army plays sectional war-tune other army responds with its war-tune, until finally one side plays "Home, Sweet Home," which so touches the other side that it joins in.

Queen Mab. 35c. Pictures how Mab comes and looks, and what she does. WR26.

Red Fan. 60c. Poem by G. A. Brown, music by N. A. Brown. Red fan required. A smoker, heedless of his tobacco smoke, blows out clouds of smoke to find it return into his own face by the pretended unconsciousness of a lady who wields dextrously a red fan. The comedy duel ends in a squelched man and a triumphant lady.

Sandalphon. $1. Poem by Longfellow, music by H. W. Loomis. Angel stands at gate of heaven listening to prayers of mortals, and changing prayers into flowers whose perfume is wafted through Immortal City. Suitable for any time but recommends itself specially to religious occasions, Protestant or Catholic. Title-page has figure of an angel, designed by W. C. Greenough. The composition may be performed as a piano solo, independently of the poem.

Sea. 50c. Poem by E. V. Ogden, music by N. A. Brown. Unknown artist is commissioned by rich lady to paint picture of the sea; and, although he paints true sea pictures, does not satisfy her until he paints a modern summer-resort with only a suggestion of the sea.

Shadow of a Song. 50c. Poem by C. Rae-Brown, music by E. S. Place. Girl, whose lover suspects her of communing with dead lover, when in reality she is singing to dead blind twin brother, is so wounded that she leaves him, saying she will sing again just before she dies. A year later, the lover, alone and desolate, hears song and knows she is dying. Piano and singer are invisible.

Sicilian Captive. 35c. Words by F. Hemans. Captive girl to Norsemen, compelled to sing of her distant land, sings and dies. WR6.

Soul of the Violin. $1. Prose by M. M. Merrill, music by A. J. Goodrich. Starving musician, in taking a final farewell of violin, which he refuses to sell for bread, reviews the past, living over again a romance, and both he and violin go to pieces. Opportunity for violin effects.

Story of Some Bells. 50c. Music by E. S. Place. Artisan, having cast tuneful chime carried off in war, becomes disconsolate and wanders in foreign climes in search of his bells, until, approaching Limerick, he hears them and dies, exclaiming "Madonna, thanks, I hear my bells once more."

Tragedy. 50c. Poem by T. B. Aldrich, music by P. Giorza, arranged from "La Traviata." Man in crowded theater has attention drawn from play on stage to face of dissolute woman whom he knew as innocent girl, she rather than the mimic actors, playing the real tragedy—the "Play of Life," the play of "Despair."

Uncle. 60c. Poem by H. C. Bell, music by Sir Julius Benedict, composed for Sir Henry Irving. Man, whose brother has won girl he himself loves, is drawn home irresistibly and murders brother by locking him in chest. Wife dies of shock. Murderer finally tells nephew of the crime, goes mad, blasphemes, dies. Story told by nephew.

Very Dark. 50c. Music by G. M. Rosenberg. Battle-field death scene. Amid bullets and roar of cannon, comrades gather round dying soldier, whose thoughts take him back home, and whose last words are "It's growing very dark, mother."

Vision of Handel. 35c. P. L. Blatchford. Pictures Handel kneeling alone with unfinished oratorio in his hand. Suddenly angel appears and shows figure of Christ. Instantly Handel is filled with rapture, hears the anthem "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," and finishes "The Messiah." WR6.

Winter's Tale, Statue Scene from. 50c. Poem by Shakespeare, music by Beethoven; arranged by E. S. Kelley. Queen Hermione, supposed dead, comes to life and descends from pedestal, during family's visit to her statue.

OTHER MUSICAL RECITATIONS.

At Close of Day. 50c. Words by W. A. Benjamin, music by W. O. Wilkinson.

Ballad of Hell. $1.25. Words by John Davidson, music by S. Hawley.

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Bergliot. $1. Words by B. Bjornson, music by Edward Grieg.

Birth of the Opal. $1. Words by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, music by S. Hawley.

Country Idyl. $1. Words by H. Cutler, music by S. Hawley.

Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night. $1. Words by Rose H. Thorpe, music by S. Hawley.

Death Potion. $1. Words by L. W. Reese, music by S. Hawley.

Death Ship. $1. Words by L. W. Reese, music by S. Hawley.

Dolly's Mamma. 50c. Words by G. W. Day, music by W. H. Nelson.

Doris. 90c. Words by Arthur Mundy, music by Ethelbert Nevin.

Enoch Arden. $2.50 (net $1.75). Poem by Tennyson, music by Richard Strauss.

Fair Hedwig. 50c. Words by Fr. Hebbel, music by Schumann. English and German text.

Fair Helen. $1. Music by S. Hawley.

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